# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 15, 1913 — 5 CENTS THE COPY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

# Save Her Miles of Steps

Here's a common-sense Christmas gift that saves work for a woman three times a day.

"I never had anything please me so much. It saves me miles of steps and is the most thoughtful and useful gift my husband ever made me."

This convincing letter is from a woman who received a Hoosier for Christmas last year. You can have similar recommendations from 600,000 women who use the Hoosier three times a day—to save millions of steps. They use it to add to their leisure—to preserve their health—to make living more pleasant.

If you men had to work in a kitchen and knew how this cabinet makes for efficiency, you would get one for yourselves at once. Get one for *her* NOW. She will like *your* thoughtfulness.

***—For Christmas***

# The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

## *What Every Woman Wants*

Here are her table, cupboard and pantry in one. She can ***sit down*** at work—reach for what she wants without rising—do all her hard work ***quickly.*** In this one spot are all the utensils and supplies she needs to get a meal. The Hoosier brings into her kitchen ***business system***—you know what that ***saves you.***

At Christmas last year twenty thousand men gave their wives ***Hoosier Cabinets.*** Christmas day these women began saving millions of steps. Help your wife begin, too!

We expect a demand this Christmas for twenty-five thousand Cabinets. There will not be enough to supply everybody, so if you want a Hoosier in your kitchen without fail Christmas morning reserve it NOW.

Many late shoppers will have to choose between no cabinet and "something just as good." Judge whether a substitute will satisfy your wife, from the following astonishing fact:

**Over one hundred factories make "Kitchen Cabinets," yet careful count in any hundred, or even any thousand, towns shows that half or more of all kitchen cabinets in use are Hoosiers.**

So be sure that you get a genuine Hoosier. Through our enormous production, the retail price is as low as that of a common, ordinary cabinet. Yet, the Hoosier lasts a lifetime. There is nothing better—either in quality or convenience.

***Write for the name*** of the ***one*** dealer who has our agency in your town. He will quote you easy terms.

***Ask us also*** for our book, "THE MODEL KITCHEN." You will know when you read it why no gift on earth can be more pleasing to your wife than this cabinet that saves her miles of steps.

REMEMBER THIS LABEL→
**It marks the Cabinet she wants. Better cut it out as a memo.**

TRADE MARK HOOSIER REGISTERED

**HOOSIER**

Made by the Hoosier Mfg. Co.
1311 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

(90) **Branch, Pacific Building, San Francisco** **4,000 Agencies—United States and Canada**

# Royal

## —it has no competition

The word "Royal" is the big word in the tailoring business today.

It stands for the best in men's made-to-measure custom clothes. It stands for America's premier tailoring organization.

Royal Tailoring has made it possible for men in every part of America to dress as big city clubmen dress—in custom clothes, cut and stitched to personal dictation.

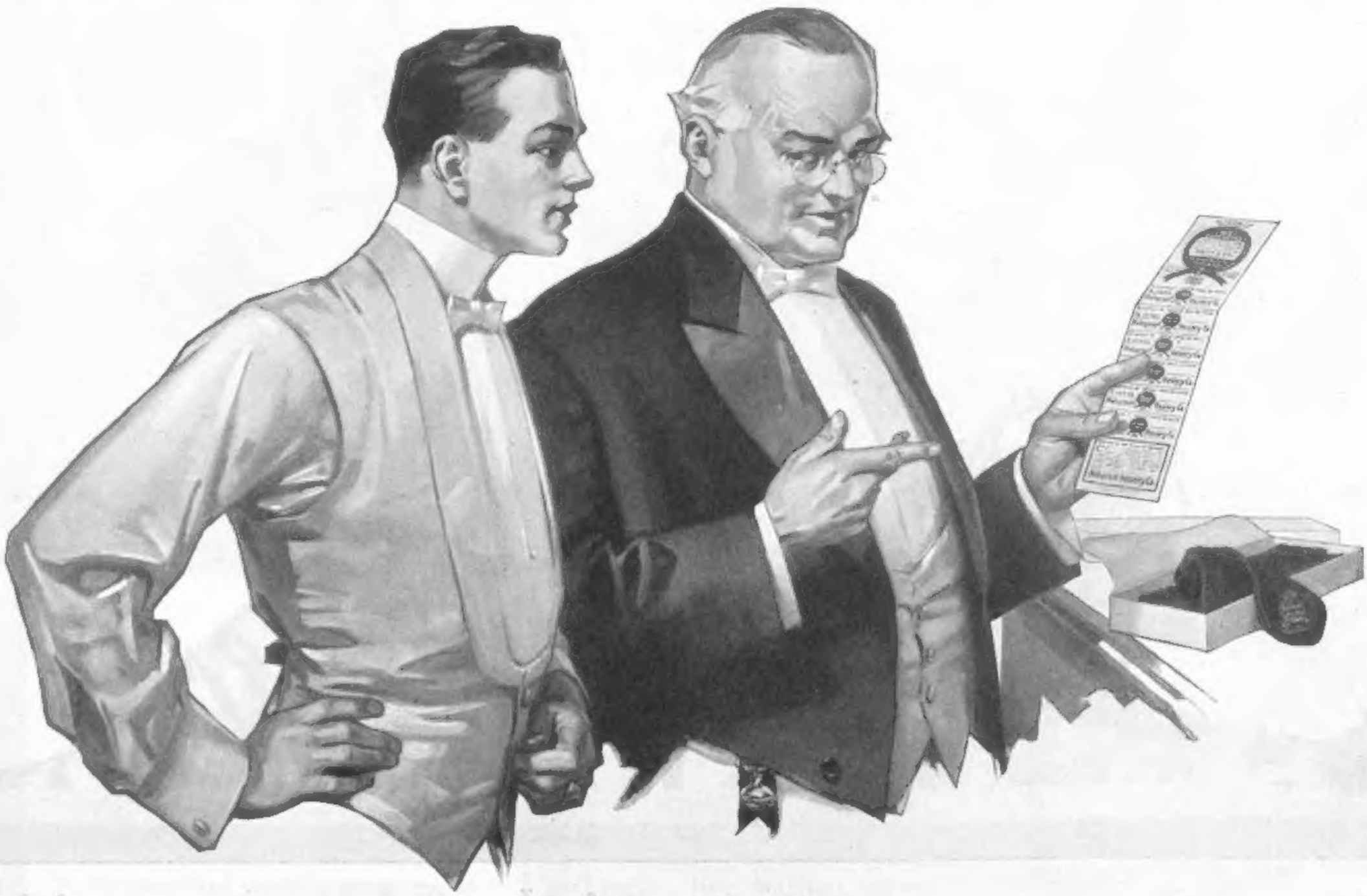
It has halved the price of custom tailoring because it has wholesaled it to a nation instead of retailing it to a neighborhood.

You will find Royal Tailored men wherever discerning dressers gather. For the Royal Tailored Look is not provincial; it is all-American—the Nation's standard of the best in smart grooming.

The leading men's store of your town has a Royal tape line ready for you. Royal prices, $16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35.

## The Royal Tailors

Chicago — Now Over 10,000 Royal Dealers — Joseph Nehan, President — 148 Branch Royal Stores — New York



# "This Six Months' Guarantee Made Me Buy My First Holeproofs

## I buy them now for superior quality—for soft comfort and for style"

WE have found, *during thirteen years of experience*—and so have 2,000,000 wearers—that soft, stylish hose *can* be made to wear six months; if the maker takes the pains to produce them—if he uses the best yarn—if he has the machinery—and a great volume of business to justify his expense.

We made six pairs of hose that wore six months long before a guarantee was thought of. These *hose* suggested the guarantee. You who don't know Holeproof, don't know what you are missing in comfort, style and wear. Simply go look them over.

### Two Million Say, "Holeproof"

More than two million people know that not a single wanted hosiery advantage is sacrificed in Holeproof for wear. Yet six pairs are guaranteed six months—even the gauze-weights. We replace every pair that fails. But 95 per cent *don't* fail.

### Yarn at Top Prices

We pay the top market price for yarn. We get the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the best the world affords. Long-fibred yarn which means strength without bulk—and three-ply, which means soft pliability. Common yarn can be bought for less than half what we pay for ours. But Holeproof can't be made with any common material.

### Sold Everywhere

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, which tells all about Holeproof.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin**
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

# Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months.

$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. 1906

Holeproof Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

(505)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

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Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1913,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1913 Number 20

# THE REORGANIZATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

DRAWN BY H. J. SOULEN

## By Senator Albert B. Cummins

THE newspapers and magazines usually reach the heart of things; but for some reason or other they have been pecking round the edges of this subject, as though it were either unworthy of serious attention or so complicated that it could not be understood. Of all the things written about during the last year not one has suffered such utter lack of intelligent comprehension as the movement for the reorganization of the Republican party; or, to be absolutely and technically correct, the movement for a change in the rules of the organization. Its discussion has generally proceeded upon the assumption that somebody was endeavoring to mediate between, or to conciliate, or to amalgamate and consolidate some other bodies, with the underlying notion that somewhere and somehow a few men who are called leaders were to come together, in order that a part of them should agree to advocate what they do not believe and the other part to abandon what they do believe; and all this for the purpose of restoring the Republican party to its former strength. It is hardly necessary to observe that all such writing is the baldest nonsense. It matters not whether it has been the mere froth of ignorance or the misrepresentation of malice, it is nonsense just the same.

There is a movement for the reorganization of the Republican party. It is real. It has a sure foundation. It ought to succeed. The writer at least is confident that it will succeed; and having been a part of it from the beginning, he has had assigned to him the agreeable duty of putting down in plain, understandable words what it is and what it seeks to accomplish.

First, a definition: A progressive in public affairs is one who wants the government to serve efficiently the common good, according to the conditions and needs of the time in which he lives, and is willing to go ahead and take the chances that inhere in all reforms. He may belong to any political party or he may belong to no political party. It is his work and influence that count, and he must give them both in the way that will most certainly and most completely promote the general welfare.

Second, a generalization: Taking men as a whole, they are naturally progressive, not only because they are instinctively humane and altruistic, but because their intelligence teaches them that in the long run their own well-being must depend upon a government that keeps up with the age and that deals with all its citizens fairly and justly. The great body of the people being progressive, it follows that the rank and file of every party is progressive. Necessarily so, for it is their thought, their recognized needs, their demands that create the conditions to which the government must respond. The trouble in getting on comes on account of the inertia of constitutions and laws, which means that a representative, however honest and progressive, is always behind in action the thought of the primary voter.

Leaders chosen upon a given issue or series of issues are apt to cling to them long after they have become relatively unimportant. They are apt to become blind or indifferent to the commanding power of new questions which the rapidly changing moral, social and industrial life of the time propound. Moreover there is a certain transmissible or transferable quality in political authority which, strengthened by the possession of the machinery that must exist wherever there is coöperation, may fasten for a short while an inadequate or reactionary leadership upon a progressive party.

To understand the reorganization movement it is necessary to recall and keep constantly in mind the political characteristics of that group of voters—something like nine millions in number—who, when the convention of 1912 came together, were known as Republicans. They constituted the Republican party, and it was for them to say what the party should be; what principles or policies should be promulgated as the common belief; what nominations should be made, and to what leadership the work before them should be committed. It would be idle to assert that among these millions of voters there was anything like entire harmony upon the whole range of public duty and public problems, but it may be said with absolute accuracy that there was sufficient community of opinion to hold them together as a political organization. Roosevelt was one of these millions and Taft was another. Beveridge was one and Barnes was one. Borah was reckoned among the number and so was Johnson. Bristow was a Republican and so was Penrose. Hadley counted himself a Republican and so did Crane.

These men—and I have used them merely as types—concerning many things did not agree with one another, and it is quite possible that in any event there would have been some disintegration. Yet if it had been generally felt that the convention was in sympathy with the desires of a majority of these millions of Republicans, and that it fairly carried out their desires, in both platform and nominations, the few who believed that their political influence should be given to some other party would then have fallen away and their places would have been taken by others to whom the nominations and declarations of the convention were satisfactory. In that case there would have been nothing more than the ordinary passing and repassing from one party to another so essential to a healthy state of public affairs.

If what has been said means to the reader what it means to the writer we are ready for two inquiries, both of them vital.

The first is this: Taking them as a whole, were these nine millions of voters a sound, progressive, capable body of men? Were they patriotic? Did they hold the best principles of just and efficient government? Did they understand the problems of modern times, and were they willing to meet them with courage and intelligence? The writer answers to all these questions, "Yes"; and although he has been a close student of the literature of the third party, he is not able to recall that any one has ventured to give a different answer.

Inasmuch as the writer is a Republican who felt it to be his duty to disregard the action of the convention, the second question becomes peculiarly interesting. It is this: How did it happen that the outcome of the convention, both as to platform and as to

nominations, did not fairly represent the opinions and desires of the majority of the millions who composed the Republican party? There is no need to seek long or far for an answer. It is known to all men. It springs right at you. The convention of 1912 was not a representative body in any just sense. It could not and it did not speak for these millions of Republicans. In times like these, at any rate, if nine or ten millions of men are to be held together by a bond of common purpose, the very least requirement is that the purpose shall be declared by a majority, and each voter must feel that he has had a fair chance, which means an equal voice in the council in which his representatives sits. Most people will concede the soundness of this fundamental truth; and yet how was it with the convention under discussion?

Taking the vote of 1908 as the source of comparison, these startling results appear: In that year South Carolina had 3963 voting Republicans. They were represented in the convention of 1912 by 18 delegates—that is, one delegate for every 220 voting Republicans. In the same year Iowa had 275,210 voting Republicans. They were represented in the convention by 26 delegates; that is, one delegate for every 10,585 voting Republicans. This means that the voice of one South Carolina Republican was as potent in that convention as the voices of 48 Iowa Republicans. It means that the wishes of 3963 Republicans in South Carolina could overthrow or neutralize the wishes of more than 190,000 Republicans in Iowa. So long as there might happen to be a general concurrence between the Republicans of the two states in matters political the absurd disparity might be passed by as immaterial; but every just and sensible man ought to have known that the moment a real conflict arose the Iowa Republicans would not tolerate a discrimination so indefensible.

Again: In 1908 there were 4363 voting Republicans in Mississippi; and they were represented in the convention of 1912 by 20 delegates, or one delegate for every 218 actual voters. In the same year there were in Illinois 629,932 voting Republicans, and they were represented in the convention by 58 delegates, or one for every 10,861 actual voters. Likewise, Michigan had 335,588 voting Republicans, represented in the convention by 30 delegates, or one delegate for every 11,186 actual voters. Ohio had 572,312 voting Republicans, and they were represented in the convention by 48 delegates, or one for every 11,923 actual voters; all of which means that one Mississippi Republican was equal, in the convention, to 50 Republicans in Illinois, to 51 in Michigan and to 55 in Ohio. Or, stating the further comparisons in the terms already used, 4363 Republicans in Mississippi could meet and overcome, in the convention, roughly speaking, 217,000 Republicans in Illinois, or 223,000 Republicans in Michigan, or 238,000 Republicans in Ohio. South Carolina and Mississippi present, of course, the most flagrant examples of injustice, but the comparisons may be extended to groups and the disparity still remains.

In 1908 South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas cast, in the aggregate, 151,696 votes for the Republican nominee for president. These seven states sent to the convention of 1912 a total of 140 delegates, or one delegate for every 1083 votes. We have already seen that it required in Iowa 10,585, in Illinois 10,861, in Michigan 11,186, and in Ohio 11,923 votes to commission a delegate to the same convention.

### The Powers of the National Committee

FURTHER, taking twelve Northern states, namely, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, Washington and Oregon, which were represented in the convention by 140 delegates, it will be found that the aggregate Republican vote of these states was more than a million, or seven times the Republican vote of the seven Southern states already mentioned.

Such comparisons could be multiplied indefinitely, but it would serve no useful purpose to do so. It is not intended to disparage in any degree or in any respect the Republicans of these over-represented states. It is to be hoped that they will grow in numbers and become a vital force in the affairs of the nation. The truth of the situation, however, compels a candid observer to say that the social and industrial problems—indeed all modern governmental problems, in so far as they are matters of party principles or policy—must be fought out among the Republicans of the under-represented states. There are differences of opinion among these latter Republicans, of course, just as there are differences among all thinking men upon questions of the highest national interest. In the settlement of these modern disputes as between themselves, and in the selection of the candidates to execute the judgment of the majority, the voting strength of one Republican must be as powerful as the voting strength of another Republican. It is not contended that this must be done with mathematical nicety, but until it is substantially accomplished the Republican party will not command the confidence of those who believe in the fundamental principles of representative government.

These facts have been stated, not for the purpose of censuring anybody, for the basis now condemned was adopted by Republicans who have long since passed away and on account of conditions which have long since disappeared. It is not material to inquire into the motives of the men responsible for it, or the sufficiency of the reasons which led them to their conclusion. Nor need we recite the efforts that have been made in various conventions to bring about a change. The vital thing is to know thoroughly and feel deeply that such injustice must cease, and that a successful party under such a system is impossible. Representation so unequal would have ended in disaster, even though every question relating to the title of delegates to seats in national conventions had been decided with the highest judicial impartiality; but the fairness of courts is not to be expected in the stress and storm of political campaigns, and so it has happened that in many conventions, and especially in the last one, the claims of contesting delegates have been adjudged mainly with reference to their views respecting the candidates for the presidential nomination.

The Republican National Committee was long ago invested with authority to make up the temporary roll of the convention—an authority that involved in its exercise a decision in all disputed cases. The committee holding the power is chosen four years in advance. In the very nature of things its members become advocates of the nomination of one candidate or another. Usually there has been a political intimacy among a majority of them which has inevitably resulted in concert of action. Even if it were admitted that the members of the committee want to be fair, we cannot escape the conclusion that, under the circumstances which surround them, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to be fair. It, therefore, will ordinarily happen, just as it happened last year, that a majority of the committee will decide in favor of those delegates who will vote for the candidate for whom that majority are working, and for the platform agreeable to the men whose influence gives them their seats.

This indefensible plan for determining the membership of the convention makes it still less likely that the convention, as finally established, can faithfully represent the voters at large. It may do so. Indeed I think it often has done so; but in such instances it has been in spite of, and not by reason of, the basis of representation and the plan of organizing the convention. These are the facts; and they ought to be deeply impressed upon the public mind, for out of them has arisen the demand for reorganization and upon them the movement must win or lose.

Between three and four millions of voters supported Roosevelt last November. The writer believes that by far the larger proportion of these voters had no thought of leaving the Republican party, and did not for a moment doubt the fundamental soundness of the body of men who composed the party. They felt that the convention did not fairly represent the party, either in its nominations or in its platform, and they revolted. These voters know that whenever the rank and file of the Republicans express their real will in a platform every demand of this age, whether viewed from the social, industrial, financial or economic standpoint, will be bravely and fully met. They know that there are just two things that stand in the way of this full expression and honest performance. These things are:

First, the over-representation given to certain states in which the party is not strong enough to be a factor in either state or national affairs.

Second, the authority of the National Committee to determine who shall sit in the convention.

If these obstacles were removed the Republicans who voted for Roosevelt—indeed, all Republicans and the whole country—would know that when the convention of 1916 comes together it will put out a platform that will fearlessly express the prevailing Republican belief, and that will install a leadership in harmony with the principles it promulgates.

To those former Republicans, if there be any, who think that political virtue has gone out of these millions of Republicans, and that their views when heard will not be for good government and for all the principles that a soundly progressive government can enforce, these observations will not be persuasive. But those Republicans who have faith in the rank and file of the best constituency ever associated together for the public welfare, will recognize the truth of this history and join in the effort to clear the way for an uncontrolled Republican declaration in a convention wherein the Republicans of the several states will be represented according to their strength.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Senator Albert B. Cummins*

### Problems for the 1916 Convention

SOME very good people refuse to become interested in the movement for reorganization, and put it aside, saying that they care little or nothing for the party rules; that they are concerned only in what the party stands for and in the character and purposes of the men who lead it. This attitude is hardly worthy of the men who assume it. Unquestionably the soundness of the principles announced by a party and the political integrity of the men who are to make and administer the laws which apply the principles to human affairs, are the final tests of party usefulness. It is, nevertheless, difficult to be patient in the consideration of a suggestion so illogical and superficial. Who is to determine what principles the party stands for and promulgates as its creed? Who is to select the leadership, which being faithful accepts a platform as a living command, or being unfaithful looks upon it as an idle promise?

There is no man who has any right to say to another: "Efface yourself and I will take your place as a leader." There is no set of men among those who have become prominent in public life with authority to say what the Republican party is or what it shall be.

The millions of Republican voters alone can declare what the Republican party stands for. These millions alone can install a party leadership, and yet when it is proposed to clear the way so that these millions can record and effect their desires, to be met with the objection that clearing the way is of no great consequence seems like trifling with one of the most serious and far-reaching proposals of recent years. When the way is cleared and these Republicans are heard, if they speak a reactionary tongue; if they indicate a lack of comprehension of the mighty struggle for social justice; if they declare for the toleration of industrial monopoly; if they line up on the side of those who insist upon using the government to promote their selfish interests against the common good; or, being true-hearted and right-minded, they fail to give political power to men who are in sympathy with their purposes, then will come the time to leave the party and seek or found another.

The tremendous mistake that a very considerable number of good men have made and are making lies in their assumption that the well-known differences in the political views of certain distinguished and semi-distinguished Republicans, who have heretofore been somewhat conspicuous in the affairs of the country, are conclusive proof that there are like differences in the rank and file of the party. The thing to do is to submit all these questions to the convention of 1916, a convention that must be brought together under such rules as not only will insure a decent equality of representation, but will guarantee that the delegates chosen by the Republicans of a state shall actually take part in the convention to which they are accredited; rules that will respect the primary laws of the states that have them, and for the states that have none provide a better, fairer method of settling contests.

It is manifest that to bring about the changes in the organization so that they will be operative in 1916 there should be held, in the mean while, a special Republican national convention. The Republican National Committee, the only continuing organized body of the party, has no authority to make these changes; and if it had, the effect of its action would be insignificant as compared with the deliberate and final judgment of a convention the members

(Concluded on Page 62)

# THE LAST ASSIGNMENT

## By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"I'll Write You Three of 'Em for Half a Dollar and Hot Enough to Burn a Hole in the Mail Sack"

MR. TRINKLE was fifty-five years old and not much of anything else, though once he had been a real newspaper man; but that was a long time ago. Now he was just a last year's model, with alcoholic bearings—and if you wanted to start him you had to get out and crank; in fact, for a very considerable number of years Mr. Trinkle had been slipping rapidly toward the scrapheap, and about the time he turned the half-century post he had arrived!

The particular scrapheap to which Mr. Trinkle found himself relegated consisted of an old flat-bed press run by an asthmatic gasoline engine; one typesetting machine—a rebuilt linotype of prehistoric pattern; a couple of dozen cases of type, mostly with the faces battered and nicked; and an imposing stone that was in reality a tombstone gone wrong. With this array of mechanical cripples the sole editor and proprietor, with the assistance of two girls, a devil, a combination pressman and linotype operator, much patience, considerable oil and Mr. Trinkle, managed to get out the Santa Ana Valley Daily Chronicle and do a job-printing business on the side.

Mr. Trinkle was the city staff of the Chronicle. Also he wrote the editorials; and being a hold-over from an almost forgotten age—to wit, a corking paragrapher—he was privileged to write snappy and pertinent squibs about the great of the earth, provided they were not on speaking terms with the sole editor and proprietor, and provided further they were not subscribers to the Chronicle. It was for the sixth violation of this rule that Mr. Trinkle was finally fired from the Santa Ana Valley Daily Chronicle. Hence we have a story—the story of Trinkle's finish. He was glad to finish, I think, for he went out in a blaze of glory and at the end the Great Sorrow was lifted. Otherwise there would be no story, for the passings of the ordinary Trinkles of this world are too ordinary to arouse any real interest.

Consequently, then, in order to write the story of Mr. Trinkle's finish it is necessary that we sketch briefly his beginning—for he had a past. It is buried in the big cities now and has been exhumed only once—that was the night Mr. Trinkle got out of the game forever. Then it was filed away in the morgues of memory, to be talked about by oldtimers occasionally in the gray of the dawn, with the last editions to bed, and the city staff, lined up at a neighboring bar, discussing news and great newspaper stories, past and present.

In the beginning Mr. Trinkle came from college to the newspaper game. He made good at *once*—not phenomenally or surprisingly good, but good enough to retain a job as long as the next of the craft and to draw slightly more salary than the average reporter. He had covered some big stories and written them mighty well in his day, but his stuff was never M. G.; and the copy readers, feeling that they had to earn their salaries, cut and slashed his stories on general principles, putting into them the language they thought should have been used in the first place. It is ever thus with copy readers. There have been rumors from time to time of copy readers who let a story get by them without ruining it—indeed, some are alleged never to have touched certain great stories; but these yarns are mostly fiction and no newspaper man believes them. Trinkle knew the dastards well, and long before he left the big cities he had ceased trying to write his own stuff.

When Trinkle was thirty years old he was a dramatic critic on a San Francisco morning paper, and about this time he married. He was a little lonely and heart-hungry; she was a cheap actress in a cheap stock company and was desirous of the right kind of publicity. An unfortunate affair, truly, for Trinkle was hardworking, sober, ambitious and homeloving, while Mrs. Trinkle—by the way, she never used that name—was a twittering little bird, devoid of brains and dazzled by the footlights. Not having the ability to rise higher in her art than an entrance with a feather duster and an exit with nobody looking, she became peevish and fretful—and blamed Trinkle for it. She was a very gross little materialist and rather vulgar, but Trinkle loved her so he was a long time finding this out. He was an idealist and he hoped to write the great American novel some day.

Young Trinkle arrived—after several years of unnecessary delay—in time to save the scattered fragments of Mr. Trinkle's happiness. The paternal spirit was very strong in Trinkle—so strong that when his scatterbrained wife neglected the child Mr. Trinkle was happiest; for then it devolved upon him to wash Young Trinkle and dress him and feed him and play with him, and walk the floor with him and nurse him when he was sick—and greater joy than this Mr. Trinkle could not possibly conceive! By the time Young Trinkle was five years old Mr. Trinkle discovered that his son was all he had to live for. Mrs. Trinkle had long since ceased even her shallow pretense of loving her husband—and Trinkle did not care. He had Young Trinkle. He figured that he had taken Mrs. Trinkle for better or for worse; and as she had borne him a son he meant to go through to the finish like a true-blue sport.

Of course Trinkle's work suffered. His profession was the fourth estate and he took it seriously, but he did not progress to suit Mrs. Trinkle. She complained continually of the injustice of being tied to a failure; so one day Trinkle told her she might go if she would leave him the boy! So she decided to leave him. She did not tell him she was going to leave him, however; she informed him she had left! A faithful devotee of melodrama, she pinned a note to the baby's pillow; and she took the baby, for she was selfish in all things.

Trinkle had never found her or heard from her again, and he had never found Young Trinkle. He really wanted to find Young Trinkle. The desire became an obsession with him; so he became Trinkle the Tramp. From city to city he roamed, working a week or a month or three months on a paper whenever he halted in his sad pilgrimage. In every city he searched and advertised. He visited every theatrical manager and booking agent in the country; he looked through orphan asylums and day homes and shelters for homeless children; and by and by he searched the purlieus of the big cities.

The years crowded upon him and he drank a little. Finally he gave up the search for two years and quit drinking, and in the state where he had been married he secured a divorce. He married again and became the managing editor of an afternoon paper. And another Young Trinkle came, tarried an hour and departed, taking his mother with him.

It was then that Mr. Trinkle let go the brake and started to coast. Once more he became Trinkle the Tramp. Ulysses of the fourth estate, off once more on his second ten years of wandering. Something whispered to his drink-corroded brain that somewhere, somehow, this search must end—that at the finish he would find Young Trinkle; and this thought and whisky carried him through the desolate years to the brink of a broken and bloated old age on his fiftieth birthday, when he had wandered back to California and gone to work for the Santa Ana Valley Daily Chronicle. He had arrived at the scrapheap! The turbulent eddies of the big cities had taken of the sweetness of his life and cast him up, a hoary husk, in the still waters of a little country daily at twelve dollars a week!

For five years now Mr. Trinkle had been the city staff of the Chronicle. He wanted to wander, but he could not; for the sole editor and proprietor regarded Mr. Trinkle as a prize to be retained and kept his city staff in a state of peonage. When Mr. Trinkle would lay off for a few days to forget his great sorrow the sole editor and proprietor would advance him a month's salary to spend; and Mr. Trinkle, being honest, could never quit while he owed the boss money. Retaining Mr. Trinkle was an absurdly simple matter; but, ah, how hard it was on Mr. Trinkle!

Many a time and oft he reviled himself for ever giving the sole editor and proprietor that insight into his real worth. It had been on an election night when Mr. Trinkle, dusty, weary, hungry and very thirsty, had drifted into Santa Ana. Instinctively he had gravitated to the first printshop, where he found the sole editor and proprietor tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth. The cause of his despair was apparent. He was a country editor and he had to write the one editorial of his life, while hitherto the best he had ever been able to do was a squib advising the public that Ed Carter had painted his barn red and Miss Lizzie Bazump was being entertained by friends in the metropolis.

"Why all this agony?" Mr. Trinkle had demanded.

"Political editorial! We're electing a governor, it's a close fight, and I go to press at midnight. If I wait for the returns I can't write my editorial before three A. M., and it'll be five by the time I have it written, and I'll miss the six o'clock stage up the valley!"

"Shucks!" said Mr. Trinkle. "I'll write you three of 'em for half a dollar and hot enough to burn a hole in the mail sack."

And he did—one in case the Republican should be elected and the political prognostications of the Chronicle substantiated; one in case the Democrat should win and the Chronicle editor be laughed at by his subscribers and the opposition paper; and one in case the issue should still be in grave doubt at midnight.

"Set 'em all up and have 'em ready to lock in the form; then shove the right one in at the last moment and the country is safe!" he explained.

Before Mr. Trinkle left to spend his half-dollar he had a job! And at the end of five years he was itching to be off and take up again his neglected search for Young Trinkle, but he owed the boss forty dollars and could not quit. For a long time he hoped the paper would suspend publication; he prayed that he might be fired. He had no luck, however, so in despair Mr. Trinkle did what no real newspaper man ever does—he turned traitor to the rag that paid him his salary! He commenced to fracture the unwritten law of the Santa Ana Valley Daily Chronicle by writing biting quips about subscribers to the Chronicle!

Five times he did this and there was no excuse for it. The Chronicle had a circulation of five hundred and ninety-eight copies and Mr. Trinkle should have known them all. Of course he did; but then he was not a real newspaper man any more—so he did not care. The editor threatened to fire him after the third offense and Mr. Trinkle had high hopes that eventually he would keep his word. Still, his luck hung wavering in the balance; so in order to give it an impetus he divested himself of this gem:

INSULT ADDED TO INJURY

The serenity of our lovely valley was shattered yesterday by the report of a 45–70 repeating rifle, fired three times. When the smoke cleared away it was discovered that Silas Keeton, a prospector from the San Gabriel Country, had let three separate and distinct shafts of California daylight through the torso of our esteemed and justly popular butcher, Mr. Rube McClatchy.

Mr. Keeton arrived in our midst a few weeks ago, after an absence of several years, for the purpose of tracing his Piute wife and two children, whom he left in our city when the wanderlust seized him. Upon his arrival he turned his pet jackass, La Belle Marie, loose on the range back of town. The interesting little animal mingled with the herd

of cattle that Mr. McClatchy has been wont to keep on hand to supply the retail meat trade of the community; and, according to several witnesses, La Belle Marie, in an excess of carnivorous frenzy, attacked and tore into eternity with her fangs at least six calves belonging to McClatchy; who thereupon took a .44-caliber double-action revolver and destroyed La Belle Marie.

The grim tragedy of yesterday is the aftermath of the events related above. A reporter from the Chronicle staff visited Keeton in the local calaboose immediately after the shooting and asked him if it was not true he had killed McClatchy in retaliation for the death of La Belle Marie.

"No," replied Mr. Keeton doggedly—"nary bit on't. I killed Rube McClatchy because he were too doggone mean to live! Two weeks ago he killed my pet jackass. Well, I'm a peaceable man an' I didn't mind that. I was sensible o' Marie's weaknesses thataway. Even when he took Marie's carcass down to his slaughterhouse and cut it up and sold me steaks from my own jackass, I didn't bear him no grudge; but, by gad, sir, when that low-down, wuthless cuss didn't bring back my halter I just naturally up an' busted him!"

Our sympathies are all with Mr. Keeton.

Mr. Trinkle got that story out of his system and to press and into the post-office while the sole editor and proprietor was busy at a job press. Then he went home and to bed, and late the following afternoon he dropped round to see what luck he'd had. There was enough for all practical purposes. It appeared that six of the brothers of the late McClatchy had called, thrashed the sole editor and proprietor, pied the forms for the patent-medicine ads and canceled their subscriptions *ipso facto*.

Never again was Mr. Trinkle to set foot in the local room of the Santa Ana Valley Daily Chronicle. His employer met him at the door and informed him that all was over and he need not come back; whereupon Mr. Trinkle fled for fear the boss might change his mind.

At the public telephone station he paused. No longer did he feel funny, for the Great Sorrow had once more enveloped him and his feet itched to be on his way. Until he could raise a few dollars, however, he was chained to Santa Ana; so he entered a booth and called up the Associated Press in Los Angeles on the long-distance phone. For the entire period of his stay in Santa Ana Valley he had been the A. P. correspondent at that point, and he had four dollars and ten cents due him on space.

"Hello!" he said presently—"A. P.? This is Trinkle, the correspondent at Santa Ana. I have four dollars and ten cents due me on space and I wish you'd send me a check by special delivery. I've quit the Chronicle ——"

"You mean you were fired, you old rascal! Booze again, Trinkle?"

"Not this time—just tired! Now about that four ten ——"

"Hold the line a minute, Trinkle," the A. P. man interrupted; "I want to speak to the chief." He turned from the transmitter, but Trinkle could hear him speaking.

"Here's a chance to cover that Bennington story at San Diego," came the voice faintly. "Old Trinkle the Tramp's on the phone and he's footloose. I knew him twenty years ago and he was a corker then. He could write like a house afire and he overlooked nothing. He's blown up with booze and all in, but at that he's the best I know of in this pinch. He can write circles round that cornfed ham that represents us in San Diego ——"

A hand must have gone over the transmitter, for Trinkle heard no more. Presently, however, the speaker came on the wire again.

"Trinkle! The chief has an important assignment for you. Will you take it and promise not to touch a drop while you're on the job?"

"Will a cat eat liver?" Of a sudden Mr. Trinkle commenced to feel like a real newspaper man again.

"Very well, Trinkle. You will proceed by the next train to San Diego. The United States gunboat Bennington, lying in the harbor there, blew up both boilers half an hour ago, and half her Jackies are scalded and cooked and burned to death."

"Great!" breathed Trinkle the Tramp. Like an old warhorse, he was sniffing the call to active service once more. "That's too big a story for the local talent. No need to explain! Know just what you want! But why are you sending me?"

"Because we're shorthanded. It's June and every man we can spare is away on his vacation, and the only man we could send won't go—says he can't stand the sight of dead men. Anyhow, you'll do. Beat it!"

Trinkle looked at his dollar watch, then glanced at a railway timecard.

*"I Was Calling Down a Curse on All Mediocre Rewrite Men"*

"Next train leaves in thirty-three minutes," he said. "Buy me a ticket, Los Angeles to San Diego, give it to the conductor and tell him he'll pick me up at Santa Ana. Wire me some expense money to San Diego. Good-by." And Trinkle hung up. Four hours later he was poking round among the dead in the morgue. There were fifty of them and a couple of dozen more were reported dying in the city hospitals. It was indeed a big story, and Trinkle realized that he had to put it over that night or be recalled on the morrow.

He put it over! He wrote, in almost his old-time form, a pitiful story of quick and terrible death, of matchless heroism, of agony and self-sacrifice. Every angle of the story he covered, from the explosion itself, its causes and the men responsible, down to the little dying bluejacket who grinned and said: "Don't touch me! I'm gone. 'Tend to Bill. He's got a chance."

Ah, it was a peach of a story, and Trinkle the Tramp went after it and put it across with a bang! The United Press had the Postal wire and Trinkle knew the mad rush that would ensue for the long-distance phones and the Western Union wires. No correspondent working on space and firing his story into papers in Los Angeles and San Francisco should beat old Trinkle to that wire. He would show them a trick or two—and he did. Before he even commenced to write his story he handed the operator an old almanac, opened at the joke page.

"Send those—day press rate—and whatever else you find in the book. I'll be round in an hour with a batch of copy for you. Stay with the almanac until I get back. I want a wire and I want it uninterrupted."

Thus, when others came, having written half their story, some of them were forced to wait, for Trinkle had a clear line, a loop directly into the A. P. office. He was leaning over the telegraph counter, writing swiftly and oblivious to everything but his absorbing story.

By ten o'clock he had finished his story for the Eastern circuit. It had been relayed to the New York office and he knew the Eastern papers were going to press for their city editions with it, but he wrote on, piling up sob and tragedy for the Coast papers; and at one o'clock, trembling and shaking, he was through. He scrawled the words: "That's all tonight. It's been awful! May I have one drink?—Trinkle."

Back came the answer: "Have two. Good stuff, Trinkle! Good night."

Trinkle smiled and waddled away. For the moment the Great Sorrow was lifted and the chief's praise had made him thrill as he had not thrilled for many years. Poor Trinkle! He was very human. He grew quite hysterical when he found the saloons were closed and he did not sleep well. Also, he went to bed supperless.

He woke from a fitful slumber at eight o'clock next morning. It had been five years since he had known the luxury of such a bed and a private bath. He bathed and dressed, wishing he had a change of linen. However, his surroundings seemed to restore to him a touch of respectability, despite his shabby, shoddy old suit, and it was with a most worldly air that he descended to the hotel dining room and ordered a breakfast fit for a Sybarite.

Mr. Trinkle fortified himself for the unaccustomed meal with the two drinks he had missed the night before, ordered the waiter to bring him all the local morning papers, together with those from Los Angeles, and set himself to reading the Bennington stories and comparing them. He recognized some of his own dynamic, well-turned phrasings in the A. P. story, but mostly his hard night's work had been cluttered up with the individuality of the rewrite men.

Presently into the dining room came a young man. He paused and glanced about him; then, observing but one seat vacant—that opposite Mr. Trinkle—he walked over and sat down just as Trinkle's rage reached the boiling point.

"The fiends! The brutes! The low-browed, brainless, uneducated pups!" Trinkle burst forth.

"I beg your pardon," observed the young man opposite him. "Did you address me?"

"No," replied Mr. Trinkle; "but inasmuch as you are here I will. I was calling down a curse on all mediocre rewrite men—these so-called fine writers in the newspaper game—these impossible descriptive boys they think it necessary to turn loose on every big story."

"Why?"

"Because I wrote a rattling good story of that Bennington explosion and they've murdered it! They've torn the insides out of it and filled it with sloppy adjectives—faked and four-flushed a corking one-page story over four pages. Reiteration! Repetition! Reiteration! Flub-dub, bunk and hogwash! Why do they persist?"

"Quite possibly because they don't know any better," suggested his table-mate politely.

Mr. Trinkle eyed the young man with interest.

"I suppose that's the answer," he acquiesced, less belligerently; "but it makes one of the Old Guard sore to have these young pups pounce on his stuff and stifle it. When I broke into this game it was a profession. Now it's manual labor. No more traditions; no high marks; no bonuses for big stories—nothing!"

"You write, then, Mr. ——"

"Trinkle is my name—Dave Trinkle, of the A. P."

"The what?"

"The Associated Press. I'm down here on the Bennington story."

"Why, so am I." The young man handed him an engraved card and Mr. Trinkle rudely ran his thumb over it to satisfy himself that it really was engraved. Then he read the name—and instantly was aware that he was shaking hands with the greatest short-story writer in America. He was much pleased, for he knew this man's work and as an American citizen he was proud of it. Mr. Trinkle's hat was always off to genius and he said as much. Then he dropped the subject. But he was puzzled.

"This isn't a magazine story," he said. "Why, then, are you down here on it?"

"Publicity and cash."

The author explained that a certain millionaire publisher with a chain of newspapers all over the country, learning that the author was sojourning in Southern California, had wired him an offer of a thousand dollars to proceed to San Diego on behalf of his chain of newspapers and write the story of the funeral of the Bennington dead.

"Sob stuff—eh? Well, you won't lack material. You ought to pull a couple of short stories out of it on the side," said Mr. Trinkle. He glanced across at the author wistfully. "How many words does your paper allow you?" he asked.

"Four to six thousand—if I can get it in on time."

"And your stuff is all M. G.?"

"I do not understand."

"Must go! They can't turn one of these brutes of copy readers or rewrite men loose on your stuff!"

The author smiled.

"Well, hardly," he answered.

Trinkle sighed.

"It will be a corking big story! How I'd love to have your chance!—not for the thousand dollars and the publicity that attaches to a signed story, but just for the privilege of writing that funeral story the way I'll feel it. I won't have a chance, though, to write a line of it. I'll have to skeletonize. They'll expect me to put that funeral story across in twelve hundred words—just a column of type! And all on account of the wretched telegraph tolls! Of course the rewrite men will dish my story up to the public and fill it with cheap, melodramatic sloppy sobs that won't sob! I know!" And Mr. Trinkle smote the table a mighty smite.

The author glanced at him with renewed interest, not unmixed with respect and admiration.

"I'd like to presume on brief acquaintance and ask a favor of you, Mr. Trinkle."

"Granted," replied Trinkle.

"Will you let me see your funeral story the way you wrote it?"

"Certainly. By the way, I'm going to make a round of the morgue and the hospitals this morning and see if I can't dig up something new for the afternoon editions. Want to come with me?"

"I should like to—very much."

"You're mighty welcome."

Mr. Trinkle thereupon attacked his breakfast. He had expense money; so he ate heartily and had a good cigar afterward. Sitting there chatting with the brilliant author, who seemed to be sensible and frank, and free from conceit and arrogance, shabby, dissipated Mr. Trinkle forgot his Great Sorrow completely, and the Santa Ana Valley Daily Chronicle seemed to him but the memory of some miasmal dream.

They spent a busy day together. It appeared that nearly all the Bennington dead were lads from seventeen to twenty-one years of age, who had been sent down from the training station at Yerba Buena Island, in San Francisco Bay, and had joined the Bennington only the day before the awful disaster. Their descriptive lists had been lost or burned; and even if the descriptive lists had been immediately available many of the poor fellows were unrecognizable. It was a harrowing detail, but it was old, old to Mr. Trinkle, who had been covering railroad wrecks, coal-mine horrors and fires for thirty years. In the task of identification he was a tower of strength—familiar work, this, to Trinkle. He went about it without qualms. He was a source of continual wonder and amazement to the author.

By nightfall of the day following the explosion the work of identification was as complete as it would ever be, and Trinkle wired in a final list of the dead and injured. Already there were sixty-seven dead in the morgue; but coffins were arriving and many bodies, hermetically sealed, were to be shipped out to the friends and relatives who had claimed them.

The funerals of those whose bodies remained unclaimed were arranged for the following day. Eight or nine miles from the city, in an ancient burying ground on the crest of Point Loma, at the entrance to San Diego Bay, a trench to accommodate forty-eight bodies had been dug, and here the Bennington dead were to rest.

Mr. Trinkle was back on his detail bright and early that morning, for the funeral cortège was to leave the Plaza shortly after ten o'clock and he was desirous of securing the names of the dead to be buried at Point Loma. As he entered the morgue the heavy odor of smilax and immortelles assailed his bulbous nose and, glancing round, he discovered that the ladies of San Diego had placed a wreath on each coffin.

After checking up once more and subtracting the number of bodies shipped out from the number his records showed as having been received at the morgue up to midnight of the day before, Mr. Trinkle made a discovery: He was one body over. Having satisfied himself that this was so, he sought out a deputy coroner.

"Here," he said briskly, "I've overlooked one of these poor chaps. I have one too many and I don't know which one it is."

The official pointed to a coffin.

"That is the one. He died at two o'clock this morning and he wanted to be buried with the rest of the boys. He wasn't taken to the hospital at all, you know—private family took him off the dock when the dead and injured were brought ashore. Sad case that, Trinkle. You might use it in your story. He was a gunner kid and, being in the deck department, he escaped unhurt when the boilers exploded. He'd have been all right, but he got excited—went below into that steam-clouded engine room, with a wet sack round his head, and dragged out half a dozen boys who were cooking in there."

"Got excited, did he?" sneered Mr. Trinkle scornfully. "I guess not! Men like that lad never get excited! When that boy went straight to a dreadful death he knew he was going—and he didn't care. That's heroism; but that boy didn't know it. He was just being true to the traditions of the service!"

He went over to the coffin. Standing there beside the boy he looked down through the glass at the placid face beneath. It was a clean, handsome, manly face—that of a lad of twenty; and even in death there still clung about the boyish mouth a suggestion of the rugged strength and character that had sent him unhesitatingly forth to death to save his fellows. Mr. Trinkle marveled that the face was unblemished—until he happened to remember that the lad had wrapped a wet sack round his head when he entered the engine room.

Long and earnestly Mr. Trinkle gazed at the dead sailor-boy and thought of all that life had to offer this youth; and suddenly, without knowing just why, he commenced to cry—softly, gently, with little sniffling, whimpering sobs, as the very aged and hopeless cry.

"Poor boy!" he sobbed. "Poor, generous, noble lad!" He took out his handkerchief and wiped his old eyes; and then for the first time he observed a woman standing on the other side of the coffin. She glanced across at him eagerly and gratefully and said:

"You knew him, then?"

Mr. Trinkle shook his gray head.

"No," he said brokenly; "I did not. I only know how he died. My tears were merely a tribute to this boy. Did you know him, madam?"

She nodded affirmatively; and Mr. Trinkle's reportorial instincts coming to the front despite his agitation he took out a pad of copy paper and a leadpencil, and prepared to take some notes.

"Yes," the woman answered, supplementing her nod. "He was my boy." And she told Mr. Trinkle his name.

"Date of birth?" gasped Mr. Trinkle. His voice sounded as if he was about to suffocate.

"May 27, 1885."

Then the woman went on to tell him about her boy. He, a stranger, had wept with her, and her heart went out to him. She wanted to confide in some one. So he stood with his handkerchief to his face, listening and replying to her in mumbling monosyllables, until a friend came and led her away and left Mr. Trinkle standing beside the boy who had been true to the traditions of his service.

The author approached Mr. Trinkle. "This thing fills me up, Mr. Trinkle. It's too awful! I wish I hadn't come.

*Oblivious to Everything But His Absorbing Story*

All these boys—mere youths, all of them—cut off in their prime ——"

He paused, realizing that Mr. Trinkle was crying and had not heard him. His respect for Mr. Trinkle was unbounded now, for he had not graduated from the newspaper field into authorship; and he was glad to learn from ocular evidence that reporters were not the cold-blooded lot they are painted by those who do not know. Somewhere in this battered old wreck, Trinkle, with the lining showing through the elbow of one coatsleeve and his baggy trousers showing a fringe at the heels, the greatest short-story writer in America knew there lurked a soul that cried out in agonized protest for something higher and nobler than the life he had lived. The author waited until Mr. Trinkle could control himself.

"The funeral starts in a few minutes, Mr. Trinkle. I'll take you out to Point Loma with me. I've engaged a livery team ——"

"No, no!" gasped Mr. Trinkle. "I want—to—walk. I have to—walk."

"But it's miles and miles through the dust of a rutty road, and it's June, Mr. Trinkle. The heat—why, you mustn't walk."

"I've got to walk—can't leave him now, you know. I want to—walk—beside—my boy."

The author did not understand, but he was sufficiently well bred to refrain from asking questions; in fact, he did not have to, for quite suddenly Mr. Trinkle leaned over the coffin and pressed his tear-stained, mottled old face close to the glass and kissed it.

"Davey, my son!" he whispered. "Davey, my little man! My poor, martyred baby boy, I've found you at last—haven't I?"

The author leaned over Mr. Trinkle's shoulder and managed to get a peep at the dead boy lying there in his navy blues. Yes, without doubt, Mr. Trinkle must have resembled this boy once upon a time—there was no mistaking that high brow, the firm yet sensitive mouth; and the author read the card with which the coffin was labeled. On it was written:

DAVID TRINKLE

He moved away and left Mr. Trinkle alone with Young Trinkle. The years had been long, but Mr. Trinkle's faith had been proof against their decaying touch, and at last the Great Sorrow was lifted forever. The long pilgrimage was ended and Ulysses of the fourth estate had come into his own again.

To Mr. Trinkle his former wife was no longer the memory of a vampire that had despoiled him. She was Young Trinkle's mother! And, as he bent over the boy, it was not for Young Trinkle he wept now, nor yet for himself and the bitter lost years—but for her! He, better than any human being, understood her, and he knew what agony she was suffering now. He forgave her everything for raising Young Trinkle a man. He was glad now that the years had changed him so that she had not recognized him, for he would not knowingly have afflicted her further.

He was quite calm and collected when they came to bear Young Trinkle away to a place on one of the big trucks that lined the street outside the Plaza. He helped fold the starry flag round his boy and carry him out to his place among his fellows. The author's heart thrilled.

"Ah, he was such a credit to the flag!—wasn't he?" Mr. Trinkle exclaimed bravely. "You know he was my son! I've just found him, and I lost him more than fifteen years ago. Oh!—Oh, it's going to be hard—to write—the story—of his funeral—such a big story!—and do it well. I have to skeletonize, you know—twelve hundred words—on account of the telegraph tolls; they hold me down—won't let me write the story—the way I feel it ——"

"I know," said the author kindly, and passed his arm round old Trinkle's shoulder—"the rewrite men."

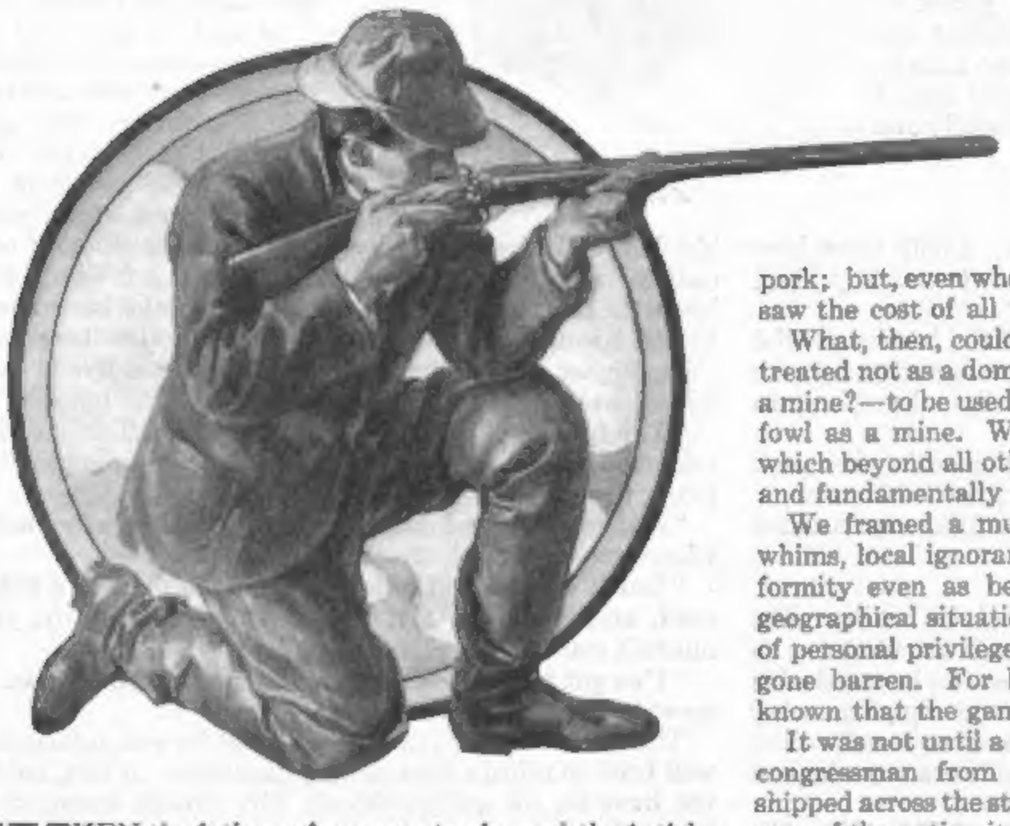
Mr. Trinkle nodded.

*Mr. Trinkle Walked Bareheaded in the Presence of the Dauntless Dead*

(Concluded on Page 49)

# WEALTH ON WINGS

## The Wildfowl of America—By Emerson Hough



WHEN the fathers of our country framed the Articles of Confederation, and afterward the Constitution of the United States, they suffered under the embarrassment of not knowing what was going to happen in the future—an embarrassment we share today. Casting about for some scheme that would give every man a show for his white alley, they hit on the idea that in union there is strength—but there ought not to be too much strength in the union.

The war between state rights and centralized government began then and has never yet ended. There is considerable geography in the United States—enough to furnish different environments; and different environments sometimes have led to different interests and different opinions.

In general terms our Central Government, rather than our state governments, stands for the look ahead and for conservation; whereas state rights and personal liberty concern themselves rather with the present day and selfishly profitable affairs. At times it has taken our best statesmen to reconcile our twofold form of government with conditions its original framers could not have foretold. One of the best compromises we have yet devised is the Interstate Commerce idea.

Somewhat crude and clumsy, this measure means well for the American people; and—sometimes at least—it stands for the look ahead and for fair play. Some curious applications of the general interstate idea have been made. From the Standard Oil Case to the Mann Act, it has been used as the vehicle for carrying across state lines the nation's notions as to fair play, morality and sanity. It has done much toward safeguarding the property of all the people.

As to the natural wealth of this country, there was never another that had its like given it from the hand of Nature. Wealth of all sorts is or was ours—of the forest, the mine, the soil, the waters, and even of the air. Most of this raw wealth was handled under local or state legislation, because it was localized itself. Other items of that wealth, however, could not be localized, but crossed from state to state.

### *State Rights and Interstate Wealth*

IT TOOK us all the time from the Articles of Confederation to the year 1913 to grow wise enough to apply to this interstate wealth the doctrine of interstate commerce. Meantime the wealth itself had well-nigh disappeared.

The wild game of America helped to settle America. In the times when it was hardest for a frontiersman to make a living the wild game helped him out. The rifle went with ax and plow across this continent, and it was the rifle that helped the ax and plow in the earlier days of adversity. At first the Americans valued only the large game; but in time they began to use wildfowl as food—then as a means of sport. Later they began to use them as articles of commerce.

For two entire generations we have sought to put over on the American public the impossible doctrine that a man can reap indefinitely without sowing at all. We treated our wildfowl as we would a mine, not as we would a farm—on the basis of amortization and not of renewal. The man in the city felt that he was an American citizen, and had as good a right as anybody to eat wildfowl if he had the price to pay for it.

There sprang up a large class of professional gamekillers who encouraged him in that belief. They kept on reaping—but nobody sowed. We did our best to increase our poultry supply, our supply of beef and mutton and pork; but, even when we did our best at such increase, we saw the cost of all these items go up with great rapidity.

What, then, could be expected of a commodity that was treated not as a domestic article of trade but on the basis of a mine?—to be used until exhausted. We treated our wildfowl as a mine. We applied state rights to this wealth, which beyond all other commodities was, itself, inherently and fundamentally interstate wealth.

We framed a multitude of state laws, based on local whims, local ignorance and local selfishness, with no uniformity even as between states in practically the same geographical situation. We followed out our ancient right of personal privilege—until we faced game fields suddenly gone barren. For half a generation thinking men have known that the game of America was doomed.

It was not until a dozen years ago that John F. Lacey, a congressman from Iowa, conceived the idea that game shipped across the state line became subject to the watchful care of the nation itself. The Lacey Act may be called the first step toward national intelligence in the preservation of our wild game. Of course its effect was for the good not only of wildfowl but of upland or localized game.

The Lacey Act did not prevent the marketing of many thousands of tons of wild game, shipped legally or illegally; but it did prevent the marketing of yet other thousands of tons that otherwise would have been killed and shipped. It recognized the old doctrine of the common law—that wild game belonged to the man who reduced it to possession; but it recognized also the right of the several states, under their police power, to regulate the killing and shipping of the game, and the accepted doctrine that ownership of game rested in the state.

This was as far as we had gotten under our old, absurd, gamewarden system. The Lacey Act went a step further. It took advantage of this very confusion and lack of uniformity in state laws and forbade the handling in one state of game illegally killed in another. It was a clever use of the blanket utility of the Interstate Commerce idea.

Still our game decreased—upland birds and wildfowl as well. Under our system of license acts we Americans raised nearly two million dollars a year ostensibly to protect our game. We protected our politicians instead. It became obvious that a few more years would see our game wiped out and wildfowl shooting pretty much a thing of the past.

It became evident that, even yet, some means must be found by which the wisdom of the nation could protect the American people against the folly of the states—that is to say, against their own individual and selfish personal folly. We had nothing except the Lacey Act that could be called a national game law. So we resorted once more to the involutions of the Interstate Commerce Law.

Last spring Congress passed the so-called Weeks-McLean Law. It is the simplest and most obvious national measure that could well be devised. It sidestepped the whole proposition of state rights and personal liberty, and addressed itself to the preservation of the commodity that beyond all others is interstate—essentially and irrevocably such.

This act of Congress did not undertake to cross state lines and tell how the local or upland game should be protected; but, taking this broad country just as the wildfowl themselves take it, without any visible state lines, it undertook to protect our migratory birds. It went into practical effect October 1, 1913; and now we may wonder why no one ever thought of this before.

This law passes over to the Department of Agriculture the regulation of the use of that form of our natural resources which is transient and migratory. We do not really own that wealth, even as a nation. It is raised in these days almost wholly outside our national confines. Canada raises most of the wildfowl we kill today, and in return we give Canada no reciprocity, but, on the other hand, for generations have done all we could to lessen the supply, which might be called lent to us by the Northern breeding grounds of the American wildfowl.

At no time in the history of our country, even before our own better breeding grounds were wiped out, did we ever have many wildfowl that were hatched in our country and afterward passed north to Canada. Young wildfowl hatched in the Dakotas or Minnesota went south, but came back

the following spring to their own habitat. The Weeks-McLean Law is the first American game law that has ever given Canada a square deal. Only the narrowest of selfishness can fail to see that in giving Canada this square deal we help not only Canada but both Canada and ourselves, since we are simply giving up our old foolish doctrine that you can continually reap and never sow. The great sowing grounds today lie in Canada.

Before the passage of this national measure we had been doing the best we knew how to save some of our migratory birds, whether by state or national laws. We have established within the last few years forty-six national bird refuges. From time to time in the past large private estates have been made game refuges or shooting preserves; but you can measure within the span of the past two years the first American movement toward a private game refuge. That was something entirely new in America.

### *Private Game Refuges*

THE Ward-McIlhenny private refuge on the Gulf coast of Louisiana, and the acreage given out of that preserve to Louisiana, were followed within the same year by the establishment of the Marsh Island National Wildfowl Refuge, also in the heart of the winter feeding grounds on the Gulf of Mexico, along the Louisiana coast.

Sentiment seemed to change rather quickly. Different states shortened up their game seasons. The movement for limited daily bags of game grew in different states. Of course the state laws were evaded or ignored in good part. The great object-lessons of these princely private game refuges, none the less, stood. We gave back last winter a great many thousands of birds to Canada which otherwise would have been killed on the Louisiana coast. Next winter we will give back many thousands more.

All these northbound fowl, however, going north under the general wisdom of the proposition that if you reap you must sow, reach Canada today less such numbers as are killed in the spring shooting of the United States. Our state laws began to restrict the sale of game very sharply; but it was realized that the next great agency of destruction was the spring shooting. We could never get at that—could not even get state laws enacted to abolish it, weak as state laws always have proved themselves.

It was then there came this simple and obvious Weeks-McLean Law, which solved at one stroke this whole vexing problem that had been left unsettled for a generation. In combination with all these other gradually stiffening measures of protection it gives the people of America for the first time reason to believe that we are to have a reign of law more compatible with our intelligence as a people.

Let us not use the much-bandied name of conservation, but just call this an example of good horse-sense. It gives his equity in the game to the man who has time to shoot and to the man in the city who has not time to shoot, but who, none the less, has a right to his undivided interest, his share in the surplus, his interest in the good-will of this going institution. It is fair all round and fair for all.

The framers of shooting regulations under this law hit on the same geographical differences that, before now, have made trouble under our twofold form of government. They made their compromise, oddly enough, practically along what we might call the Mason and Dixon Line, and divided the country into two zones, practically along the

latitude of the Ohio River, naming the group of the northern zone by states and that of the southern zone in the same way.

In broad simplicity the dates for killing wildfowl were made the same for all the states in the northern zone; and a different date, uniform for all states in the southern zone, was established, in view of the fact that migratory birds advance southward somewhat with the season. For instance, after the birds have left Illinois altogether they may be most abundant in Southern Texas. The harvesting date would not be the same in both sections. So, following a broad common sense, which looked toward the wiping out of a number of confusing local dates, the National Government put its hand to a sort of Missouri Compromise that is very apt to stick.

Perhaps many of the men who actually voted for this bill in Congress do not know how hard a fight has been waged by a few public-spirited men in the cause of game protection in this country. Not all of these men were sportsmen. I see no reason for setting the sportsman apart in a class or regarding him as a sacred object or individually entitled to more benefits than any one else. The weakest part in many state laws was that they had this touch of class legislation in them—or, at least, the sportsmen often sought to put it there. Our whole theory of game laws was childish—it sought to eat the cake and yet have it, meantime keeping the other fellow from getting any cake.

It was by no means sportsmen alone who passed the Weeks-McLean Law or built the sentiment that made it possible. Sportsmen did their share in proportion as they were broad-minded and not selfish. As a matter of fact, some of the wealthy shooting clubs located in the migratory flyway of the wildfowl, clubs whose members may be called sportsmen, have been most prominent in antagonizing the regulations of the Department of Agriculture so far as they prohibit spring shooting of wildfowl.

We do not need to classify ourselves either as being or not being sportsmen in our handling of this question. It is simply one of wisdom in taking care of a part of the wealth of the people at large. Every man is interested in that, whether or not he owns a gun or has time to use it.

At one time we raised a great many wildfowl within our own national confines. Most of these were bred along a north-and-south line passing through what we call the states of the Middle West. The Atlantic States had splendid shooting for generations, but the birds of Currituck and Chesapeake were bred either north of our northern boundary line or in grounds very close below it. As a matter of fact the scoters—known as sea-ducks along the Atlantic coast—fly for thousands of miles due southeast from the regions where they breed.

The line of flight of the canvasbacks and redheads has in it less latitude and more longitude—it is flatter, and more to the east than the southeast. These birds formerly bred in great numbers in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba. They hang round the wild-celery lakes, even in their migrations; and, having learned where abundance of wild celery was to be had on the Atlantic coast, they set up their ancient trading line between these breeding and feeding grounds until they were shot out on both.

### *The Enemy of Wildfowl*

THE main breeding grounds for all the wildfowl of the country have always been in the central or western part of this continent—say, from Mason and Dixon's Line north to the Arctic Ocean. Wood ducks and most of the marsh ducks formerly bred in large numbers in Illinois, Indiana and Iowa. Few breed there now. Wild geese formerly bred in Iowa. Perhaps none has been known to do so in any recent year. Minnesota furnished large areas of country suitable for nesting grounds, and the Dakotas still larger. A certain number of local birds, as they are known, are reared there every year even yet; but only a fraction of the earlier numbers.

The railroad has been the great enemy of migratory fowl. Our transcontinental lines did their share; and when the Canadian Pacific Railroad passed westward it opened up to settlement and to shooting enormous areas of the very finest of the breeding grounds of this entire continent—much better than those Arctic or sub-Arctic regions that vaguely we have always thought to be the inexhaustible source of our wildfowl.

When these railroads went into Saskatchewan and Alberta—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, with their transcontinental lines, their north-and-south feeders, and their recent extensions into the late wilderness of the Peace River country—we Americans did not repine, but exulted; and we went on with our old theory that in order to get shooting all you had to do was to go West. We went over into Canada—those who could afford it—and we shot very blissfully for a decade or two, after seeing the game decrease in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

For a long time we had fine goose shooting in Canada on the stubbles—a sport that once flourished in the Dakotas, but is now not known there in its earlier excellence. Then the word was passed that the geese had changed their line of flight and that it was hard to get any of the old stubble shooting. Saskatchewan went on marketing her game with certain restrictions. Then, little by little, even in Canada—and that in those portions of Canada which are the very best of all the breeding grounds on the whole continent—word was passed that the ducks were not quite so abundant as they ought to be—for some reason or other.

We did not pay much attention to the general question of the wildfowl supply even then. Those of us who could afford it went down to the Gulf coast in the winter-time and shot in Louisiana or Texas. We sent back word that there were just as many ducks as ever—because, fatuously, we saw gathered there in the sharply restricted winter feeding grounds all the output of the sharply restricted summer breeding grounds. It is just as if there should be a big corn crop in Iowa, and little or no crop in any other state of the West; and as if we should stand in the middle of that corn crop and say there was just as much corn as there ever was! You would not think that human beings could be so foolish; but we were just that foolish.

We never took into consideration the scarcity of birds elsewhere, and we never investigated the enormous lessening of the best breeding grounds of this continent. The more intelligent of us perhaps, if pressed too hard on the question, would have said:

"Pshaw! What is the use worrying about it? There are millions of acres of breeding grounds in Northern Canada, in the Arctic wilderness, where no one will ever bother the birds."

It is in regard to this latter supposition and because of it that the writer wishes to offer this study of the wildfowl supply of the American continent. Now it is not true that we shall ever again have in the Far North, or anywhere else, as good breeding grounds as those that have largely been wiped out just south of and just north of the dividing line between this country and Canada—that was the best nesting ground on this continent and we have nothing to take its place. I say this after a journey from the American line to the Arctic Ocean, along the natural flyway of our wildfowl, which follows the Mississippi Valley in this country in large part, and in large part the Athabasca-Mackenzie River Valley in the Dominion of Canada. By the valley I mean the waterway of the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie rivers, with their adjacent lakes and streams.

Very happily for us all there are breeding grounds in that Far-Northern country where the railroad never will go; but even this statement should be made carefully. One of the greatest wildfowl regions of that northern country is in the Peace River delta and round Lake Athabasca, about four hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton, Alberta. Especially is the fall goose shooting in that country—on white geese or wavies—superlatively good, though these birds do not nest there. But when we reflect that within two or three years there may be a railroad built to MacMurray, which will bring the traveler within less than two hundred miles of steamboat transport to Lake Athabasca, at Fort Chippewayan, we begin to see that we ought not to prophesy too sweepingly regarding the eternal isolation of this breeding ground.

### *Bird Population Overestimated*

AGAIN, the southern and western shores of Hudson Bay proper have been fine nesting grounds for numbers of geese and different species of ducks that come into our country in the fall. You would not think these in much danger from the sportsman tourist, did you not stop to think that they are building a railroad to the western shore of Hudson Bay.

Do not be too sure that even this country will always remain isolated and unmolested. The line of perpetual safety must be placed much more than five hundred miles north of Edmonton—and Edmonton is a considerable distance north of our northern boundary.

There remain the big breeding grounds more or less vaguely supposed to exist toward the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Here, to be sure, latitude and geography conspire against the sportsman tourist. If he remained in that country long enough to get good shooting in the late summer he might not get out that winter—the wildfowl come south far faster than steamboats or scows on the tracking line. But that breeding ground is far more restricted and less prolific than it is generally supposed to be.

Another great northern breeding ground we have been accustomed to locate vaguely on the Yukon River. Toward the mouth of that river, just as in the delta of the Mackenzie River, there are good wildfowl nesting grounds; but neither of these rivers is a continuous nesting ground for wildfowl. The greater portion of the shores of the thousand miles of these great waterways is, on the contrary, entirely unsuited as breeding grounds for wildfowl. These birds must have low and marshy country, and not rock shores or vast flats covered with interminable growths of spruce and cottonwood and willows.

The truth is—or the truth as I conceive it to be after a journey to the mouth of the Mackenzie, thence west to the Yukon and south to the Pacific Ocean—that only a relatively very small portion of that great wilderness country is suitable for raising wildfowl. I do not believe the percentage of such acreage is anywhere near so large—perhaps it is not one-fifth or one-tenth as large—as the percentage of acreage naturally found in the Dakotas, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Certainly—though the season was at that time better advanced, so that the young birds began to show—I saw more ducks in the ponds along the Canadian Pacific Railroad in three days in August than I had seen in three months in all that Far-Northern country. I do not offer this as a conclusive argument at all, but as a phenomenon easily explained; yet nothing on my entire northern trip was more disappointing than this conclusion, that we all had been overestimating the extent and productiveness of these vaguely located northern breeding grounds.

Even on the great marshes round Lake Athabasca we saw very few ducks. This was very largely because the young birds were still in the grass and not yet flying; but we talked with the Indians and half breeds round Chippewayan and they all said the birds were not so numerous as formerly. They apply this statement also to birds bred north of there.

To be sure, old Peter Loutit, the champion goosekiller of Chippewayan, killed eight hundred and fifty white geese on his hunt last

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# Shakspere's Seven Ages and Mine

## "Then the Whining Schoolboy"—By Irvin S. Cobb

. . . Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. AS YOU LIKE IT—Act II, Scene VII

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Angelic in Some of His Emotions and Demoniac in All the Rest

AS ONE has had occasion to remark before, pants are the most humanizing symbols of our civilization. Incase the barbarian in pants and you domesticate him; for soothing the savage breast pants beat music every time. Putting pants on the ancient warrior invariably softened his rugged nature.

Consider the Romans now: Wearing the free-flowing toga and the loose and airy tunic, and other things of that general nature, the Roman of old conquered the known world—all except a few outlying districts. But about that time along came the German hordes, introducing into the Roman midst such novelties as the German broadsword, the German measle, the German clarinet solo and the German pancake. Also, those Germans wore pants of a sort; and from them the Roman contracted the pants-wearing habit and was never the same afterward. The result was much the same with our own Indian. Once we backed him into a pair of pants and harnessed a pair of suspenders over his bronzed and sinewy shoulders, we had him! He became tame and docile. He quit the warpath for the boardwalk.

There is but one exception to this rule—the small boy! The small boy comes along and upsets all the traditions of history, smashes all its precedents, destroys all its theories. He may be somebody's angel child as long as he is in frocks or kilts or rompers, or what-not; but the moment he reaches the age for pants, and begins to wear pants, a complete change transpires in his nature. He is no longer a child—he is a boy, a regular boy; and he has his credentials to prove it.

If he has been particularly fortunate in his choice of parents he has galluses to hold them up or a belt about his middle. Even if the mistaken notion of a mother forces him to resort to the semifeminine expedient of buttoning them on to a shirtwaist, they remain, nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, pants. They mark him for what he has become—a creature part demon, part outlaw, part martyr, part conspirator, part pest—in short, they mark him as a boy.

### The Fun of the Boys of Yesteryear

UNDERSTAND me, I do not mean to include in this category that unhappy little imitation of a boy you sometimes see in a city park, who is the color of a sprig of bleached celery, and wears—Heaven help him!—gloves and an Eton jacket and a flat collar, and is being led about by an earnest-minded tutor with an English accent, mother-of-pearl ears and a pair of large-rimmed glasses.

This unfortunate never was a regular small boy and the chances are he never will be. He is a little old man before he comes out of the nursery; and if he ever breaks his shackles and becomes a small boy the event usually occurs after he has passed his fortieth birthday, which begets complications and sometimes divorce suits.

I am referring to the genuine article in the line of small boys—preferably a country small boy—or, anyway, a small-town small boy, with an intimate knowledge of swimming holes and haymows and stable lofts and lumber piles and birds' nests.

Nearly every time a group of gray patriarchs of an average age of forty convenes it is customary for some one or another of the assembled sages, looking back from the heights of antiquity through the dim and shadowy vistas of about three decades, to remark, half sadly, that nowadays boys do not have anything like as good times as they had in that far-distant past when he, the speaker, was a small boy himself.

About the time I achieved the maturity of owning my first derby hat I used to think that too; in fact, I seem to recall having said it once or twice in company—in the company of other venerable persons. But it is a lie and a libel. Personally I am convinced that small boys have just as good times as they ever had—if not better. They are still finding robbers' caves in sandbanks; still launching pirate ships on duckponds; still secreting forbidden literature in haylofts. They are just as conversant with apple orchards and berry patches as we ever were.

The small boy's ideals may have changed slightly with time. Once it was Buffalo Bill. Now it is Sir Ernest Shackleton. Frank Reed has been succeeded by the Wright Brothers, and W. J. Burns takes the place that Old Cap Collier held. But the nature of the boy does not change; in principle he remains the same. What Shakspere said of him applies yet and always will apply, I judge. He is still the same complex organism he always was—at once the cruelest and the kindest creature alive; hard as flint and soft as putty; angelic in some of his emotions and demoniac in all the rest.

And, take it from me, he has just as good a time as you or I ever had; but he does not tell us about it. Why should he? In the first place, being in a way of speaking grownup, we should not understand him. And, in the second place, we might laugh at him.

Next to the man who rumples up his hair and calls him Bub a small boy hates the man who wheedles him into baring his secret thoughts and then pokes fun at them. The man who laughs at a small boy has bruised a tender soul and made a bitter enemy. So the small boy takes no chances.

Here only the other day I came upon three small boys keeping a stand in a fence corner. I slowed up, dazed with surprise. In the Stygian gloom of my own ignorance I supposed this custom had died out with the birth of the Boy Scout movement. The sight started my memory spinning backward. I remembered how the thing used to come to pass several thousand years ago, when I was a small boy and the craze for keeping a stand and selling things recurred annually, as due part and parcel of an appointed cycle. It was one curve of an orbit. Certain pursuits preceded it and certain pursuits succeeded it, always in a regular order.

Early in March top season arrived. Nobody made the preliminary forecast—nobody announced it in the papers. The instinct came to us as surely as the migrating instinct comes to the robin and the curlew and the tramp. All of a sudden, on a day in early spring, tops appeared. Every boy owned a top—either a spinning top or a plug top, or both. For a period of weeks we spun tops, we talked tops, we traded and gambled in tops.

Then, as abruptly as a stage sunset, tops passed out. In the evening all boys had owned tops and were concerned in tops; the next morning tops had vanished utterly. There were no tops to be seen. Tops were as obsolete as celluloid collars in Hades; marbles, as the saying went, were in season.

Marbles prevailed mightily until it was time for some thing else—fishing, I think it was. The dogwood bloomed in the bottoms and by that infallible sign we knew the fish would be biting in Perkins' Creek—or, anyway, the chiggers would. One way or another, we were absolutely sure of getting a certain number of bites. So we went fishing.

### From Peepshows to Pop-Shops

ALONG toward the fag-end of summer, when vacation had lost its savor and poison ivy had had its fling at us, the commercial instinct suddenly blazed up. For the time being we quit being cowboys or detectives or freebooters and went into trade. Customarily we started with peepshows.

To make a peepshow you took a shoebox and pasted in it, sitting up on edge, pictures cut from colored advertisements or filched from old valentines. You dug out an eyehole in one end of the box and inserted a candle for illuminating purposes at the other end and charged five pins a look. I don't remember now whether we made a special rate to one-eyed boys or not. The pins had no real value—or sentimental value either; they were a fiat currency, having no purchasing power except at other peepshows; but they represented a business transaction, and for the time being they satisfied an instinct.

Soon, though, we got beyond peepshows—outgrew them, in fact. We went into business in earnest. We kept a stand alongside the front fence, with a plank for a counter and a soapbox for a showcase. We sold parched meal at so many marbles a pinch, and lickrish water—a delicious dark compound of licorice, sugar and water—at so many marbles a sip; or we engaged in commerce on an even larger scale.

We took the money we were saving up to buy a rifle and invested in prize boxes and soda pop—lemon, strobbry and sassprilla flavors—buying at wholesale and selling at retail. And what we could not sell we consumed ourselves; so there was no tare and no loss, and altogether it was a splendid life to lead—until the novelty wore off.

For years and years I had not seen a fence-corner stand and I had supposed it was a vanished industry; then here all unexpectedly I walked right into one! It had two proprietors—equal partners both, as was fitting; and a younger brother of one of the proprietors was acting as

Small Boys Remain Unchanged and as They Were, and as They Ever Will Be

assistant clerk—acting without pay and glad to have the job; if necessary he would have paid for the privilege.

The oldtime prize box of blue-glazed paper, with gold letters on it, and pink sugar-coated popcorn of undoubted antiquity showing through a gauze inset in the front of it—which was supposed to contain prizes of value, but never did—had vanished. A more modish article in the line of gumdrops had succeeded it; but the lickrish water was there, in a bottle that had formerly contained household ammonia, and the parched cornmeal.

Overcome by a flood of recollections I halted, and, after making some casual inquiries regarding the state of trade, I invested. But the parched meal did not appear to be up to its one-time tastiness. Perhaps it had not been parched properly or perhaps my palate had been corrupted by table d'hôtes and quick lunches. And the lickrish water, also, was in the nature of a disappointment. It seemed to have lost the zip and flavor it once possessed.

Besides, the situation was growing strained. I could not describe it in words, but I could feel it—an intangible permeating thing that affected all of us. The proprietors were embarrassed and so was I. They had accepted my custom, but they resented my presence—and I knew it; so I paid the score and went away.

Nevertheless, the experience was of value to me; it helped me to realize that small boys had not changed materially from the aspects they bore and the ambitions they nurtured away back yonder in the early history of this planet when we were boys ourselves.

In this day and generation small boys do not carry water for the elephant; and they never did either. They do not come home from the river, after having been forbidden to go in swimming, with their stockings on inside out and their hair betrayingly wet. Boys never were that foolish in any period of the world's history! They might be criminals, but they hid the evidences of crime.

Bulldogs guarding apple orchards no longer bite the seats out of small boys' trousers; nor was this ever a common custom among bulldogs. If a bulldog must stick to the dark meat he prefers the drumstick to the second joint.

All these are but figments of an adult imagination—pure romances, originally devised by grown men and repeated by other grown men, until most grown men have come to believe they really happened. They did not happen in our day and they do not happen in this day. But in all the essentials I am sure small boys remain unchanged and as they were, and as they ever will be. Only, as I remarked before, they do not feel called upon to tell us about it.

*He is No Longer a Child—He is a Boy. a Regular Boy*

Any boy knows better than to tell! After we have grown up we do not understand boys, and they don't understand us while they are growing up. A wide and a gaping gulf divides us, and they, at least, have sense enough not to try to bridge it. Through bitter experience and oft-repeated disillusionment a boy comes to know that his motives are sure to be misconstrued by the world at large.

The entire universe is in a conspiracy to thwart his proper ambitions. A false standard of manners and morals stamps as wrong whatever is pleasant, and as proper whatever is unpleasant. He may rebel against this—certainly to himself he questions its wisdom; but he does not undertake to argue it out with you.

I do not blame him either. No creature on earth—not even a Mammoth Cave fish—is so perversely blind as a parent. Take a parent's attitude now in the matter of babies: Any small boy knows that a baby is of no account whatsoever; yet, in the regard of its gulled mother and its deluded father, it is priceless.

And, contrariwise, all the time that a small boy is enlarging his scope of activity and becoming of more and more value to himself and to his gang he is, in the publicly expressed estimation of grown persons, undergoing a constant shrinkage in intrinsic value. The quotations on him may fluctuate, but in general the tendency is downward. In my own juvenile life I recall but one instance of a bull movement.

The man who lived next door to us and had cherry trees in his yard climbed up on the dividing fence and said openly he would give ten dollars in cash for the privilege of taking my young life! Declining his offer, I retired hastily to the hayloft; and it was not more than a week before my commercial judgment was vindicated.

### *A Bull Movement in Cobbskin*

THE man who lived on the other side of us, and who was trying to raise pigeons, offered twenty-five dollars for a chance to skin me alive! You see? My hide alone would now fetch more than twice as much as my entire person had been worth but a few short days before. And yet at that very minute I was worth to myself, in the capacity for enjoying life, at least a million dollars a day! A million is a mighty low estimate.

I recall distinctly one small incident that was worth more to me at the time and since than many men rated as wealthy can amass in a whole lifetime of cheeseparing frugality. I think I was about ten years old when it happened, but the memory of it abides with me in colors as vivid and clear as though it had happened yesterday afternoon.

Right this minute I can shut my eyes and see the whole setting—the tiers of blue planks covered with the assembled populace of our town—all except a few who held going to a circus to be a sinful thing as well as an expensive one; the tattered, mud-stained sidewalls of the little tent, lifting and shifting with the heat waves; the earthen ringback; the smells of the sawdust and the caged animals; that wonderful clown among clowns, with his chalked face and his baggy pants and his white, tight skullcap; and old Mrs. Slawson and old Mrs. Bass, sitting there side by side on the blue planks, the blissfully, innocently unconscious stars of the whole show!

Once a year my father took a holiday. It was the only holiday he took. When the circus came to town he gathered together his own children, and all the other children of the neighborhood whose parents could not or would not take them, and he convoyed the whole troop of us to the circus and had as good a time as we had. He was a poor man and this to him was the one big dissipation of the year; but it satisfied him and afterward it gave him something to look forward to during the succeeding twelve months.

On the occasion I have in mind two old ladies who lived on our street attached themselves to my father's party. One was a widow, who had nobody to take her to the circus—the other had an invalid husband; so they both went with us. The names I have given them are not the names they wore in life, but are sufficiently close to the real names for purposes of identification. They were town characters—these two.

*This Unfortunate Never Was a Regular Small Boy*

Mrs. Slawson was as deaf as a stone—in fact, deafer than any light, porous variety of stone—and in conversation she used a long, sinuous speaking trumpet of black rubber. Mrs. Bass had a thin, shrill, piercing voice that would carry fifty yards easily on a still day. They lived in adjoining houses and were cronies.

Perched—children and adults—on narrow blue seats in a double row, we had witnessed the grand entry; and we had seen the strong man juggle cannonballs and canvasmen; and we had cheered when the daring bareback rider, dressed like an Indian brave, with fringes on his seams and feathers in his hair, rode round and round standing gracefully erect on the haunches of his horse, going faster and faster until, just at the whirlwind finish, he upped with a rifle and fired into the dome of the tent—and, at that, a stuffed 'coon dropped smack in the sawdust from the top of the center pole! The time came for the main event, which was an exhibition of tumbling by the entire strength of the company.

This was before the day of three-ring circuses; everything took place in one central ring, with no distracting sights to right or left of it. One after another, a string of magnificent demigods in tights darted down a long incline, and up a short springboard; then, turning like red and blue and pink and yellow pinwheels, they hurtled through the air over the backs of two horses and an elephant and a camel, to alight—each one—right side up on a big, dusty cushion.

After them came the clowns. One clown was dressed as a country woman and shed various important articles of his attire as he spun in midair, and another ran with all his might to the tip of the springboard and then halted suddenly and threw his sugarloaf cap over the backs of the animals. Altogether it was magnificent and glorious, and we tingled to the ends of our wriggling toes with the glory of it.

Now, however, a dramatic pause succeeded—what playwrights call a stage wait. The attendants brought in another elephant and more horses, until the row stretched almost across the ring. The bandmen rested from their labors, turning their horns upside down to drain them. The chief acrobat of the outfit climbed to the top of the runway and stood there with his arms folded and his spangles shining, and his head among the guy ropes, almost touching the bellying roof of the tent.

*(Concluded on Page 57)*

*Take it From Me, He Was Just as Good a Time as You or I Ever Had*

# The Girl and the Selling Game

## A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

*I Just Gripped My Desk and Screamed for Somebody to Help Me*

WHEN I was a young girl I often studied myself in the mirror and speculated on the probability of marriage. Down in my heart I was forced to confess that I lacked beauty—indeed, I recognized myself as a homely girl of a rather stern Roman type. My nose bordered on the aquiline, my eyes were indifferent, and my complexion far from clear. Then, too, I was unduly tall and spare.

On the other hand, my sister Lucile, two years older than I, was wonderfully attractive—though not a Venus. She had a very delicate and refined profile, even though her nose was just a bit retroussé; and her cheeks were soft and rounded, and delightfully tinted. The disparity between us almost broke my heart—in secret.

We lived in the city of New York, and up to the time I was eighteen I never had occasion to anticipate the necessity of going to work. My father was a partner in a manufacturing house and our income ran from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year. Lucile and I both studied at a fashionable boarding school on the bluffs overlooking the Hudson, where the tuition and board cost a thousand dollars a year for each of us. Lucile had finished the course and I was still there when father died suddenly. It was then we discovered what a tangle his business was in—there was only a very small income left. Mother talked to me very seriously about our financial straits.

### *Getting Lucile Married Off*

"FLORA," she said, "you don't know how deeply it grieves me to think of sending you out into the world to earn money; but the time has come when I fear I must do it. Your Uncle Gilbert has agreed to pay your expenses at a shorthand school and you may as well start in at once. Your uncle and I have discussed the matter and we are agreed that stenography offers you the best possible field. I could not for a moment think of your entering a store as a saleslgirl, even were the remuneration more than you could get as a stenographer! But your uncle says that in the course of a year or two you should be able to earn fifteen dollars a week or more; that, he believes, is double what the average saleswoman receives."

"Yes, mother," I assented, for I had tried hard to resign myself to this unhappy turn of fortune. "I am willing to do everything I can to help—only it does seem as if Lucile ought to go to work as well as I."

"Dear child, I know just how you feel!" my mother returned soothingly as she patted my straight uncompromising hair. We were sitting, mother and I, in the humble little living room of the new apartment we had just taken a few blocks south and west of Columbus Circle. We had always lived in apartments, usually up along Riverside Drive or on the heights overlooking Morningside Park; and to come down here among these ordinary structures was repugnant indeed. We had dropped from a rental of three thousand dollars a year to sixty dollars a month—and we really could not see how we were going to pay even that!

"I am so sorry for you!" mother went on; "but you know, Flora, just how the thing stands with Lucile. I am sure she will become engaged and perhaps married within a year, and I cannot bring myself to do anything that may interfere with her prospects."

It was true that Lucile had prospects. She was practically engaged already. I shall not give any actual names in my story, but for convenience I can designate my sister's prospective fiancé as Mr. Harrison Goodrich. He was a young man of a splendid family—though personally I detested him—and was in line for a partnership in his father's mercantile business. Lucile had met him while he was a student at Yale.

"If Mr. Goodrich truly loves Lucile," I remonstrated, "he will think all the more of her for going to work, instead of sitting down and waiting for him to marry her and support her. And we do need money so badly, mother!"

"I fear you are looking at this matter in a most selfish way," she returned. "I am very much older than you, dear, and I know the world—oh, so much better! Mr. Goodrich may love Lucile dearly and still find it embarrassing to court a stenographer. You know how high his family holds itself."

"Mr. Goodrich undoubtedly belongs to the bon-ton," I conceded. "And our own family, mother, is of blue Maryland blood; our coat-of-arms bears, by hereditary right, a lion rampant. Our ancestors were illustrious associates of Lord Baltimore. But if Lucile should go to work and Mr. Goodrich refuse to marry her on that account I think the escutcheon of his family would be smirched—not ours!"

Mother smiled sadly—but the die was cast and argument was useless. I cried myself to sleep that night, while Mr. Goodrich, with exceeding magnanimity, was calling on Lucile in the living room.

In eight months I graduated from the shorthand school, and just about that time Lucile's engagement was announced. She was very happy and I was very wretched. It seemed a cruel fate that such contrariety of fortune should come between sisters. Like most girls, I considered marriage the one great desideratum—and I never had received any attention from men. Not one single bona-fide beau had I been able to claim. I knew, too, that mother had not much hope of my marrying—I was so dreadfully unattractive!

You see I am speaking with great candor, for I am relating events that took place some twelve years ago and time has worn away my bitterness. Some very wonderful things have come into my life, and I am going to tell you about them. But first of all, I want you to understand that this is a story of a woman's struggle with the problem of self-support—not a love story. I merely want you to know the conditions surrounding my earlier efforts in wage-earning. I should say, too, that I am not setting out to tell you a detailed story of a shorthand-girl's life. Lest you imagine that I mean to draw such a picture, I want to tell you that my career as a stenographer was simply a prelude to events that followed in very rapid succession. Still, in order to carry out my purpose in telling this story at all, I must give you in outline something about my work as a shorthand writer and typist. I shall not make this preamble any darker or lighter than it really was.

My first position was with a wholesale grocery house at seven dollars a week. There were eighteen stenographers in the office, and we worked under a system installed by an efficiency expert. No doubt it was a good system, for it turned out a tremendous quantity of work and kept shoving the girls along at a quickstep. Dear me, what a pace it was! Every girl became an automatic machine; and always the cry was: Speed! More speed! When we went to work in the morning the tension began at once, and gradually increased hour by hour until along in the afternoon the office was taut with the feverish energy of getting the day's task finished by five-thirty.

### *Staggering Under the Standard Load*

OFTEN in a forenoon I took forty or fifty letters at one sitting, and I was expected to have them transcribed by three in the afternoon. At this hour a batch of shipping blanks and customers' records was laid on my desk, to be filled out and turned over as rapidly as possible to other employees. In theory I was expected to complete this work easily by half past five. The expert had figured out the normal load he thought a capable stenographer ought to carry, and I was given just that load.

Well, I am not complaining. No doubt I was not so fast as I should have been, and perhaps not so industrious. I do know that I almost always worked with despairing energy during the final hour at least. Sometimes my back ached and I simply had to stop to rest; but when I did so I got hopelessly behind and had to work overtime.

I have no reforms to propose. No doubt human machines are just as necessary in the modern scheme of things as machines of iron and steel. Right or wrong, women as well as men are caught in the ruthless march of the speed Juggernaut. Of course I know there are plenty of firms that do not overwork their stenographers, and

*I Could Easily Sell From Four to Six Hundred Dollars' Worth of Goods a Week*

I know houses where the girls really enjoy extraordinary advantages. Yet I am sure my experience is typical of the great mass of stenographers.

Mind, I am not decrying stenography as an occupation. It is not more laborious or less desirable than many another calling a self-supporting girl might select. For a woman to work and earn her bread is hard and toilsome at best; it matters little what she undertakes. And shorthand does offer girls a comparatively quick entrée into the field of skilled labor. For many girls it is highly desirable, and affords them a greater financial return than they could get in any other line of endeavor. But I do know that some girls — a great many of them — could do better, infinitely better. In this, my own story, I mean to point out the precise line of effort and the precise sort of girl.

First, go back for a minute to my life as a stenographer. I was not a sickly girl by any means, but the pace of that grocery house wore me down steadily until it seemed every afternoon as if I must relieve the strain by screaming. And finally, six months after I went there, I did scream. The office manager had just handed me an extra batch of blanks to fill out.

"Flora," he said, with the familiar vocative customary in offices, "I wish you would push these forms through with your regular work. You can do it if you speed up just a little — a few seconds on each blank, you know. We really must get this work out tonight!"

I tried to do it; but after a few minutes of racing I felt my head getting light. Then suddenly my hands dropped from the typewriter keys and I seemed to be floating over the edge of a black and horrible precipice.

"Oh-h-h!" I cried, struggling to get away from it. "Oh! Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h-h!"

I knew it was a frightful, blood-curdling scream; and I knew, too, that there was not any precipice there; but for the life of me I could not help it.

"What Kind of Woman Shall I Have to Be in Order to Secure Advancement?"

I just gripped my desk and screamed for somebody to help me. The girls and the executives came running to me. They carried me to a couch in the manager's office, and then sent me home in a cab, in charge of a doctor and one of the girls. Hysteria, our family physician called it; and he said I must stay in bed two weeks.

And this was the day before Lucile's wedding! Thus I missed the privilege of seeing my own sister married. Mother comforted me as best she could; and after I was up again she said to me:

"Now, Flora, you really must find an easier position. There are easier places, I know, and my poor girl shall not kill herself."

Mother was a dear, good woman, and I do not wish you to misjudge her. Had she known what I know now, things would have been managed differently; but neither she nor I had any conception of the field I am going to tell you about. My Uncle Gilbert ought to have known, but he never had bothered his head over such things. He was a lawyer, and lawyers are supposed to know everything; but I am sure he was honest in his opinion that I was doing as well as my opportunities and abilities allowed.

I found another position—in a dentist's office. At first sight it looked easy, but I soon learned how unbearable it was. The groans and screams of the patients filled me with the same old mad desire to shriek on my own account—and I quit at the end of a week.

Then I worked for a mail-order house, where all day long I took dictation and wrote letters. Letters! Letters! Letters! They were all pretty much the same; and many of them I had to transcribe from set forms, altered just sufficiently to fit the individuals addressed. Oh, the dead monotony of the thing! My own individuality was swallowed up—I had no initiative; no power of personal judgment; no right to assert myself in the

(Continued on Page 52)

# BIRDS OF PARADISE LOST

## By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

LINDA was the sort of girl to whom men and forewomen are "fresh." She was born with that provocative insolence of glance which dares—not invites—you to take a liberty—and a dare is so much more inviting than an invitation. To the discriminating such a glance is merely the continual spark revealing an inner fire bedded deep with energy, coaled high with ambition and flamed red with desire.

Men born with that glance and the inner fire of which it is a revealer have been known to climb to such highness of seat in finance that they are able to telegraph ahead minute directions concerning the hinging, oiling and screwing of steam rollers for convention use, and to cable bland information to Japan, Austria, Germany and other nations regarding the open and closed seasons for war.

Women born with that glance and the inner fire have been known to drop so low that they do not care who has paid for the head-load of bird-of-paradise feathers they flaunt in the cafés where the champagne is highest-priced, the waiters most agile, and the turkey trot most libeling to the decent strut of a decent fowl. For the only difference between the ambition which clutches at that costly plumage and the ambition which hurtles to a dollar-braced chair is the angle of misdirection.

Linda had no more intimate knowledge of Wall Street, its location or nature, than a respectable farm-secluded gobbler has of the bottled vintage that requires the chaperonage of a bucket of cracked ice for public appearance. At the age of fifteen the most prominent geographical item lying under her sleek yellowish-brown braids was the location of Ellis Island as a halfway stop between Kaposvár, Hungary, and Chicago.

The largest financial transaction that had come under her oval, yellowish-brown-lashed, cinnamon-brown-irised eyes was the gold-coined proof that her abashed bearded father furnished the immigrant officials when they demanded his right to hoist himself, his abashed stoop-shouldered wife, Linda, the numerous brown-eyed brothers and sisters of Linda, one large and eighteen or twenty small bundles of bedding, clothes, dried herbs and heirloom pots and pans on to Columbia's bosom.

A few months later she learned that State Street lies beyond Halsted and that round steak is priced in inverse ratio to its esculence. Later she became acquainted with Milwaukee Avenue and the virtue of the banana as a cheap filler. Still later she heard of Michigan Avenue, and about the same time formed a detestation for landlords in general, owing to her bearded father's maledictions and her stoop-shouldered mother's sighs. But Linda gave mental accommodation only to such geographical particulars as obtruded themselves upon her young mind.

Geography is not a prerequisite of millinery—factory millinery—which was the profession that Linda adopted some five weeks after she tumbled from the dazing stuffiness of a red immigrant coach into the dazing brilliancy of the Union Station. To this adoption she was propelled by a second cousin, Eloise, a placid-featured, stodgy little blonde two years older than Linda who had five years' priority in this land of champagne, sweatshops, steam rollers, cold-storage eggs, racing cars, tenements, breadlines and bargain sales.

However, she learned soon and thoroughly of the charm of the bird of paradise, which is to millinery—factory or imported—what Titian's flesh tints are to art; the dream of creators; the goal of workers and wearers; the Aurora Borealis of apprentices. That bird holds the same sure niche in style that a Government bond holds in banking circles or a pink-cheeked toe-dancer in the British peerage.

Eloise called Linda's attention one noon to a tuft worn by a girl entering the untrimmed-hat factory of the Lutz wholesale house—not a large tuft; merely a drooping scrawniness of delicate yellow glimmering to white. It was planted at the foot of a passé dirty white willow plume that overspread the girl's tan straw hat and strawish-tan hair like a dirty canvas covering over hayrick and hay.

The girl herself was scrawny, dirtily white of skin, round-shouldered from years of sewing, her cheeks wan from long hours in workrooms, long hours in cafés—and drink. Her light-blue eyes squinted from the corners of wrinkle radiations formed by too much electric glitter at night and too little in daytime.

The Lutz untrimmed-hat factory cuddled in the rear of a seventh floor. That seemed high until you discovered the five floors above and the neighboring buildings of ten, twelve and fifteen stories that hovered round it and carefully gathered away three-fourths of the daylight.

"Ain't it elegant?" sighed Eloise in admiring ecstasy. "It cost her every cent of 'leven dollars!"

Linda looked and rubbed her eyes. They smarted from her effort to thread a number-seven needle in the one-fourth of daylight that the economical Benjamin Lutz held was entirely too brilliant to require the regular aid of the big arclights dotting the room like immense glistening bugs. Then she opened her eyes until their oval brownness was as round as a chestnut's.

"That little bunch?" she inquired incredulously.

"Sure!" vowed Eloise, with the proud triumph of one who flings a verbal bomb. "Them feathers cost terrible. Didn't you" —pityingly— "ever see any before?"

"No," said Linda.

She watched the hat until its wearer had reached the locker-room at the end of the aisle and passed in to put it away. Then she redirected a length of black thread toward an almost invisible eye and digested the startling information: Eleven dollars! A month's rent! Two tons of coal! As much as she made in four weeks! During that period of digestion Linda learned more arithmetic than the first hundred pages of the Complete Arithmetic can furnish. That dainty, delicate scrawniness!

In the Lutz untrimmed-hat factory you got nine cents for sewing seventeen yards of braid in a rounding series of even overlapping scrolls on a wire frame that you had previously covered with scrim. Along with the nine cents you got a touch of astigmatism, a dash of ophthalmia, a headache, and a tonguelashing from a forewoman whose bump of benevolence was long since coated with the acid nagging exuded by frazzled nerves.

In the back of her darting head the forewoman carried an imaginary scroll of perfect rounding evenness. With it she compared the wabbly result of your unskillful fingers, and the comparison was always nerveracking to you and to her. The braid is as slippery as slippery elm and as frisky as a gay young cobra. It rebels at any scrolling not inspired by its own twisty nature.

Linda, sewing steadily, frowned with wonder. Imagine sewing enough nine-cents' worth of scrolls, besides the accompanying scrim foundations, to amount to eleven dollars, and then investing it in one tiny bunch of feathers! Linda's imagination balked. It was too improbable for belief.

Going down in the freight elevator that evening, Linda crowded over for a closer and more prolonged view of the feathers that she glimpsed nodding in the opposite corner. Again her cinnamon-brown eyes rounded. As a rule Linda gave the world an unconsciously impudent gaze in which gloomed the embryo of a frown. So far, Linda had not seen much worth smiling at, either in the dirty-hutted penury of the Old World or in the dirty-tenemented poverty of the New; but so far, the frown had remained

embryonic, owing to young vitality and an emotion that was not hope but a misty expectancy almost worthy of the rosier name.

Now embryo frown and its sheath of impudence were curtained by a steady, puzzled stare.

The wearer of the delicacy, Goldie Joward by name, resented the scrutiny.

"Well?" she demanded, haughtily belligerent. "D'ye think you'll know me the next time you lamp me?"

Impudence ripped the curtain of puzzlement. Linda was not one of the meek who "shall inherit the earth"; but curiosity allayed the itch to retort.

Linda wanted to know and Linda knew of no better or quicker way to know than to ask; so she asked, flicking up a slim finger:

"Where'd you get 'leven dollars for that?"

From the sneering blue depths of Goldie's blue eyes suddenly blazed black pyrotechnics.

"What is it to you?" she demanded fiercely, and half raised her hand to bring it across Linda's mouth.

There was a second of tense silence—then a suppressed crescendo of laughter, knowing laughter—a hissing of hostility from Goldie and two willow-plumed chums beside her. The manipulator of the elevator's rise and fall turned about to look at Linda. He was a sallow-faced youth with unclean face, neck and glance, and soft, plump, yellowish fingers. Eloise stamped hard on Linda's left foot. Linda looked round wonderingly. How—and what—and why was this disturbance? The elevator touched bottom. As the girls surged out, Goldie in the lead still spluttering, the sallow youth let go of the lever and caught hold of Linda's arm. It was bare and brown, and its soft curve was firmer to the touch than the tips of his yellow fingers.

"Say, kiddo," he began with falsetto tenderness of voice, "I never looked close at you before! I'd like——"

Linda wriggled her arm from his hold—then rubbed it against her brown woolen skirt with a vigor manifestly intended to wipe off his touch. And, without vocal aid, merely by first dilating and then by narrowing her cinnamon-brown eyes, she conveyed to the young man that she did not like him, never had liked him, and never would like him! Haggy Smith, a wise youth, did not ascribe her glance to coyness.

"Say, you cheap foreign kiddo," he spat at her angrily, "I'll let you know that any day in the week I can have my choice of twenty peachier dames than you, with your ragbag clothes and calfskin shoes!" Haggy's voice shook.

*"Say, Kiddo, I Never Looked Close at You Before!"*

Linda's English vocabulary, though considerable considering the length of her residence here—Eloise was a capable tutor—did not embrace all of Haggy's words; but she grasped the import and delved into her own resources for a fitting reply. She was aided by her father's daily toil and the anecdotes of her two small brothers who attended public school.

"Pig! Toad! Piece of mudpie! Swine! Chunk of stockyards!" she flung back amiably as her calfskins squeaked after Eloise.

"A-a-ah!" screeched Haggy. "You just wait——"

Linda forgot him as she walked home beside Eloise. She was pondering. That frail, delicate beauty of featheriness! She pondered during the silent supper. Suppers were mostly silent at Linda's home. Her father, tired-eyed, tired-muscled, brooded over the difficulties of stockyards, street-car routes and language of the adopted land. Her mother, tired-eyed, bent-shouldered, had found transplanting hard-cased in nostalgia. The younger children nodded sleepily over the food.

Linda pondered while she unbuttoned the brown woolen dress and coarse shoes that Haggy had sneered at. She pondered a short while after she crept into bed with nine-year-old Anna and seven-year-old Katrine. Then her eyelids dropped. Sewing braid is hard upon optic nerves, spine and spirit; but it is an excellent soporific. Only a faint crease of perplexity lingered on Linda's forehead. Pondering was postponed until she got to work the next morning.

Then, in the middle of the day, over bread and bananas, she confided to Eloise the result of that long thought. It was worded partly in English, but mostly not; and it was to the effect that if Goldie were not so old-looking, dirty, tired and unsightly, and the bird-of-paradise feathers in Goldie's possession were increased by about one hundred and eleven dollars' worth and placed upon a pedestal more fitting than a soiled, tannish-straw hat, and backgrounded by something more cleanly than a dirty, straggly, willow plume, the resulting vision would be of a nature to delight a braid sewer, a milliner, the head of the stockyards, the emperor of Austria, or the holy angels.

Eloise, stodgy of feature and stodgier of imagination, listened unemotionally.

"I s'pose," she assented vaguely. Eloise was of those born with a stolidity of vision that is entranced only by actualities. She worriedly patted a squirmy scroll; then she vouchsafed: "Up in a ninth floor workroom they trim hats with those feathers."

From Linda's fingers the braid swirled unremarked to the floor. Her eyes widened lustfully.

"I want to work up there!" she cried longingly.

Over Eloise's stodgy placidity of feature contempt swept like a November fog across an October sun.

"You do!" From less goodnatured lips the words would have been a sneer. "Huh! I guess you do! All of us do. But they wouldn't let you! You ain't dressed right—and, 'sides, you don't know how. 'Tain't like making these cheap hats—it's trimmin' work."

"Huh!" conceitedly retorted Linda. "As if it ain't easier to sew feathers on than to do all this!" She jerked crossly at the wabbly, waggly, wriggly scrolls.

"Well, 'tain't!" Eloise said decisively. And then, firmly, kindly and emphatically she made plain to Linda the many and great points of difference between the workrooms where young femininity from Europe, the Dakotas or North Edgewater was allowed to enter and pit its energy against wabbly braid, and the workrooms where the forewoman was called Madame or a designer, boasted a real pearl ring, wore hair and clothes exactly like the wax women's in State Street's long glitter of window, and went to "Yurrup" twice a year to ascertain for waiting America whether muslin roses should grow pinhead or cabbage size, and plumes hang amidships or hindquarters to the front.

Linda gathered that a camel could motorcycle through the eye of a needle sooner than she could ascend the two flights of stairs from the untrimmed-hat factory to the sacred regions where the bird-of-paradise feathers were handled. A curious light smoldered in her eyes. She reached slowly for the braid that had swirled to the floor.

"Here, you!" snapped the forewoman in her ear. She was a grayish-complexioned, scowling woman. "The third curve of that second scroll is lopsided." She tossed a hat over Linda's shoulder.

Linda took it abstractedly. Her eyes were brilliantly impudent. Suppose one had a big black velvet hat—not greenish cottony velvet, but rich, silky, sheeny velvet—and an armful of bird-of-paradise feathers!

"Don't you give me any of your impudence!" ordered the forewoman, misled by the impudent brilliance of Linda's glance. "You know what you can do if you don't want to make hats right!"

She moved off, fuming threats. Linda smoothed the scroll and sighed. It would be so much easier to sew on a feather.

"It's even," she complained to Eloise.

"Course it is," Eloise sympathetically agreed, "but it's near slack season now and she always gits more particular. Next week we'll not have any work here; so we'll quit."

"Quit!" in panic—with the rent and the high cost of living! And her father had worked irregularly this last month. The stockyards, too, had slack seasons.

"Uh-huh!" said Eloise unconcernedly. "And then we'll work in a necktie factory—it's piecework too—till next season opens here."

II

THREE months later the busy season opened again. Linda was glad to get back to hatmaking. The necktie factory was a dark, dank dump, and she loathed the ugly green current of the river that it overhung. The manager was a male nagger.

"And when a man nags he's meaner'n any forewoman knows how to be!" Eloise conceded philosophically. Moreover in the allowance of arclight he was more niggardly than the economical Benjamin Lutz.

Linda was changed when she came back. She had learned that ain't, 'tain't, Sure! and Say! are not the bulwarks of the English language, but simply cobblestones in its main highway. She had learned—by hearsay—that beyond round steak lies porterhouse. Something—the unlimited nagging or else the limited arclight—had dulled the impudence of her oval, cinnamon-brown eyes. Impudence dulled is sullenness. Linda's frown had developed. It was no longer an embryo.

From Sunday afternoons in the parks and noon-hour strolls down crowded State Street, Linda knew that the tenement core of this country was surrounded by a luscious pulp of comfort and a glistening skin of luxury. Her lips lay hard together with the sullen pathos of people who cannot understand why they must choke over the core while the juicy pulp and rosy skin, sometimes with cream and powdered sugar, are served to other folks.

Linda had grown irkingly tired of home too. Her father's brooding had settled to a tired passivity that was content with a place to sleep and three poor meals. The younger children noisily crowded the small rooms. Her mother's eyes were always heavy with unshed tears of homesickness. Leaving home in the morning Linda sometimes irritably wished she need never come back.

By evening, though, she was tired enough to be glad to crawl into bed with Anna and Katrine.

At the end of the three months she was an inch taller too and a longer, straight-cut dress—a blue cloth castoff of Eloise's—made her appear older. Haggy eyed her slim curves resentfully. "You can't lose a bad penny!" he remarked the third morning after her return.

Linda apparently did not hear him. She was looking at Goldie who, more wrinkled and more dirtily white of skin than the preceding season, flaunted a bigger tuft of bird-of-paradise feathers. Linda wondered curiously, with a feeling of pity for the contaminated yellowy-white wisps, why Goldie did not throw away the dirty white willow plume that hung forlornly behind them.

Two days later Haggy slammed shut the iron door as Linda, followed by Eloise, was about to enter the elevator. Goldie and the others inside laughed as she had to jump back.

"Ain't you mean!" Eloise reproached him.

Linda's eyes smoldered, but she said nothing. Several mornings later she was ten minutes tardy. The other girls had ascended. She and a tall gray-clad salesman, absorbed in his memorandum book, were the only passengers. Unwisely she turned a contemptuous shoulder to Haggy, who had welcomed her with an outthrust of his tongue.

With one hand on the lever, Haggy dexterously reached back with the other and jerked the newspaper-wrapped bundle of lunch from under Linda's arm. The string about it loosened. Two slices of dark bread, two bananas and a dill pickle scattered themselves over the floor of the elevator. Linda stooped to pick them up. Haggy doubled with laughter.

"Some day," said Linda composedly as she straightened up, "when the elevator is crowded so full you can't turn round I'll get behind you and I'll run a lo-o-ng hatpin between your ribs—cle-e-ar through to the other side."

Haggy involuntarily cringed; and he quit laughing. The grimly composed tone penetrated Mr. William Brinckley's absorption. He looked up from his notebook.

Under ordinary circumstances Brinckley, who kept the city retail trade in a state of intimacy with Lutz Brothers' feathers and flowers, would have noticed that Linda had the coarse shoes, nondescript dress and abashed bearing that most young immigrants display during their first year or two in our midst. And then he would have looked uninterestedly away—that is, provided he noticed her at all. Every freight elevator carried young, stolid, shabby girls.

Now he looked with an amusement that was instantly whipped into sharp interest. Linda's tongue, long and red, darted venomous hate at Haggy. Her eyes, wide open, were glinting circles of brown flame. When Linda was abashed her olive face, topped by heavy plaits of yellowish-brown hair, was somewhat dull. Lighted by temper, it glowed. Her cheeks were red-splashed by fury.

After your attention had once been focused you recognized that a girl with that subdued glory of hair and insolent brilliance of eyes had a possibility of development beside which coarse shoes and nondescript dress were as inconsequential as a coating of summer dust on a brand-new racing car.

"When that chicken is a year older she'll be a bird!" meditated William Brinckley with the practiced meditation of a master of an ornithology that included chicken *à la* Maryland and *à la* café, egrets, the turkey trot, the ostrich feather and birds of paradise. "A year!"—in self-derision. "Why, right now!"

And immediately Mr. Brinckley, who was a large, well-groomed gentleman and as muscular as he was well groomed, extended a large, strong, white hand. Fingers and thumb were outspread. A second later the thumb approached to within an inch of the four close-gathered fingers. Within that narrow space were compressed a big portion of Haggy's larynx, his trachea and medulla oblongata. Haggy gurgled for mercy.

"How dare you annoy the girls who work here?" demanded Brinckley wrathfully, shaking him to and fro until the elevator rocked. "Better mend your ways, young man, or you'll be roller-skating to another job! See?"

Haggy gurgled helplessly. When Brinckley released him his sallow skin was purplish orange. Linda grinned gratefully at Brinckley as Haggy banged the door open at the seventh floor. Brinckley stepped out after her.

"It's a pity you wouldn't keep to your own huntin' grounds," irascibly muttered Haggy, "'stid of buttin' in on ——"

"Hey?" Brinckley stopped.

"Nawthin'!" snarled Haggy, and shot the elevator upward.

Brinckley overtook Linda before she reached the door of the workroom and detained her for some sixteen words. In what department did she work? And how long? That tedious piecework—untrimmed hats! Brinckley scowled with sympathy. He would see.

That day was the shortest Linda had known since she left the Union Station. She gleefully described Haggy's tribulation to Eloise—then she was very quiet. At five o'clock, though, she frowned impatiently when the forewoman brought the afternoon's work back for retouching. The forewoman, resenting the frown, deliberately brought another hat from yesterday's pile.

Two days later Brinckley strolled through the workroom. Linda's flush as she returned his smile was due to pride, embarrassment and gratitude. It seemed that not all to whom fate had served the juicy pulp were "uppish." Some were sociable—like Brinckley and seven-year-old Katrine's school-teacher, who came one afternoon to see her mother and knew all about the ache of longing for an old home.

After that Linda met Brinckley often nearly every day—in a corridor or elevator. Even better than Katrine's teacher understood her mother's homesickness, Brinckley understood the spine-aching, eye-smarting tedium of piecework. Haggy watching, sneered. And one day, with a wary eye on Linda's hand and hat, he taunted:

"You're another bird of paradise ain't you?" Linda looked amiable query. "Bird of Paradise Lost!" sneered Haggy. "That's what they'll soon be calling you."

"Just Wear It When You are Out With Me"

Linda surveyed him coolly. She did not altogether comprehend his meaning; but Eloise a few days later gave her a heart-to-heart talk that was enlightening. Eloise was born with the vision that took in only actualities. Such vision does not overlook any full-sized actuality. Though she was stodgy of imagination Eloise could see trouble when it was getting ready to hang in front of her nose; perhaps her vision was better because no rosy haze of fancy dimmed it. Firmly, kindly, emphatically, she informed Linda as they trudged home one night that no good would come of further acquaintance with Mr. Brinckley. And she made plain the why, the wherefore and the cause.

Linda shrugged her shoulders impatiently. Eloise thought she knew everything! What nonsense! Eloise was entirely too bossy! She wished she would 'tend to her own business! 'Way back in Linda's yellowish-brown head lay a shadowy but uncomfortable conviction that Eloise knew what she was talking about; but in front of this conviction, and above it—even piercing it—was a sharp resentment and disgust at tenements, forewomen, braid sewing and their alternates, neckties, Haggy, Eloise—and life in general.

"That's the way Goldie started," said Eloise severely. "And now—they ain't going to let her come back next season."

Linda again shrugged her shoulders; but the mention of Goldie reminded her of the hat at home she had trimmed the evening before. Until now Linda had worn passé hats donated by Eloise. For this, her first new one, she had spent a dollar. Aided by Eloise she had laid out that dollar with more care than a church expends on a foreign-missionary collection. She made the hat. That was easy, since she was in the hatmaking profession. And she had trimmed it. That was not difficult either—only, was it trimmed correctly? She wanted Eloise's judgment. She mistrusted her own.

Truth to tell, after buying material to make the hat, not much money had been left for buying trimming. Braid costs dreadfully; but, with an eighth of a yard of pale yellow cottony velvet and a twelfth of a yard of white cottony velvet, Linda effected a draped bow that was the same color as the bird-of-paradise feathers, even though it did differ in every other particular. Eloise ran over after supper to inspect it.

"It's —— Oh, I guess it's pretty," said Eloise. Consolation cleaved the approval.

Linda regarded it dolefully. Manifestly Eloise did not like it.

"It's real pretty," Eloise said hurriedly—"only"—truth dragged a painful way out—"I never seen a hat trimmed that way before!"

Linda sighed. However, she would wear it. Brinckley would know better than Eloise. He was loitering in the corridor when she came to work the next morning. At sight of the hat, his eyes twinkled. Instantly he sobered, but Linda had seen. A mist grayed the brown of her own eyes. Her short upper lip quivered. Brinckley hastened to console her.

"Don't you care, Linda!"—lowering his voice. "I'll buy you a decent hat—a peach! How'd you like some bird-of-paradise feathers? You know you can't expect to make a swell hat out of scraps!"

Linda's lip steadied, but the mist still lay in her eyes.

"Linda!" Eloise stamped from somewhere. "You git in here to work!"

That morning Linda sewed furiously. Her blood rioted in fierce rebellion. Looking ahead, she could see years and years and years of ill-paid work. This was Eloise's sixth year. She looked sidewise in angry wonder as Eloise at her side hummed a carefree tune under her breath. Was Eloise a fool? Did she not know that other people had things?—hats and homes that were homes—not dumps where you slept and ate; and clothes that were clothes—not stuff simply to hide your nakedness! Eloise hummed lightly on. Buh! There was no doubt. Eloise was a fool!

That noon, after they had eaten lunch and Eloise, as usual, had skipped back to work, Linda announced shortly that she was going for a walk. She got her hat from the locker; but instead of taking the elevator down she made her way to the stairs and ran rapidly up to the ninth floor. No one noticed her. About one o'clock the showrooms next the trimming rooms were almost deserted. It was near the end of the season and, with the exception of two saleswomen gossiping intently in a far corner, everyone was out.

Linda slid softly past the high wallcases and loaded counters, looking with admiring eyes but not daring to touch the hats pedestaled there. There were many with heavy ostrich feathers. One resembled an overturned peck of violets. Another might have been a dwarf lilac bush. Some were trimmed plainly with a loop or quill. Linda paid scant attention to them. Presently she came to a big drooping-brimmed affair of rich, silky black velvet bearing a huge burden of bird-of-paradise feathers—about twelve times as many as Goldie owned.

Linda's eyes rounded. Her breath came hard. By all the right of desire that hat belonged to her. Its withholding was spitework on the part of something. She wanted to touch it, with a passion of longing that left her tense. She looked round. No one was in sight except a tall saleslgirl passing through swiftly, her mind too intent on lunch to bother with a supposed errand-girl from some retail milliner.

(Continued on Page 58)

"I Knew I'd Know It So Soon as I Seen It"

# WOODROWSBY LEGENDS

## The Lorelei of the Potomac

## By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

DOWN in the depths of the Treasury vault,
Where cute Lincoln pennies, like mushrooms, are grown
And lovely gold eagles await the unknown,
And they shovel bright dimes as the brewer does malt—
Where dollar bills rotten
Are baled up like cotton
And banknotes for millions are common as salt—
Dwells a gray, mildewed Specter,
A microbe collector,
Adroitly defying the Specie Inspector.

He squats with the look
Of a privileged spook,
Adjusting his psychical celluloid collar,
And croaks with the voice of a dead silver dollar:
"Haughty gold eagles, crow now—and I'll let you;
But bah!
And aha!
It's sixteen to one on the chance that I'll get you!"

By now you have guessed that this spook you can't kill ver—
—y soon is our oldtime acquaintance, Free Silver,
Locked up in the Treasury's steel-covered tissues,
Among the defunct but still dangerous issues.
And whenever he groans all the quarters and dimes
Jingle: "Revenge!"—and turn over three times—
A noise so uncanny it turns all the hairs
Of the clerks in the Revenue Office upstairs.

Now, Sir McAdoo, of the Royal Exchequer,
Being no malcontent treasury-wrecker,
Quite frequently slipped
Through the underground crypt
To see that no nickel or dime had been skipped
In the daily amount
Of the Treasury count.

And once as he snuk through this danky demesne
He spied the dull ghost in a light deadly green,

*And Once as He Snuk Through This Danky Demesne*
*He Spied the Dull Ghost in a Light Deadly Green*

*Behold Under Luna's Appeal-to-the-Sex Ray*
*A Damosel Clad in the Flimsiest X-Ray*

Writhing his body like tadpoles in ponds,
And cursing an issue of Government Bonds.

"Look here,"
Said Bill,
"You queer
Old pill!
What right have you here, like a campaign transparency,
Gleaming forlornly and queering the currency?
Don't you know you are dead?"
He indignantly said.
Whereat the grim Spec raised his shaggery head:
"I'm still on the wire and you can't disconnect me.
While Glass works his will
On the Currency Bill,
There's a movement in Congress to plumb resurrect me."

McAdoo tightened his sinews like steel,
Murmured, "Oh, sugar!" and turned on his heel.
Out past the Capitol Building he strode,
Where, sure enough, just as the spook had forbode,
Many Insurgents arose on the roost,
Handing Free Silver a strenuous boost,
Giving O. Underwood buckets of sass
Midst a terrible, horrible breakage of Glass.
Congressman Wingo
Shouted: "By jingo!
Give the old Gold Bug the death-dealing stingo!"
Alfalfa Bill Murray
Said: "We should worry!
They can't put their bill over us in a hurry."
While Congressman Witherspoon growled: "We are jerry
To that there Gilt Insect, all poison and furry.
Just wait till Bill Bryan
Hears what they're tryin',
And the Glass-Owen Bill will lie bleedin' and dyin',
With a silver-tipped shot in its left pulmonary!"

Sadly Bill McAdoo, taking his way,
Turned to the White House and muttered "O. K."
To the man at the door.
He entered before
He saw who was there; for, tight-packed in the anteroom,
Raging as in some Inferno-of-Dante room,
National bankers of every description
Howled: "We won't stand it!"—and threw a conniption.

"King Woodrow! King Woodrow!" Sir McAdoo cried,
When faithful Tumulty had let him inside,
"Why do you bankers,
With bludgeons and spankers,
Yell for your scalplock—your prowess deride?"
"Bill," quoth the King to his Lord of the Treasure,
"They're after our Banking and Currency Measure.
They claim that our noodle
Is full of flubdoodle—
The Government oughtn't to handle the boodle.
They swear that the matter'll
Wreck us and scatter all
Credit, unless we go slow with collateral.
Wexler and Vanderlip
Tell us, with dander-lip:
'Justice will rule, and you'd better not hand 'er lip!'
In fact, if we'd tease these financial colossi
To stand by our bill we shall have to act flossi,
Introducing some witchery, soft and alluring,
Pleasing 'em, teasing 'em, coaxing, assuring—
Some siren amendment of promise so shining
They'll sign for our bill and not know what they're signing."

Quoth McAdoo:
"Crack! I do
Think I can find what
You have in your mind—what?
Out on the Potomac there dwells in a grot,
On an island once held as a Federal lot,
A lovely enchantress. Her character moral I
Couldn't indorse;
Yet I'm certain, of course,
She's a qualified, certified Government Lorelei."

*Who Is This Comes in a Neat Motor Boat?*
*High Is His Forehead and Long Is His Coat*

"Can she sing?" Woodrow cried.
"Like a bird!" Mac replied.
"She's safe and she's sane—though quite frequently slandered.
You'll like her, I know, for she's called the Gold Standard."

II

Soft glints the moon on Potomac's bright ripple;
Soft sneaks a shallop that scurries along—
What is yon music that inspires like a tipple?
Hark! 'Tis

*THE LORELEI'S CURRENCY SONG*

"Gold! Gold! Pretty gilt stuff!
Babes in arms call for it,
Patriots fall for it,
Artists and actresses can't get enough.
Every one's pursuing it;
Everybody's doing it—
Can't shake the habit when once it takes hold.
Don't you get funny, Bill;
In making a money bill
Fool not with substitutes—build it on Gold!"

Woodrow and McAdoo, steering their shallop
Near to the rock's rather dangerous scallop,
Beheld under Luna's appeal-to-the-sex ray
A damosel clad in the flimsiest X-ray.

Her locks—eighteen carat—blew hither and thither
As she strummed on a pretty department-store zither.
"Some wren!" Woodrow cried in the Cohan & Harris
Patois, which Princeton calls *sermo vulgaris.*
They were taken aback
When the siren called: "Goodie!
Ah, there, friend Mac!
Oochi-koo, Woodie!
I know what you're here for. I'm with you quite hearty.
Nix on the folly—see?
I'm your New Policy,
Useful to lure each insurgical smarty
Out of defiance and into the party."

So, a clear chilly hour—it was late in September—
The President, Siren and Cabinet Member,
Shoulder to shoulder,
Sat on a boulder—
Sat and conferred, with remarkable skill,
On a plan that would jam through the Currency Bill.

When the meeting broke up the Gold Standard remarked:
"Boys, trust my powers!
In twenty-four hours
My magical spell through the air will be sparked.
The rebels I'll capture
With visions of rapture."
The King and his counselor then disembarked—
First to the rock near the grotto securing
A wireless outfit for long-distance luring.

III

Muse, time's alarm clock we'll now turn ahead
Twenty-four hours.
See! the Lorelei's powers
Already, full tilt, have their wizardry sped—
For, thicker than fish in aquarium tanks,
Bankers appear on Potomac's green banks;
Prominent dignified men of affairs
Leap in, kerflop! without putting on airs—
Some floating,
Some swimming,
Some boating,
Some skimming
On portions of timber without any trimming;
For the Lorelei's song they can hear in the distance—
Swiftly it draws and they make no resistance:
"Gold! Gold! Pretty gilt stuff!"

"Lord, but it's tough!"
Glugged a fat financier of the Twenty-first National.
"It's an Aldrichlike song—yet it doesn't sound rational.
Perhaps I've gone madski!"
"She's better than Gadski!"
Another one cried
As he breasted the tide
To join other bankers who swarmed to the grot,
Where the Lorelei sat on a rather dry spot
Pulling prints of the Glass-Owen Bill from her corset,
And sweetly cajoling: "Come, fellows, indorse it!"

And lo! as the billet she held in her fin
The members of Congress began swimming in—
O'Gorman and Lodge,
Who had been on the dodge,
Not committing themselves to financial hodgepodge;
And Senator Penrose, who'll always make dashes
To be in the swim where Plutocracy splashes—
In fact all the lawmaking bodies were hep;
Every senator, every rep,
Swarmed to the island like flies upon salad,
Eager to hark to that soul-tickling ballad.

But, removed from the rest, stood the grim Insurrectos,
Chewing tobacco or smoking perfectos.
Tense was each fist
As they hatefully hissed:
"Lure as you will, thou enchantress of gilt!
Heaven may wither and granite may wilt,
Yet never, and yet again three times *jamais,*
Will we stand for the curse
Which is decking the hearse
To bear our beloved Free Silver away!
Let weaklings be weak; but we'll never betray

*(Concluded on Page 61)*

# Beating Back—Between Two Natures

## By Al J. Jennings and Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RUSSELL

AS I REACHED the last fortnight of my term in the Ohio state penitentiary I used to tear off the leaves of our office calendar with a jerk. My imagination ran free; I created and recreated my new world. At my release I should receive a ticket back to Oklahoma and five dollars in money; on that foundation I must begin to build a whole life. I could not get my citizenship restored for a year; after that I would plunge into the law. I should encounter sneers, coldness, ostracism. I had no illusions about that. But in my state of mind I gloried in those obstacles. I would conquer them all; because of them my victory would be the more notable.

Mark Hanna had said to me: "Come to Cleveland when you're free and I'll see about placing you." Warden Darby had offered to lend me as much money as I should need to get my start. But when I'm broke I become the most independent rascal on earth, and I brushed aside both those chances. I had other offers which I declined in a spirit of amusement. Two or three old professional burglars approached me and whispered that I would make a great "outside man" for a housebreaking job. They could give me introductions, they said, to pals on the outside who would make my fortune. Finally a week before my term was up along came a letter from my brother John inclosing four twenty-dollar bills. At the time this seemed like a fortune. It gave me heart to face my impossible task.

So the next calamity fell on me like a stroke of lightning. On the third day before my release date I was in the post-office talking to Billy Raidler when the warden called me aside. I caught a peculiar sadness in his face—a look I did not interpret until he began to speak.

"I'm sorry, Al," he said, "to tell you what I must, but I think I'd better mention it this morning. A marshal is waiting for you in my office. You must leave for Fort Leavenworth prison in an hour to serve that other sentence."

I'd been a hopeful fool. Lawyer though I was, I'd taken it for granted that my two sentences ran concurrently. Here I faced five more years in one of the toughest American prisons. I shan't try to tell how I felt.

As soon as I controlled my crying and got my brain clear again I realized that I was going against an especially hard situation. Convicts at Fort Leavenworth had murdered some guards and attempted a wholesale escape. My brother Frank, himself serving a five-year term in that prison, believed that certain bad conditions led up to this break. He sent his facts through the sewer route. I got them to our territorial delegate, who secured a congressional investigation. Of course Fort Leavenworth was whitewashed, but the inquiry brought out my services in the affair. So I knew that every official in Fort Leavenworth yearned for a chance at me.

Warden Darby parted from me with tears in his eyes. "If you'll promise me not to escape on the road," he said, "I'll make them take you away like any other traveler." I promised, though it came hard. Why, I kept thinking, hadn't Warden Darby given me an advance tip and let me escape? In such times the mind gets warped.

Mr. Darby repeated my promise to United States Marshal Fagin, who had come for me, and added: "You can rely on him, marshal. I want you to treat him as you would your own son."

And so on an hour's notice, without time to bid my friends goodby, I started for my second prison in a state bordering on suicidal mania. Marshal Fagin kept his word.

*When He Heard That I Was in the Vicinity the Cattleman Ran Away*

No one would have known me for a prisoner. We stopped that afternoon in Cincinnati, where Fagin went to his office for a smoke and a talk. A big, bluff fellow entered the room and Fagin introduced him as George B. Cox, the boss. We talked a little. He had heard of me. "Why did you take to train-robbing?" I remember his asking me. "There's easier ways of making money!"

Every hour I had a chance for escape, but only once did the temptation hit me hard. That was when we changed cars at St. Louis. The station was crowded; constantly people came between me and the marshal who, relying on my promise, paid no special attention to me. I could have fallen behind and slipped away. And I all but did it before my promise to Mr. Darby came into my mind. The rest of the way I stuck close to the marshal for fear of myself.

I was not surprised, upon my arrival at Fort Leavenworth, to notice that the prison band did not turn out. Marshal Fagin handed me over to the guard; I went through the same mechanical process as on my first day at Columbus. By now I was an expert prisoner; I moved like a trained dog. Only one excitement lightened my despair. Perhaps if the prison authorities were merciful or forgetful I might see my brother Frank, the human being to whom I had been closest all my life. As they registered me, dressed me, assigned me to a sewing machine in the tailoring department, I kept glancing left and right for a glimpse of him. When they started me for a cell my heart bounded with the hope that he might be my cellmate. It nearly stopped when I found that I must sleep alone.

I found the Fort Leavenworth prison far more strictly run than the Ohio penitentiary. For two days I went on learning to patch overalls in a slipshod fashion while I watched and waited. Nothing happened; Frank might have been released for all I could see. On the third morning my patience broke and I took the bull by the horns. I got permission to send a note to the warden, perhaps my sincerest enemy in the world, asking for an interview. To my surprise he granted the request.

When I entered his office he was writing. He knew that I was there, I think; but he kept me waiting at attention with folded arms until he had finished. Finally he turned round. His eyes were half closed, and his fingers clutching. It carried me back to my circus days when I used to watch the tigers working up to a leap against the bars. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Warden," I said, "I want to see my brother Frank."

He looked at me a long time before he replied:

"You've just got here and already you're asking favors."

Then I stifled my feeling of pride and pleaded with him. I told him how much Frank and I had meant to each other. I explained that we had been separated for four years. I promised that if he would grant this favor I would never ask another and would live up conscientiously to the rules.

"The prisoners will be turned out on the Fourth of July. Perhaps you will have a chance then," he said. He dismissed me with a wave of his hand.

The Fourth of July was nearly a month away; and as I settled down again to my machine the iron sank a little deeper into my soul. Though I didn't realize it then, my conduct of this interview proved how much the prison had done to tame me. Had I met such treatment when I first entered the Ohio penitentiary I should have lost my temper and sprung at the warden's throat, come what might.

That evening, at the bugle call for company formation, I fell in with the rest of the tailors preparatory to marching to supper. I had found the rule over all the prisoners at Fort Leavenworth much more strict even than among the working prisoners at Columbus. A heavy depression sat on the men. You read it in their downcast looks and their strict obedience. Everywhere you saw the workings of the "snitch" system, by which men received promotion and small favors for informing on their fellow-convicts. The guards appeared very reticent and watchful. I had a feeling that they feared the warden more than the prisoners did.

We halted outside; and I stood, my eyes fixed, thinking as I had been thinking all day of my pressing problem. The big gates before me suddenly opened, and a body of perhaps three hundred convicts, dressed in old blue overalls and wide straw hats, marched toward us eight abreast. This was the construction gang engaged in building the new prison. My eyes traveled toward them; but I watched them without much hope or curiosity.

Suddenly I had a shock that ran over every nerve in my body. There was Frank!

Even in his disgraceful uniform I recognized his swinging, athletic gait. The prison hadn't bowed his fine, erect shoulders. He alone of all the company was glancing to right and left, inspecting the lines drawn up on the sidewalk. He had approached within forty yards when our eyes met. I forgot my surroundings; I saw nothing in the world but my brother. "Hello there, Frank!" I called; and I should have done it even if I knew that my voice would cave in the whole prison.

The prisoner behind me gave my back a poke. In the low, suppressed convict tone he said:

"Don't do that! They'll send you to the hole!" Why I wasn't yanked out and reported at once I don't know yet.

### Brothers Get Together

BUT I didn't think of it then. My mind was on Frank. And there followed the prettiest maneuver I ever saw. Swiftly and suddenly Frank dropped back and exchanged places with the corresponding man in the next rank behind him. A second more, and he did it again. No man in the line seemed to be paying any attention to either of us; yet whenever Frank fell back the other man slipped into place as though he had been drilled in that very action for a year. The maneuver was kept up, silently, systematically, and so deftly that no one who wasn't watching Frank, and Frank alone, would have noticed even a flutter in the lines. Frank had dropped back four or five ranks before I saw just what they were doing. The construction gang remembered exactly where their line always halted; and they were taking a chance with "the hole" in order to bring Frank and me together. Sure enough, when they halted my brother stood within three feet of me.

"How are you, old Sox?" said Frank.

I choked when I tried to speak—he had changed so much. He was thin and lined and sunburned. His fine, strong hands were rough and blistered. I should have liked at that moment to be at the head of a regiment armed with rifles loaded to the muzzle with brickbats. I should have swept the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary off the face of this earth.

I got my tongue in time; and while we waited in line we talked from the corners of our mouths—only commonplaces. Our hearts were too full for anything else. But Frank did give me some earnest advice.

"They've got it in for you," he said. "There are some mean men here. Be awful careful and trust no one." Just then came the order to march, and for a month I saw no more of him than a distant glimpse.

The Fourth of July arrived at last. Working silently at my machine, afraid even to whisper for fear of spoiling my chance, I counted off the days. After dinner on the Fourth they turned us out into the yard, bidding us stand in line that we might listen to an oration on Liberty, see the flag of Freedom wave, and hear the band play the Star Spangled Banner. The guards permitted a little moving about; and so I found Bud and Bill. After our reunion we began a quiet search for Frank. I couldn't see him anywhere. Just then the band marched by to the platform, tooting full strength. There was Frank, playing the cornet and playing it poorly. I could hear him drag a note behind the others. He had a look on his face which I'd seen a few times before when he was in desperate straits. He passed on and I glanced about me, wondering what it all meant. Bud was standing beside me.

*I Broke the Ice and Watered My Nitro-Glycerine*

"You see, don't you?" he said. "It's one of their tricks. They've put him in the band today so that you won't meet."

I believe that never in my life did the desire to kill come over me so strongly as in that moment. But I was learning my lesson. I put it down, though Bud says that my face looked like death. When I had mastered myself I crawled and dodged, stage by stage, down the line toward the warden. He stood talking to the chaplain. Trying to keep down my hatred and grief, I said:

"Warden, you told me I might see Frank today."

He appeared not to hear me. I repeated my words. Still he ignored me. I pushed round, stood face to face with him and repeated again. I felt by now as though all the blood had left my body. Never in my life had I held myself under such restraint.

He couldn't ignore me this time. In a kind of purring whisper he said:

"Your brother has been put in the band. I have tried to favor him today." And he walked away. The irony of that was awful.

Alone in my cell the rest of that day I seemed to forget the lessons of self-control I had learned at Columbus.

The days now became a monotonous grind. I bore them better than I had such times in the bolt shop at Columbus; I was growing deadened and inured.

When I entered Fort Leavenworth father and John employed Sebree and Price of Kansas City to apply for a writ of habeas corpus, setting forth that my Fort Leavenworth sentence should have run concurrently with my life-term in the Ohio penitentiary. The two sentences had been imposed in different jurisdictions; this raised a new point of law. Judge Amos Thayer took up the matter in chambers and reserved decision. I waited and waited, but the decision didn't come. And I had lived through too much prison life by now to stake my reasons on any one hope.

As I expected, strict confinement and factory work told on my health as they had at Columbus. My tissues began to waste, my digestion went bad. Moreover, this was a prison of the middle ages. Instead of confirming me in my intention to reform, the strict, almost savage régime drove me backward, brought up again the worse man in me. Were it not that I remember little flashes of mercy from Deputy Warden Lemon, I should feel like cursing that place forever.

One morning two or three months later I was called down to the deputy's office. As usual I didn't know whether I was going to be hanged or turned loose.

"I've had to be very careful about you and Frank," said the deputy; "I've done more for Frank than almost any man here. He had his chance and got into trouble. He's too toplofty for this place—he won't humble himself enough. Certain persons here hate him and"—at this point he smiled—"they don't care much for you. But I'm going to do something for you boys, because I like you and have the greatest admiration for your dear old father. I've fixed it to bunk you together in the lower cell block."

I was going to see Frank; to live with him! Only an order of release could have made me happier.

That night Frank and I sat up for hours in the dark, whispering like two girls. We were hysterically cheerful, I remember; we had to stifle our laughs and giggles by stuffing blankets into our mouths.

We had all the greater need for care, because a stationary guard-post stood just outside our door. The regular guard was an old Austrian who had served twenty years in the United States army. He knew nothing except obedience. Whenever at any time thereafter Frank and I forgot ourselves and laughed aloud, he'd rush at the grating, shake it and command us to shut up. Of course we resented this, as human nature always resents restraint; and finally I invented a system to annoy him. All Sunday afternoon we spent locked in our cells, our guard just outside. Without saying a word I'd go to the bars, fix my gaze on the Austrian and shut one eye. In no time he'd begin to fidget like a man with a fly on his nose. He'd sit down and try to look away, but he couldn't. That one fixed eye would draw his head round like a magnet. Then Frank would roll on his bunk, shaking with suppressed laughter.

The guard could contain himself only so long. He'd always end by rushing to the bars and growling: "What are you looking at me for?"

"I beg your pardon, guard, I didn't even know you were there," I'd answer.

"You did!" he'd reply. "Your eye was on me all the time."

"Excuse me, but I'm careful what I do with my eyes," I'd say.

I didn't really understand how much I was tormenting him until one evening Deputy Lemon came to our cell door.

"What are you doing to that guard?" he asked. "He's always been contented, but now he wants a transfer on account of you fellows."

I told him. Mr. Lemon laughed uproariously.

"But please stop it," he said. "He's one of my dependable men and you'll have him all upset."

### Dreams of Days of Freedom

WE HAD all kinds of regrets as well as all kinds of jokes, Frank and I. Our conversation ran from the heights to the depths. My determination to make good, which had nearly died out during my first month at Fort Leavenworth, revived in me—especially since I found Frank thinking along similar lines. If you remember he never liked the Long Rider game as I did. He had followed it because of circumstances and because of his loyalty to me. So he had no such distance to travel as I in order to reach reformation.

However, his presence and our chatter of old days brought a new, special horror into prison life. Ever since I can remember, my active, restless brain has kept going by night as well as day. In my youth I talked and walked in my sleep, and I still dream with the greatest vividness. Now I began nightly to dream of freedom. I was out in society, talking with pretty, attractive women. Frank and I were rowing down the Ohio, boys again. I was on the range with Jim Stanton. I was joking and laughing round the courtroom door at El Reno. Then a heavy gong would ring. I'd awake to the musty, dreary chill of morning in prison. I must hurry into my clothes and stand at the cell door, with two fingers through the bars, while the guard counted us. I must march out into the deathly still corridors and join a line of gray, pallid men, all silent, all deep in their early morning depression. I must hurry down a breakfast of eternal bread, molasses and near coffee; before the light was clear I must be huddled over my machine. I used to wish that there was a medicine to stop dreams.

I grew weaker and weaker. When our machines stopped, awaiting a new job, we were supposed to sit erect, our arms folded. But sometimes, in spite of the rules, I would lean forward, my head in my hands.

On a morning which I shall always remember I sat thus, in a black state of melancholy. Suddenly one of my old

intuitions made me feel a pair of eyes boring into my back. I jerked upright to position. It was the deputy! From the corner of my eye I saw the other prisoners working fast, their noses down to their machines. No hawk ever struck more terror to a brood of chickens. And he, the judge and jury of the prison, had caught me breaking a rule!

"Get your cap and come," he said. I knew instinctively that every prisoner was pitying me. They thought, and I thought, that this meant the hole.

Outside he turned to me.

"Are you prepared for a little of the worst news you ever heard in your life?" he asked.

It was a sickening blow. I thought of father, John, Mary, even Frank. Had he done anything? He hated one guard. Had he ——

"I have stood many hard blows," I remember beginning, before I lost control and shouted: "Quick!"

"You are going to be released," he said. For a second I hated him with all the fury in my nature. I didn't believe him. I thought he was playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. But he put out his hand.

"My boy, I'm glad of it for your sake and your dear old father's," he said. "The judge has decided the habeas-corpus proceedings in your favor." His method of breaking the news was only awkward tact, and perfectly well meant.*

It didn't overwhelm me with the same rush of happiness as my original commutation at Columbus. You feel such emotion only once in a lifetime. But I did have an impulse to run through the prison shouting the news, until another thought turned me sick. I must leave Frank there! Sentenced long after I went in, he had received less good-conduct allowance; he had still more than a year to serve. No word of mine can express how I felt. He, too, was in bad health. At that moment I would have given up all my prospects to exchange places with him.

When they had put me back into the decent suit that I wore from Columbus and had taken me to the deputy's office, I found that I must wait an hour for the official notification to arrive.

"May I talk with Frank?" I asked when I learned this. It was a rainy morning, as it happened; and the gang with which Frank worked had been locked in their cells.

"I've been told not to let you see your brother," replied the deputy. He didn't have to say who had told him.

"But," he continued in a low, off-hand tone, "haven't you left something in your cell that you need?"

"Yes!" I replied quickly.

"Then the guard will take you down," he said.

Frank was asleep. I woke him up by shaking the bars; but when I tried to speak I failed absolutely and miserably to say a word. His eyes fixed themselves on my citizen's clothes—and he knew.

"I'm sorry, Frank," I managed to say; "I'd rather stay with you." He was about as tongue-tied as I, but from another cause. Reaching two fingers through the bars he said:

"Old Sox, let it be straight from now on! You'll meet the greatest temptations of your life. You've got an awful fight in front of you. Remember dad and Mary and John, and let's get back where we belong."

### *Parting With Frank*

"I'M FOR that, Frank," I said. And that was all I could say, for the guard pulled me along. I've looked into the faces of dead comrades and into open graves, but I've never known such a moment as that.

When the prison gates clanged behind me and I stood in the open air I didn't know what to do. I felt like a man alone in the middle of the Sahara Desert. A voice at my side called me to attention. There stood a guard whom I had disliked above any other man of his rank in Fort Leavenworth. He said:

"I'm going down to the depot with you." Even at the gate of the penitentiary they don't leave you quite free—the guards see you aboard the train. The presence of this man furnished a splendid counter-irritant; and my first positive act, upon leaving prison for good, showed that the worse man in me was still alive.

We sat on the platform waiting for the train. I had asked in my bewilderment for a ticket to Chicago; the surprise gave me no time to formulate my plans. I had the ticket and five dollars in my pocket and all my possessions in a newspaper bundle under my arm. The guard began to annoy me by his presence. I was free. Why should I drag the prison with me? The train whistled in the distance. I turned to him.

"I shan't detain you any longer," I said in the most superior manner I knew.

The sarcasm didn't reach him.

"I'm going to see you on that train," he replied.

I walked toward him. He was armed and I wasn't; but that made no difference to me then.

"You cur!" I said. "Get out of here or I'll strangle you!" He retreated four or five paces, reached for his revolver, turned and walked away.

So instead of leaving prison, as I had expected, with a fine enthusiasm for reform, I left it torn with emotion, sodden with anger, hating the world. My experience at Fort Leavenworth had dulled my resolution, formed at Columbus, to face things fairly and beat the game—dulled it but not destroyed it. I still intended to go back into the law and make good. On the train I had time to formulate my immediate plans. My father, now seventy-five years old and ill of a mortal chronic disease, lived in Slater, Missouri. I would drop off at Kansas City, scalp the remainder of my ticket and visit him. After that I would go to Lawton, Oklahoma, where John was in practice. This was a new town and it promised well. Of immediate funds I could count only my five dollars and the drawback on my ticket; for when I entered Fort Leavenworth I had returned John's eighty dollars.

I had several acquaintances in Kansas City, but only one whom I cared to see just then—an old Quantrell guerrilla who kept a saloon near the junction. Hungry for companionship, a little afraid of the world, I went to him. I opened my campaign by telling him that I had just been released from prison. He didn't appear cordial. With scarcely a word to me he went to the telephone and did some talking in a low voice. Thinking that he had perhaps called up the police I started to go; but he stopped me and held me in conversation until four men came running down the steps—two burglars and two pickpockets who had served with me at Columbus. They wrung my hand, they danced round me Indian fashion. When we had finished our jubilee we sat down and gossiped like women at a sewing circle.

The older and more expert of the two burglars wanted to know what I had in prospect.

"Nothing," I said truly.

Immediately he proposed that I throw in with him and make a trip to the Southwest.

"I've got one or two good clean-ups staked out," he said, "then we'll go on to the coast." I only laughed. I asked them if they were on the dodge, or planning some job in Kansas City. That question was a necessary precaution. I couldn't afford, on my first day out, to be taken up by the police. They assured me that they were only resting in Kansas City; they had reported at police headquarters. Before we went to dinner, I remember, they asked me again if I didn't want a hand in a job. Then I told them plainly that I intended to go square if I starved. At that they shook hands and said it was the best thing to do.

"If you've got the nerve," said one of them. He had the nerve to face guns and policemen and prisons; but he appreciated that for an ex-convict to live on the square takes the finest nerve of all.

After dinner they proposed a visit to a certain gun joint, and for the love of companionship I went with them. The place was full of crooks. Presently a city detective entered, shaking hands and making himself agreeable. He approached our crowd. Three of my companions treated him cordially enough, but one of the burglars refused to shake hands. When the detective had gone the proprietor of the place turned to the burglar and said:

"Larry, you acted like a rube."

"I don't care," replied Larry. "You can go on fooling with those damn rats if you want to. I know you've got him squared, but none of my money goes to him. The only thing he'll get from me is some hot lead."

"Cut out that talk in this joint," said the proprietor.

### *The Temptation of the Century*

"COME on, boys, all these places belong to coppers," said Larry. My companions told me, as a matter of fact, that a city detective held a half-interest in that very saloon.

I trailed round with them all the evening, drinking only an occasional glass of beer, while one or two of the others grew pretty mellow. As we parted Larry said:

"Al, we'd like to slip something to you, but we're all on shorts just now. Anyhow, if you'll go to the place at the junction in the morning you'll find a century note waiting for you." I thanked him; but when I got up next morning I determined to keep away from the place at the junction. I wanted no such money, and yet I feared the temptation of a whole hundred dollars.

I scalped the rest of my ticket and went on to see my father. We kept the emotional out of our visit, though sometimes it almost choked us. He never reproached me; and he seemed happy to know that I intended to resume my law practice. He had seen strange things in his long life; nothing, I think, appealed to him as impossible. So he never seemed to realize, as I did, the fight I was facing.

As I left him he asked me if I needed money. I told him that I had resources for some time to come. As a matter of fact, when I scoured my pockets on the station platform at Kansas City I counted, as I remember, about two dollars. While I stood wondering how to proceed next I was hailed by an old friend, a railroad man running between Kansas City and Oklahoma. He fell on my neck. When I explained my fix he said that he was going out on the next through train. If I'd get past the ticket gate he'd see that the conductor let me ride to Oklahoma. Perhaps the proposition wasn't quite honest, but, as I entered the station through the yards and sneaked aboard past the porter, I didn't once think of that.

When the train started I searched for my friend. He was nowhere in sight. Finally I inquired for him of a brakeman, who informed me that my friend at the last moment had received emergency orders to go out on another run. There I was a fortnight out of jail and already in the position of a lawbreaker.

*Of Course the Rurales or the Natives Would Kill Me in the End*

*The citation in this case is 118 Federal Reporter, page 479, *in re* Jennings. It is still a governing decision.

I sat down in the observation car and waited with my heart in my mouth for the conductor. When he came along I searched ostentatiously for my ticket.

"I must have left it in my overcoat," I said, and I started forward as though to get it. I hadn't any overcoat, any luggage at all except a little grip. The conductor called my bluff by following me. I saw that the game was up, and in the vestibule I turned on him.

"Conductor," I said, "I haven't any ticket. A railroad friend on this run was to see me through, but I guess he didn't come aboard. If you have to take any action put me off at a station, but don't arrest me. You see, I'm an ex-convict going home from prison. My name's Al Jennings."

I thought he was going to hit me and I struck a position of self-defense. But he was only trying to put his arm round my neck.

"Are you Al Jennings?" he said. "Well, well! I'm a chum of Dan Dacy, the conductor you robbed at Chickasha—you remember, I guess! Keep your mouth shut and you won't need a ticket! You're my guest." He even gave me a berth in the sleeper.

Now for the first time I began to feel free. Partly, I suppose, it was the unexpected kindness of the conductor and partly the approach to Indian Territory. I watched the prairies blend into chestnut woods and the hills grow big in the distance. I stood on the platform and drank the air in big mouthfuls.

During my trip from the penitentiary to Kansas City, during my fortnight at Slater, I had kept apart from people, refusing all overtures. Now I expanded and began talking with my fellow passengers. One party I liked especially—an old doctor from somewhere in the Middle West, his wife and their niece, a pretty, sensible and attractive young woman of twenty-five or so. I found myself presently sitting alone in the observation car with the niece. No one can imagine how pleasant it seemed to talk freely and on equal terms with a charming woman. So gradually did we become friendly that I forgot my resolution to let every one know my exact status. She herself recalled it to me, as it happened. Like many people from farther East, she knew of the Territory mainly by its train robberies. She began asking about bandits. With a queer, uneasy feeling that I wasn't playing fair I told her stories of the trail—I even put some of my own adventures into the third person.

### *The Girl Who Didn't Care*

FATE helped me to do the square thing. I was sitting with her on one side of the observation car, absorbed in conversation, when I happened to glance across the aisle. There sat a territorial official who certainly recognized me; and he was talking with her aunt and uncle. I read his expression, as convicts do. He was waiting for the first opportunity to tell them who this little red-headed stranger really was!

"Let's go out on the platform," I said to the girl. With her at least I must anticipate him. There I told her that the adventures I had been relating were mostly my adventures, and that I had just come from the penitentiary.

"How delightful!" she said. "Please tell me some more!"

Her people, as I perceived when we rejoined them, failed to see it in the same light. But she was an independent American girl and their disapproval made little difference. We two had a pleasant time all the way. I never saw her again; but I hear from her occasionally. She's married and almost as happy as she deserves to be. She can't know, even though I've told her, how much heart she gave me to begin my fight.

It's easy to remember in detail a passage in your life which is full of action, fight and big emotion. It's different with the dull places between. My memories of the first month or so at Lawton are dim and confused. I went to lodge in a room over my brother John's law office. I found a few belongings, like a rifle which I shouldn't need any more; and these I pawned or sold to keep myself going. Every one appeared glad to see me, especially such old acquaintances as had settled in Lawton. The newspapers all over Oklahoma made a great story of my arrival. Most of them embellished the tale with accounts of crimes I never committed. These articles burned me up with rage and chagrin. I wanted no more fame or infamy as an outlaw; I wanted to put such a past utterly behind me.

The main question—getting work—was another matter. I must wait at least a year before presenting at Washington a petition for restoration of citizenship. Until that time I could not hang out my own shingle. I had hoped that some attorney at Lawton might employ me to draw briefs and prepare cases, but the place was small, new and overlawyered. All the practicing attorneys, including my brother John, had time to prepare their own cases. John would have employed me nevertheless; but my pride wouldn't let me take anything more from him.

I thought then of business. I had no training in commercial lines, but I had learned clerical routine after a slipshod fashion in the Ohio penitentiary. Through friends I sent out feelers toward several firms that might need help. The answers were always courteous refusals. Every one wanted to shake my hand and wish me well; no one would risk the keys of his safe with an ex-convict.

Oklahoma City was large and more settled. Perhaps the lawyers over there might need clerks. I made the journey in order to approach two or three firms whose members I knew. These men welcomed me cordially, asked me to have a drink and promised to consider the proposition. I never heard from any of them again.

During this trip I had my first adventure with the police. Going down I met a friend from El Reno. On the night, seven years before, when I visited that town to kill Temple Houston I had left an extra revolver with that man; and he had carried it ever since. Now he took his first opportunity to restore it.

I slipped this weapon carelessly into my pocket, thinking to pawn it in Lawton.

When I had finished my business with the lawyers I determined to visit Purcell, near by, to see if I could collect an old debt. As I stood before the semicircular ticket office at the station I saw a man in plain clothes looking intently at me through the window opposite. I recognized his trade as though he had flashed a badge. He was a detective. Nine policemen out of ten cannot disguise themselves from an experienced lawbreaker. By the same token I, less than a month out of jail, still had the prison brand on me. To this day I myself am always picking ex-convicts from a crowd. And there I was with a loaded 45-caliber revolver in my pistol pocket!

As nonchalantly as I could I asked the price of a ticket and turned away. When I went through the door I managed to swing my head over my shoulder with a careless, natural motion. He was following. I strolled down one street and then another. Still he hung on. I came to a Chinese chop-suey restaurant. Making a quick decision I turned into this place, hurried through it, brushed aside a Chinese cook who tried to stop me and emerged from the back door.

The detective had anticipated me. He was waiting at the entrance of the alley.

"Come along to headquarters," he said.

"Well, just keep your hands off," I replied. I knew that above all things I must prevent a search. When they found that revolver they'd either hold me as a suspicious character or put me through for carrying concealed weapons. Small as the offense was, the newspapers would howl it from end to end of the Territory. It stood to ruin me.

"You'd better not take me in," I went on. "I'm a personal friend of the chief." This happened to be true.

"That's what they all say," replied the detective.

"He'll take it out on you," I said.

"Sure," he answered. "Come along now!"

I had one more chance—if the chief were in. When they started to arraign me I asked the desk sergeant: "Where's the chief?"

"He's gone home," the sergeant had the grace to reply. "Come on now—name and occupation?"

"See here, sergeant," I said, making a last bluff, "I've told your fly cop that I'm a friend of the chief and he won't believe me. Now let me tell you that if you put me in a cell you'll run against it—hard. I'll give you no further warning, understand?"

He hesitated and I knew that I had won. Policemen are always afraid that they'll arrest some one with a pull and lose their jobs.

"If you're such a friend of the chief you can call him up on the telephone there," said the sergeant.

Ten minutes later the chief and I were shaking hands. I had escaped both booking and search. I tell this trivial story to show how careful a convict must be. Oklahoma City at the time regarded the law against concealed weapons as a dead letter. Probably half the respectable citizens carried a revolver now and then. But that slight offense came near ruining me.

Back in Lawton again I found myself approaching the end of my resources. I could have lived on John, but my old spirit of independence reasserted itself. I had pawned the last valuable article I owned when I received a business proposition. A wholesale whisky firm offered me a salesmanship in Indian Territory.

I didn't like the whisky business then and I don't now. Yet there is a kinder side to the liquor traffic. Any man of experience knows that a bartender will cash a doubtful check for a stranger when banks and hotels will not. And the whisky men alone among the merchants of Oklahoma took chances with me.

### *Frank Made a Trusty*

IN A SENSE my new business was illegal. Indian Territory had a strict law making the sale of liquor a crime. I recalled this to my prospective employers. They responded by pointing out that the law did not hold the salesman guilty; it was they, or the resident retailer, who violated the statutes. I listened to this sophistry, for I was growing desperate with poverty; and I accepted the position at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, traveling expenses, and a commission above certain average sales.

I never made the commission, for as a whisky salesman I was a miserable failure. I found plenty of society in the Territory, but it was mainly among people with whom I had hoped never to mix again. They wouldn't let me forget the past. They introduced me round the towns; and everywhere I felt that people were coming to see me as a kind of free show. The newspapers kept making a story of me. When they ran out of facts they printed the unmitigated lies that grow up, I suppose, about any well-known criminal. I kept trying to find some employment that I considered more legitimate. But here, as at Lawton, the people who wrung my hands and listened to my stories had "no opening at present." Unconsciously I was slipping backward. But still I dreamed of the day when, with my citizenship restored, I could follow my own business in my own way.

Most of the money I made for salary went toward helping Frank. Then, too, I broke my year as salesman by three trips. First I traveled to Fort Leavenworth and saw—never mind how—that Frank was made a trusty. I felt it necessary to do that, for his health had nearly broken under the strict régime. Then my father died in Missouri. When the doctors gave him up I went to him and stayed to the end. I used all my influence to get Frank pardoned a few months before his time so that father might see him again. I couldn't compass that.

And finally I got track of the cattleman who, after the store robbery at the border, had gone to Mexico with nearly ten thousand dollars of mine and Frank's. It was old, tainted money—yes. But I had paid my debt to the law, and these funds could help me immeasurably in making my start. That I never thought of restoring

(Continued on Page 42)

*We Drove for Two Days Before We Reached the Region of Fort Cobb*

# The Butterfly

## By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XIV

SOME men, to paraphrase the illustrious Bard of Avon, are born adventurous, some men achieve adventures, and some have adventures thrust upon them. You will have to admit that the things that had been happening to me were hardly chargeable to my account.

It was during a perfectly legitimate attempt to make a call upon an old friend that I had in the first place been kissed by—well, I didn't yet know by whom—but by mistake anyway. It was in a spirit of being helpful and kindly and living up to the Golden Rule that I loaned my apartment to Elaine and thereby lost my reputation. And, if I had not attempted to reinstate myself in respectable society by taking her along with me to clear my character before President Van Dyck, I should not, at just about the hour when my Saturday seminar was assembling, have been seized and locked up in a concrete henhouse on a charge of having just committed a murder, with an able-bodied farmer lad armed with a shotgun stationed outside the door with instructions to fill me full of buckshot in case I tried to escape.

So far as I can see, my only way of getting even with the game and of giving the Doctrine of Probabilities a chance to justify itself will be to begin going up in aëroplanes, hunting orchids or gorillas in the upper regions of the Congo, or raising cheers for Lloyd George in meetings of militant suffragettes. If I could do a few things of that sort without anything happening to me I should be willing to shake hands with Fate and call it square.

I think perhaps I had better explain a little bit more about my incarceration in the henhouse. I suppose, if I hadn't seen the man who lay there in that horribly contorted way among the rocks at the bottom of the hill move a little and thus show that there was some life left in him, I should contentedly have fainted away on the little grass-grown ledge and not have been found until a searching party, looking for the missing hero of the adventure, had come upon me.

But he did move, and in a foggy sort of way I realized that it was up to me to get down there to him, do what I could for him, and then fetch help. I shouldn't be very much good myself, I knew; in the first place because the ten-foot drop I had taken had about finished my ankle, and in the second place because of the shock I had sustained in not getting killed.

I suppose to persons who are in the habit of looking Death in the face and seeing it turn away—firemen, aviators, mothers of many children—the experience becomes less shocking. But it left my nervous organism a pulp.

I recovered my stick—the farmer spoke of it afterward as a cudgel—and started down, crawling, slipping, clutching, and bringing up hard against a rock or a young tree. I don't know now whether the tearing slap across the forehead just above my eyes, from some thorny vine or runner, happened during my first drop from the broken root to the ledge or during my subsequent descent. I did see red, as I told you, when I confronted the contortionist up there, but I was not conscious of the blood till afterward. The thing did bleed very freely, as such scratches will, and what with rubbing one hand and then the other over my eyes, I must have made myself a positively horrific spectacle. Certainly, when I took account of stock afterward in the seclusion of the henhouse, I was gory enough, if not to incarnadine multitudinous seas, at least to make a very respectable showing in a good-sized bathtub. Really, I don't blame the farmer a bit.

The contortionist was not moving any more by the time I got down to him, and in the hope of determining whether he was still alive I began exploring under his jacket to see if his heart was beating. I did find a faint pulse there and I also found in the jacket pocket the contour of a flask, miraculously unbroken by his fall. I wanted the man to be dead. In that case I needn't have bothered about him any more. I could have crawled away into some sheltered place and just stopped existing for a while. But, since a flutter of life remained in this horrible bit of human wreckage at my feet, I must buck up and do something, get him into a less impossible position if I could, and then go somewhere for help.

The flask suggested a way of getting through with the program. It was not a pleasant notion, rifling a dying man's pockets, but it was not the time to be squeamish, so I extricated the flask, took an enormous drink of what proved to be pretty good Scotch whisky, and then began tugging at the man's shoulders. They were wedged in dreadfully tightly between two rocks and I didn't accomplish much.

You can see, though, can't you, that my actions might easily have looked downright murderous to a pair of spectators perhaps fifty yards away? I don't know exactly where they were, nor what they were doing, when they first became aware of me. What do farmers do in October anyway?

They saw me at all events, blood smeared and horrible, rifling the body of my victim, spurring myself on to my grisly task with drink—a man drinking out of a flask always has a lawless, piratical look, even in the most favorable circumstances—and finally putting a last ghastly touch to the picture by wreaking the dregs of my rage upon the corpse.

So it was a very brave and meritorious act of theirs to come stealing softly up behind me and pinion my arms in a vise-like clutch.

I think what saved me from some immediate act of violence on their part was their surprise at the meekness with which I submitted to capture. They say, I don't know how truly, that even a lion can't kill unless his victim resists a little. And there wasn't an ounce of anything like resistance left in me. Now I think back over it, it must have been highly disconcerting to grapple with a frantic looking object like me—reeking with blood like the First Murderer in Macbeth—and have him go limp on their hands as I did. At the time I had no ideas at all.

"You'll have to take care of him," I said. "I can't."

"We'll take care of him," said the elder farmer grimly, "and of you too."

"Thanks very much," I said idiotically, but in perfectly good faith.

A phrase current among my students came into my head. I hadn't strength enough to say it, but I cheerfully passed the buck to the big farmer and let him and the younger man, who remained consistently in the background, convey me where they would.

They weren't ungentle about it, considering what they thought I was and the urgency of getting back with succor for my victim; and I didn't even dimly realize how they viewed my recent conduct until I was propelled rather violently into the concrete henhouse and heard the scrape of a hasp and the click of a padlock outside the closed door. The epilogue about the shotgun and the dose of buckshot that awaited my attempt to escape was bawled through the door at me.

At that, an idea which had been dormant in my mind for the last hour, perhaps, leaped up to urgency again.

"Wait!" I shouted.

"Well," the farmer's impatient voice demanded, "what is it? Speak quick."

"It's a message," I said. "Go to the lady in the white house ——"

In the wall of concrete there was a little window about a foot square and the height of a man's head, and now the farmer's face appeared at it.

"The lady in the white house?" he asked. "What white house? This one? Do you mean Molly Harrison?"

I didn't mean Molly Harrison, but he had evidently got the right house and I didn't try to explain further.

"Tell her," I said, "not to go up the cart-road, to the camp. She'll know."

The farmer stared at me for a moment and then went away.

The henhouse was mostly devoted to the domestic purposes of the hens, but there was a sort of runway down the side where I was screened off, I am glad to say, by chicken wire. In the runway was a bale of clean straw and on that straw I lay down and instantly fell asleep.

I give you my solemn assurance that I hadn't the feeblest flicker of an ulterior motive in giving that message to the farmer. I meant merely to prevent Elaine from going back to the trap that was set there for her by the astute and industrious district attorney of Monroe County, James Gillespie Blaine Dorgan.

Do you remember the little midshipman in Peter Simple, who ingeniously explained that he had to sleep longer than any one else to get a proper amount of rest, because he slept, as he did everything, so slowly? I must have slept with marvelous alacrity for half an hour, because it can't have been longer than that, and yet I wakened quite refreshed, ready to do justice to what was about to happen.

What roused me was the clamor of a voice outside the henhouse, a voice that bellowed like an as yet unimagined instrument in the brass choir, an instrument that Richard Strauss will some day perhaps invent; and it wanted to know, in blasphemous and Rabelaisian terms, what they thought they were doing with the owner of it. He also told them who he was, but this was superfluous, because they didn't believe him and I, sitting up astonished on my bale of straw, knew already.

The padlock clicked, the hasp grated again, the door was narrowly opened, and the district attorney of Monroe County, propelled by a vigorous thrust from without, burst into the henhouse.

The farmer's face appeared again at the window. "Now you two thieves and murderers can just stay here, I guess,"

*It Wasn't Quite Fair of Dorgan, I Thought, to Flirt That Way With a Country Lass*

he observed, "until we can get time to take you in to Musgrove jail. And the quieter you keep, the better it'll be for you."

Then he went away.

Until the farmer spoke in the plural, I don't think Dorgan realized he had a companion. He looked round now, in a rather startled way, at me. I confess to having entertained a momentary hope that he wouldn't know me, particularly as I realized quite well that it was my own attempted message of warning to Elaine that must have brought this indignity upon him.

He looked at me, gave a start, and looked again in downright consternation.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "Professor!"

"Yes," I admitted, "it's me."

"But what," gasped Dorgan, "have they got you in here for?"

I parried that question. "They have a rough-and-ready way of doing these things out in the rural districts," I observed, "and you'll admit I look as if I ought to be locked up."

He gazed at me and nodded. "You do look perfectly fiendish," he observed with conviction.

"But you look all right," said I. "How did they come to get you?"

I rather wanted to find out how much he did know about it.

"Why, I was just—waiting round," he said a bit uncomfortably, "and they came up and grabbed me. I happened to have an overcoat with me that wasn't mine and"—here he colored up in a way I almost liked him for—"a woman's wrist-bag with about seven hundred dollars in it."

He looked studiously away from me and made a pause. Perhaps he thought that with encouragement I should break down and confess that Elaine and I were running away together. When I did not he went on:

"They were too excited to know exactly what they were doing, I think. It seems there's been a murder this morning. They'd just found the body and they weren't in any mood for explanations."

Honestly I meant to tell Dorgan all about it, who the victim was that they had found, and how I came to be mistaken for the murderer. But the conversation took a turn just then and I found that he had something more to tell me. It began by his making another comment on my appearance, how perfectly ghastly I looked, and then doing me a real service by discovering a water-tap projecting out of the wall, at which he soaked a handkerchief for me to wash some of the blood off with.

"But I don't see," he said, "why they nabbed you. They don't know who you are."

I stopped mopping the blood off of my forehead long enough to look up at him.

"Meaning to say," I suggested, "that if they did ——"

He had turned rather embarrassed again; but he had something to say, and he went through with it.

"I'm bound to tell you that if I had found you I was going to have you arrested as a fugitive from justice. As a matter of fact I expected that I should find you with Miss Elaine Arthur."

Well, he hadn't missed doing it by so very much, that's true.

"I suppose," he went on, not looking at me at all, and his face very red indeed, "judging from the amount of money you were carrying with you and the way you were traveling, that you were trying to get through to Canada. Though that wouldn't have done you any good, because the extradition works perfectly.

"Professor," he exclaimed, turning to me now with a burst of earnestness, "it's a terrible mistake you're making. I'm sure you don't realize the position one occupies in the eyes of the law when he assists a person he knows to be accessory to a crime like murder. Of course I understand the temptation. It's always men like you ——"

He broke off there, but concluded with an air of sad worldly wisdom, quite in the best manner of Henry Arthur Jones' middle-aged heroes.

"You don't know the world. You don't understand women like that."

Well, really, it was rather touching. I told him meekly that I supposed I didn't. I was not annoyed with him in the least. My mind dwelt contentedly on the way Elaine would look when I reported this conversation to her, particularly upon the one unacknowledged dimple beyond the right-hand corner of her mouth.

There was more to come too. Dorgan was tramping up and down the runway now in silence, but meditating, if one could judge by his looks, unutterable things.

Suddenly, though, he astonished me by bursting out into a rage again, kicking the door and damning the idiot who had locked him up inside it, in quite a blood-curdling and whole-souled way.

"I'd have had her by now if they'd only let me alone," he protested, striding up and down so furiously that I tucked my bad ankle out of the way. "I've got the man, or as good as got him. He's probably in jail already. And if I could get her, too, and confront them with each other, I'd have the truth out of them before night—a full confession, or I'd resign my office."

*The Farmer and I Following More Slowly*

"What do you mean," I asked, "by saying you've got the man? What man?"

"The man I've wanted all along," he said, "the man who left Monroe on the night of the murder on the two-forty-five northbound express—the man I thought she'd left town with that night. But she didn't."

"Do you mean," I cried, "the dark young man about twenty-two, with the scar on his cheek? You've found him?"

Dorgan nodded.

"This morning. In Musgrove," he said. "She was seeing him off on the southbound train—at least, I don't think she meant to go with him—not from the way she was kissing him good-by."

At that I sat up and stared.

"Whom do you mean?" I asked. "Who was kissing him good-by?"

"Why, Elaine Arthur, of course. You don't mean to tell me you didn't know!"

"I do mean that," I answered. "And I'll say this much more, that it strains my credulity even now. I don't mean to doubt your word in the matter, but —— Would you mind telling me a little more about it?"

"Why," he said, "the train was just about to leave when I came upon them. She was kissing him good-by, as I told you. I was rather excited over finding them like that and being just in time and all, and I don't remember just exactly what I said—something pretty much to the point, I suppose. He whipped round—he's as quick as chain-lightning—and connected with the point of my jaw. I'd like a chance to stand up with him fair and square for about five minutes. But he certainly did floor me that time, clean. Before I could get up and see what was what the train was gone with him on it, and she had disappeared too.

"But I telegraphed down the line to have him arrested at the next station and then began making inquiries about her. The people round there told me that she had driven off in the rig she had brought him to the station in and they supposed she'd gone out to the Harrison farm. That fitted right in, so I hired a bicycle and followed along."

I couldn't help feeling rather sick about the business as I sat there listening to Dorgan's recital. It was one thing not to be in love with Elaine, but it was quite another thing not to feel a sensation, almost of physical discomfort, over the thought of her having left me, as she had, after having lied to me about her destination, to see that former lover off on the train and kiss him good-by. Where was her loyalty to Carrington? I wanted to know. She kissed me, of course, whenever she felt like it, but that was different. It seemed as if I had to believe it. The account was too circumstantial to be doubted. And anyway, Dorgan wasn't a liar.

I made a feeble effort to carry it off by pretending that I had known of her errand to Musgrove from the first. Anything would be better than to let Dorgan see how I really felt about it. But the pretense was only half-hearted and it didn't deceive him for a minute.

And Dorgan—well, Dorgan was himself again. There was no doubt of that. For the first time since last Saturday morning, when Elaine had made her ill-timed entrance from my bedroom door, our relative positions were righted. Once more he was the wise, sophisticated man-of-the-world, and I the luckless dupe of my own inexperience. He stood there beside my bale of straw, looking down at me with a commiserating smile.

"Don't feel too badly about it, professor," he said. "We all have to go through experiences like this sometime. And that woman—well, she's clever enough to have fooled almost anybody."

I got the idea. She never would have fooled James Gillespie Blaine Dorgan.

### XV

WHAT saved me from indulging in an exhaustive and unprintable declaration of the state of my feelings toward him just then—what I thought about him, what one might infer about his ancestry and prophecy for his descendants—was nothing but the very violence of my emotions. The only retort that would have given me any real satisfaction was precluded by my bad ankle. It was some comfort to reflect that he had been knocked down once that morning already, and I hugged that vicarious satisfaction to my breast in stony silence. He ran a certain risk, though, when he came round and put his hand on my shoulder.

He spoke to me more in sorrow than in anger, like a father chiding a wayward son: "We won't say anything about the past."

And you have really no idea how his voice blatted on the last word. Undeterred by my muffled observation that he'd better not, he went on:

"But now that you've found out for yourself what she's really like, I hope you'll tell me everything."

"Never mind what she's really like," said I. "What do you want me to tell you? All about who committed the murder in Monroe?"

If he'd said yes, I should have told him even then. But his indulgent smile made it literally impossible.

"I don't expect that," he said patiently. "I want you to tell me about Elaine Arthur and about this young lover of hers that she's been shielding from justice. She must have told you some story to get you to run off with her like this. You'd hardly have gone without any explanation. Because you're not a fool, you know."

Well, I didn't know. At least I had gone off with her in exactly that way. And as for the young man with the scar on his cheek, my sole source of information about him was Dorgan himself.

I couldn't tell him that. On the spur of the moment I decided I'd rather look like an accomplice in crime than the blithering fool Dorgan would think me, if he knew.

"I do know all about her," I said calmly, "and I know about the young man. And I'll tell you this: I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that neither of them had anything to do with the Monroe murder. Beyond that, I'll not tell you a bally thing." I gave that a minute to sink in; then went on:

"It may not have been precisely discreet of her to kiss that young man good-by in the railway station at Musgrove; but I don't know that it's any concern of the district attorney of Monroe County. If you're going to inquire into matters of that sort, why not begin at what happened in the grove behind the inn, at Marysville, last night?"

Dorgan blushed and began to stutter, but he couldn't bring up anything articulate, and the blush deepened into a fine apoplectic purple. He strode down the runway under the stares of half a dozen solemn hens and then came part way back.

"Now I warn you, professor," he said through his teeth, "that you're taking a dangerous line. Up to now I have tried to spare your feelings and your reputation. But if you persist in this attitude of defiance you needn't expect any mercy from me, that's all. Because you won't get it. This is your last chance. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing in that heroic vein," I observed. "You're the district attorney of Monroe County, and I'm the professor of drama in Monroe University, and we're both locked up in the same henhouse. For the present I don't see anything to do but to make the best of one another's society."

I didn't want to think about Elaine, you see. There was a sore spot there that it really hurt to touch, and prodding

Dorgan into a frenzy furnished a sort of relief. In a way, I was having a good time. The pleasure of having nothing to lose is one that a respectable citizen like myself seldom tastes.

Dorgan tried hard to smother that last impertinence of mine under the wet blanket of cold silence, and, ignoring my very existence, began again striding up and down the length of the runway.

He might have got away with it if it hadn't been for an old hen—a family pet, perhaps, of the late Mrs. Harrison's, which took to marching up and down parallel to him on the other side of the chicken wire. I suppose she may have thought that he had corn in his pocket; but her air of stately meditation matched his to the life.

Dorgan stood it for about three trips and then exploded. The hen, in alarm, withdrew to the other side of the coop and reproached him with raucous noises, and in desperation he turned again on me.

I tried to tell him that I hadn't trained the hen and shouldn't be held responsible, but the information didn't placate him at all.

"All right," said Dorgan furiously, "have all the fun you like. Laugh! But don't forget that I have got a laugh coming. Those blamed idiots that locked me up in here with you will have to come and let us out sometime. When they do we'll all go back to Monroe, you and this Arthur woman and I. But you two will go to jail. Perhaps you don't think I mean business. Well, I'll tell you that when I saw her in Musgrove this morning I called up Monroe on the phone and found that you'd left town with her. I had warrants issued for both of you and had a deputy leave town on the next train to serve them. You may think it's funny, but I doubt if the judge looks at it that way, especially since another murder's committed down here just as soon as you get here. You can look innocent and pretend you don't know anything about it "

"About the second murder?" I interrupted. "Oh, no; I know all about it. They caught me red-handed. That's why they locked me up in this place."

It doesn't do any good to tell the truth to a man like Dorgan. It seems only to exasperate him.

That was the end of as childish a squabble as ever I indulged in. I think that my pretended calmness over Dorgan's announcement that warrants were actually out for Elaine's arrest and mine may have rung a bit false even to his not very acute perceptions and made it possible for him to ignore me as loftily as he had tried to do before. I managed a feeble affectation of cheerfulness, but down inside I was feeling pretty glum. My mind took to painting fancy pictures of Elaine and me going back to Musgrove in the train, each of us handcuffed, perhaps, to one of Dorgan's deputies, and of a drive later down Main Street in a blue patrol wagon.

It wasn't pure altruism by any means that made Elaine's part in the prospective proceedings so much harder to contemplate than my own. Having her dragged into it like that would be the crowning touch to my own ignominy. And then, I was lost anyway. It didn't need Dorgan and the deputy and the ride in the wagon to ruin me in Monroe. I had done that for myself already. But if I could only warn Elaine, make it possible in some way for her to get clean out of it without so much as a spatter on her skirts, I felt that it would somehow compensate me for having allowed myself to be deceived about her.

Warning Elaine didn't seem, just then, to be very much more practicable than some of the other wild ideas that were going through my head: of telling Dorgan, for instance, that Elaine had fallen wildly in love with him, or of confessing to him that I myself had committed the murder in Monroe.

Well, I hadn't any monopoly on wild ideas. Dorgan, after sulking for half an hour on a section of my bale of straw, was now engaged in trying to escape.

No great detective in a book or on the stage ever has any trouble over a trifle like that. He gets out of subterranean dungeons, gas-retorts, traps that have been laid for him with fiendish skill by the chief executive of the Crime Trust. He smashes a lamp. "Follow his cigar," shouts somebody, and when the footlights are turned on again he is gone and the cigar stub glows in one corner.

And yet, here was the great Dorgan held back from the relentless pursuit of his prey by a casual incarceration in a henhouse. The very simplicity of the problem seemed to add to its difficulties. Apparently there wasn't a secret spring or a trapdoor in the whole place.

Dorgan cleared away the litter from all the available corners. He scrutinized every square foot of the concrete wall with a concentrated glare that would certainly have detected a secret door if there had been such a thing, and finally got out his knife and began sawing away at the chicken wire, which would give him access to the hens, though what good that would do him, except as a precaution against starvation, I could not make out.

Finally he hit upon the really practical device of pulling the pins out of the door hinges. Unluckily, though, they were rusted fast, and he broke, one after another, all four blades of his knife in an attempt to pry them loose. I silently offered him mine, refraining from the observation that the Count of Monte Cristo or some such person had cut his way through eighteen feet of solid masonry with a far less promising implement.

To tell the truth, I had pretty well lost heart in the game of badgering my fellow prisoner and was content to leave him to his own devices. By standing upon the bale of straw I could command a view out of the little square window. And a singularly lovely view it was, had I been in the mood for appreciation—the goldenrod burnishing the meadows on both sides of the brook and struggling up the steep hillside beyond, where the contortionist and I had made our descent some hours before, and the clear, high blue sky above it all.

I think I should have turned away from it just because it rather too vividly suggested Elaine and the mood I had shared with her up there on the plateau—or thought I shared—just before she started off to Musgrove and her young man, had not the absence from it of one feature that I had expected to see there awakened my interest. This feature was the farmer's boy with the gun who, I had been told, was waiting to put a charge of buckshot into us in case we should attempt to escape. Whether he had been a myth from the first, designed merely to keep us quiet, or whether the tedium of watching that blank door had finally driven him to seek repose in the shade of some of the willows down by the brook, I don't to this day know. At any rate, the only human creature in view was a small nondescript child of, I should say, about eight, who was picking goldenrod and occasionally chasing a butterfly in the nearer of the two meadows.

Well, it wasn't much of a chance. A bookmaker, I suppose, would cheerfully have given twenty to one on the event. But to a person who the moment before had seen no chance at all it seemed promising; certainly worth taking.

I glanced round at Dorgan. He was still busy with his hinges. The back of an envelope—it was, by the way, the one that had contained the president's letter the night before—gave me something to write on and I wrote a note to Elaine, still standing there by the window, and concealing my occupation as well as I could from Dorgan. I told her what he had said about the warrant and urged her to drive into Musgrove and leave town by the first train in either direction. I added that I was safely in hiding—a statement that was true as far as it went—and that I expected to be back in Monroe before morning. And that was true too.

The note written, I artlessly dangled my handkerchief out of the window to attract the child's attention. This was partly because I wanted to get matters well under way before Dorgan should take a hand in the proceedings, and partly because of an embarrassment as to whether the child should be addressed as "sonny" or "sis," its clothing being equally characteristic of the two sexes—one of those unfortunate children, evidently, who brings up the rear of a long family and who is clad, in desperation, in anything that comes handy.

My handkerchief didn't serve as a signal, and I was obliged at last to resort to a hail.

"Hey, son!" I cried. I had decided that, while a boy would be mortally offended by being mistaken for a girl, a girl was as likely as not to feel flattered by the converse mistake.

Whichever it was it looked up, saw me and gradually drew near. For once I was glad that Dorgan was in the habit of calling me "professor." It would make it, I reflected, much harder for him to grab me by the legs and haul me away from the window.

Cautiously I fished out two of my four dimes and laid them on the sill. When the child got near enough to see them I held them up to him.

"Who lives in the white house back there?" I asked.

He took about thirty seconds deciding to answer, then said "Mrs. Harrison."

"That's right," said I cheerfully. "You're a smart boy." I wanted to add, "You are a boy, aren't you?" but didn't quite dare. After all, it didn't greatly matter.

"There's a young lady visiting there ——" said I.

"Hold on," growled Dorgan, behind me. "What are you trying to do?"

I reached one arm out of the window and hooked it over the sill. It would take a pretty strong wrench to pull me down now, provided he played fair, that is, and didn't grab me by my bad ankle.

"A beautiful young lady," I went on, "in a black silk dress."

It was not precisely the way in which an expert would have described Elaine's costume, but I thought it would serve.

"Here's ten cents for you," I went on rapidly, chucking down one of the dimes, "and here's a note."

Dorgan was having some sort of fit behind me by now, but he hadn't resorted to violence yet.

The child retrieved the dime, but the note still lay neglected on the grass.

I exhibited the other dime. "You'll get this," I concluded, "when you come back and tell me what she says."

The child picked up the scrap of paper, scrutinized it cautiously, and, deciding at length that it was not explosive, became suddenly more animated and disappeared round the corner of the henhouse at a smart canter.

"It won't do her any good," said Dorgan furiously, "and it only gets you in that much deeper."

I turned my head, but didn't come down from the window. "A man who

(Continued on Page 38)

"You May Think It's Funny, But I Doubt If the Judge Looks at It That Way"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 78 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1913


## An Easy Lesson in Politics

THE enthusiastic nomination of William Sulzer for the New York legislature and the confident predictions that he would win by a large majority constitute a very illuminating political event. Having been convicted at the instigation of a bad man, Mr. Sulzer is now by way of being a popular hero—not, you understand, that we especially admire him, but that we hate Murphy.

Taking it by and large, about half our politics is like that. At least half—and probably much more—of our elected officers are chosen for no particular reason. Here are two or three hundred candidates for the legislature. Naturally the voters know little and care little about hardly any of them; but among them one has earned Murphy's enmity—so we will vote for him to express our disapproval of Murphy.

A large part of our politics is as cheap as that. We keep it cheap partly by keeping the offices cheap. It makes no particular difference whom the electors of a given assembly district send to Albany, because he will count for very little there anyway.

It makes no particular difference who goes to Congress from any one district.

If there is a candidate who hates somebody we hate—that is a sufficient reason for preferring him, whether he has any other qualification or not.

## Ownership of Land

LLOYD GEORGE'S land scheme is as startling to conservative minds as were his schemes for land taxation, old-age and unemployment pensions, and for the degradation of the House of Lords; but there is little value in a scheme that does not startle conservative minds. If things are to be as they have been, why scheme at all?

Power in the government to buy any uncultivated land, to fix terms between landlord and tenant and to establish minimum wages for agricultural labor would have startled the Liberals of the last generation; but they were not much startled by great estates held as shooting parks or for other lordly pleasures while the agricultural population and production steadily declined.

A question is bound to be raised as to whether the public should hereafter, under any circumstances, part with title to land that it owns—whether to exchange a few large landlords for many small landlords, though being an improvement, is the best arrangement under the conditions of today.

A case in point was brought out in Parliamentary debate not long ago, it being said that the Duke of Bedford had sold a large estate in Devonshire to his tenants on very easy terms—and within five years a large part of the tenant-owners had resold the land at a fine profit, to persons who relet at rentals decidedly above those formerly exacted by the well-meaning duke.

## The Immigration Service

NEARLY a million immigrants pass yearly through Ellis Island. To keep out those who would be a menace by reason of disease, feeble-mindedness and depravity is a task that confessedly overtaxes the immigration service; but recently that service took a day off from intelligent labor for the purpose of ordering the deportation of a vaudeville actress in whose domestic affairs there was some irregularity.

Looking after the domestic affairs of vaudeville actresses is a strange business for the United States Government. This was soon followed by an order for the deportation of Mrs. Pankhurst, whose every action and utterance here would necessarily be under a full glare of publicity and instantly known to the authorities; in fact, the full glare is precisely what she came for.

There is a sad lack of sound sense here, and perhaps an ill-regulated appetite for newspaper headlines. An eloping actress more or less is no matter for Federal concern. A lecturer whose utterances are already familiar to all newspaper readers, and who must necessarily live in a glass house under a searchlight while here, need alarm nobody.

Presumably we could get along without the actress, and we could do very nicely without Mrs. Pankhurst; but this immigration service at Ellis Island is exceedingly important to the country. It is our only safeguard against a flood of disease, lunacy and crime. The lack of discrimination displayed in these conspicuous cases naturally raises a question as to its dependability in the great mass of cases unreported.

## A Stock-Exchange Prospect

THE Journal of Commerce points out that one immediate effect of the new banking system proposed by the Glass-Owen Bill will probably be a reorganization of Stock-Exchange methods. If a man buys stock now he and his broker between them furnish one-fifth of the purchase price and the other four-fifths is furnished by a bank in the form of a call loan on the stock.

These call loans on stock always absorb a great many million dollars of bank funds at New York. In the last five years the average rate on call loans has been somewhat under three per cent, though borrowers for commercial purposes have paid rather over five per cent. To a banker, the attractiveness of call loans lies in the fact that, under normal conditions, they can be instantly converted into cash; but under the new system a bank's commercial paper can also be immediately converted into cash by rediscounting it at a regional reserve bank.

Naturally when a merchant's note has the same convertibility as a call loan the banks will not be lending on stocks at three per cent if merchants are bidding five; and the many millions of banking funds that now go into Stock-Exchange loans will then be available to merchants and manufacturers on the same terms as to brokers.

This may well lead the Stock Exchange to adopt the London method of fortnightly settlements—only a margin being deposited when the stock is purchased, instead of the whole purchase price being paid down, as here. At any rate, it will surely end the present dependence of the banks on Stock-Exchange loans.

## A Friendly Reminder

WE INVITE a little retrospection on the part of those bankers who take the gloomiest view of the Glass-Owen Bill. At the bankers' convention of 1908 it was solemnly resolved, without a dissenting vote: "That the American Bankers' Association condemns as unwise and hurtful all propositions to establish postal savings banks." State bank associations, almost without exception, iterated this condemnation.

At the next year's convention the committee fighting postal savings banks reported that ninety-eight per cent of the banks of the country had expressed themselves as opposed to such institutions. Postal savings banks were then denounced in substantially the same terms now used by some opponents of Federal reserve banks—as socialistic, un-American and generally destructive.

At this year's convention in Boston, however, the leading address to the savings bank section was delivered by the director of the postal savings bank system, who pointed out, by the way, that in the first full year of the system's operation the amount remitted to foreign countries by postal money orders—mainly representing savings of immigrants—fell twelve million dollars, while nearly twenty millions were deposited in the postal savings banks.

We doubt whether a banker in the country now opposes postal savings banks, while a great many have expressed warm admiration. Experience has shown that bankers' fears respecting postal savings banks were quite unfounded, which should encourage them to take a cheerful view of the Federal reserve banks.

## The Universal Snob

A TERRIBLE thing happened recently in a big hotel dining room. A waiter contradicted a woman diner. Her male escort had been amusing himself by bullying the waiter for some minutes.

Finally the woman took a hand and the wretch flatly contradicted her—though in a subdued voice and with meekly bowed head. Presumably the waiter was under the influence of a drug or out of his mind. Naturally the woman nearly fainted. Her escort turned purple with rage and called loudly for the head waiter, attracting everybody's attention.

The guilty villain was sent away—very likely to be shot. Another waiter was called in and the interrupted dinner was resumed; but a subtle atmosphere of horror pervaded that part of the dining room. Other guests looked at one another with startled eyes. A waiter had actually contradicted a guest!

We expect the street-car conductor to dispute us and the crossings policeman to bully us if he feels like it. Put those same wage-earners in a waiter's garb and we demand abject servility, feeling outraged if we do not get it. Dukes and noble lords had no street-car conductors or crossings policemen. Consequently no aristocratic tradition hangs about them.

Formerly only aristocrats had waiters at dinner. They set the fashion as to how waiters should behave, and all we good democrats fall right into it. A scene, costumes and a relationship derived from aristocratic antecedents will make snobs of any of us.

There was more real democracy in President Wilson's sack coat at a reception than in any measure this Congress shall pass.

What we started to mention was that an elaborate apology for department stores explains that no saleswomen may be seated because women shoppers will not buy any article from a clerk who is not standing.

## Thou Shalt Not Steal

WE INVITED the nations to send their finest, most distinctive and most interesting wares to the Panama Exposition. About the first thing they said in reply was: "If we send our wares over there, will you steal them?" That was a reasonable question, and after due consideration Congress concluded that probably we should steal them. So both Houses acted favorably on bills designed to prevent the prospective theft.

Nobody supposed we should steal the actual pieces of goods sent over by foreign nations; but there was every probability that we should steal the designs that gave the goods their distinctive and especial value—and from the manufacturers' point of view that was much more serious than stealing the mere pieces of goods.

A French lace manufacturer, for example, produces a novel, distinctive and attractive pattern. It has cost him a great deal of money and pains. All the skill, taste and experience at his command have been employed on it. If somebody stole a few yards of that lace the loss would be small; but if somebody stole the distinctive pattern and immediately filled this market with a cheap imitation all the manufacturer's pains and cost in producing the pattern would be lost.

And if it was deemed right to protect foreign manufacturers, so they would feel warranted in exhibiting their most distinctive and interesting wares here, why is it not right to protect American manufacturers? They are not adequately protected at present—as was well brought out at a recent convention in New York for the protection of commercial designs.

Other nations recognize a manufacturer's right to the original ideas he embodies in his wares, as much as to the wares themselves. We fall short of it.

## A Cure-All That Fails

THOROUGHGOING followers of Adam Smith held that competition would cure everything. Give competition free sway and goods would be sold at the lowest possible price because manufacturers would bid against one another for customers; wages would be as high as possible because manufacturers would bid against one another for labor; goods would be of the best quality because such goods would attract the most buyers.

Nobody, we suppose, believes that now. Experience contradicts it on every hand. Everyone who reads the newspapers sees that competition, instead of curing all evils, creates many. The Standard Oil Company was a perfect fruit of unlimited competition—being simply the competitor that survived and beat all others in a completely untrammeled field.

Banks, railroads, insurance companies, meat packers, food manufacturers, and others, are restrained by law from competing in certain ways. It is said now that we want fair competition—which always means limited and restrained competition.

The big thing before the forthcoming session of Congress will be the Administration's trust policy; and the big question concerning that policy is as to how much it will insist merely on competition.

President Wilson has already signed a bill containing an exemption which implies that monopolistic coöperation may be very beneficial for labor and for agricultural products, even with no supervision on behalf of the public. That is a pretty plain acknowledgment that competition is no cure-all.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Honest John
Alias Apple Pie John

ORDINARILY the advocates of the simple life are not so simple—either in their lives or in their heads—as their conversation would indicate.

No profession, aside from the profession of informing people how they should live, is based so completely on the Socratic tenet that it is up to the advised to do as the teacher says—not as he does.

One of the most celebrated advocates—and he gets pay for his advocacy, which shows how seriously he is taken—of the eat-less-and-so-forth restriction for all the folks never gets up from table until he has wolfed down about four pounds of meat and a few pounds of a dozen other things, ranging from clams to café parfait. His particular line of talk—for which, as I have said, he gets pay—is a passionate recital of the great and beneficent advantages of the monodiet—for others.

As for himself, he needs food in variety and quantity in order to secure and maintain the energy necessary to keep him up to his task of urging all his fellows to exist on short and scanty meals of one comestible—and that not nice.

And so it goes. It will be a grand world when everybody save a few of the gifted, does as the gifted want them to do, and the gifted thus gain opportunity to do as they please. Occasionally, however, there comes within our ken a person who lays down a formula for others and adheres to that formula himself. For that reason we reverently allude to Senator Shafroth as Apple Pie John.

### A Tainted Seat

ONCE, when he was governor of Colorado, he rose and, backed by the power of his imperial commonwealth hush!—he did not own an apple orchard or a pie factory—he positively did not!—backed by the imperial power of his imperial commonwealth and the possession of the great seal of state, and having the job, and thus and so—made a definite promulgation as regards apple pie as a food, and as a sufficient food in certain cases. And he stood by that promulgation to the astonishing extent of publicly eating apple pie at such moments as were designated by him as apple-pie moments—to wit, at luncheon

It was this way: On February 15, 1903, John F. Shafroth, then by way of being a member of the House of Representatives from Colorado, rose at his desk in said House and called attention to the fact that he had risen to a question of highest personal privilege.

Some light-witted persons thought he had been maligned by a reporter who printed what he said, not what he intended to say, or had been called out of his name by a colleague but it was not that.

Shafroth rose to resign his seat in the House because he had been convinced that his election had been tainted with fraud.

It had been shown he was in no way a party to the fraud, but that some of his handy champions had put over a few things in the way of politics when he was not looking; and he said, with much impassioned declamation, that he was not the kind of man to hold a seat, even if it had been decided he might hold it, when there had been shenanigan at the polls.

And he forthwith repudiated those persons who had done the crooked work and handed back the seat. He did not want it and he would not have it; and then and there they began calling him Honest John.

### Honest John's New Name

WHEN they begin calling a man Honest John in this cynical country of ours it means one of two things—sometimes it means he is honest, but mostly it means he is dishonest. Well, the designation had the proper slant with Shafroth. He was Honest John, all right; and thus correctly labeled he left the House of Representatives flat on its back and returned to Colorado.

As may well be imagined, when an Honest John is really an honest John a big political future is bright, for politicians are always looking for honest men—searching for a contrasting personality to their own, as you might express it.

So, returning to his law practice, Honest John let his honesty gather its natural toll, which it did, for he was elected governor in 1909, and that is a fairly quick return.

He continued as Honest John until he became Apple Pie John, which was after he had been in office as governor for a time. Some extravagant state official, whose name is now forgotten, took a snack on a dining car one day, while proceeding by the shortest possible route compatible with the good of the service, and, being hungry and not on to the curves of Honest John, turned in a bill of one dollar and fifty cents for his refreshment. The bill came to Honest John for audit—or, if not that, came under his eagle-eyed observation. There it was: Luncheon—one dollar and fifty cents!

They say Honest John was terrible in his wrath. He let out a roar that could be heard as far as the Garden of the Gods; indeed, it is claimed that some tourists on top of Pike's Peak heard it and thought there was an avalanche.

"What's this?" he shouted. "What—is—this? A dollar 'n' a half for luncheon! Not while I am governor—not at all! A piece of apple pie and a glass of milk is enough luncheon for me and is enough luncheon for any politician. Cut that bill to ten cents!"

It was done. That snack on the train set the epicurean state officer back exactly one dollar and forty cents—and it did other things. It caused state officials who had not tasted apple pie since the days of their youth, and who had no idea that milk is used for drinking purposes, to go gloomily at wedges of pie and gulp great flagons of milk, and pretend they liked them, while Honest and Apple Pie John gave daily exhibitions of how satisfying as well as how economical such provender is; for he was and has been ever since at exceeding pains to eat his apple pie and drink his glass of milk in full view of the spectators. He has stuck to it—you must give credit to him for that.

And they do say it is worth going miles to see him wrap himself about a wedge of pie; and not a drop of milk—so great is his skill at absorbing it—bedews his tawny mustache—or is it red?—after he has stowed this frugal and satisfying meal beneath his waistcoat.

And the moral is, they elected him governor for a second term; and later, after the exciting preliminaries that go with such a process in Colorado, where they make an all-year job out of the designation of a senator, and where Tom Patterson erupts for months and months while the contest is on—later they sent him to the Senate of the United States, where he now is and where he will remain for some years, making daily inroads on the supply of apple pie in the Senate restaurant—and the apple pie used to be very good up there.

What became of the state officer who was obsessed by the preposterous idea that any politician needs luncheon to the high-cost-of-living extent of one-fifty is not a matter of record; but what became of the governor who stood bravely out against this scandalous misuse of the funds of Colorado is herewith set down.

Also we have striven to show what has become of a large amount of apple pie since that memorable day; for Honest Apple Pie John is not the man to lay down a principle and not abide by it himself—not Honest Apple Pie John F. Shafroth! He sticks to apple pie for luncheon, whether he is paying the check or not.

Her Steady!

### Pies to Cover!

HE HAD three terms in the House of Representatives before the one during which he resigned; and, as I remember it, he was first a Republican and flopped in 1896 to the Democrats on the silver issue. Since then he has been an ardent Democrat, and as such served in the House, as governor, and is now serving as senator.

He is a large and sandy-haired man who has made a fortune practicing law in Denver, and who never fails to retain a masterly equilibrium in politics until it is entirely safe to take a conspicuous seat on the bandwagon.

He is a good lawyer, a good talker, an affable and agreeable man, and a useful senator. And you should see the apple pies scuttle for cover when he comes into view!

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# HOW TO BUY COAL

## By Roger W. Babson

IN AN article on the coal industry I outlined certain fundamental economic principles that are of the utmost importance to every consumer of coal. Unfortunately, however, it may be some years before the legislation therein suggested will become operative; and the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ask me: "What can we do in the mean time?" I therefore take this opportunity of giving a few practical suggestions, which all of us can put into operation at once.

The coal operators sell to three classes of people: first, the railroads, which buy at all seasons of the year; second, the manufacturers, who buy in accordance with a composite plot of business conditions; and third, the small consumers, who buy for heating and cooking purposes. I am not interested in the railroads at all—they can take care of themselves; the manufacturers I will refer to later in connection with a discussion of tests; but my first interest is in the small consumers. At the present time every man, woman and child in this country is directly or indirectly consuming, on the average, five tons and a half of coal a year. This figure, of course, includes the coal consumed by the locomotive of your train when you are on a journey, as well as the coal consumed by the shoe factory when generating the power to stitch the leather of your shoes. Considering only the coal used for domestic purposes, this figure is reduced to about one ton a year, which means that every reader of this weekly needs about one ton of coal a year to keep him warm and cook his food—while a family of five persons requires an average of five tons a year; and these figures are very conservative.

Now, practically speaking, there are only three ways for the small consumer to economize on coal: first, by using less coal; second, by using different grades of coal; and third, by buying the coal at the best time of the year.

Probably most can be saved by the proper use of coal. In records I have kept I find that the average maid uses almost twice as much coal to do the same amount of work as the economical housewife would use. Maria W. Howard says that nearly three times as much is used by a maid as by her own personal management. She is at the head of the Boston Cooking School and the Cooking Department of Simmons College. Moreover, there is a great difference in women in this regard. Some women will put coal on the fire only a few times each day, and each time wait until the fire is low and then heap up the stove with coal. This is a very uneconomical and unscientific way to run a kitchen range, as each time the draft needs to be opened to "start up the fire," which sends a lot of unused gases up the chimney and reduces the heating quality of the fuel fifty per cent.

### *Feeding the Kitchen Range*

The way to run a kitchen range is to put a little coal on the fire often—not more than a shovelful—and then, if possible, keep the drafts closed all day. If the fire is such that the drafts cannot be kept closed they should be opened only a trifle—say, one-thirty-second of an inch—and kept in that condition all day. The idea of the average woman that a stove damper is like a ventilator of a railroad car, which must be either wide open or completely closed, costs the average husband a lot of money. Therefore my first advice along this line to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is to learn how to run a kitchen range and attend to the fire often, giving it a little coal each time.

After learning how to "feed" a fire, one should next learn what is the most economical kind of coal to use. The housekeeper should be sure she knows the different sizes and kinds of coal when she sees them. When the cartload arrives at the house it should be inspected to see whether it is the size ordered—or, if two sizes are ordered, whether they are well mixed. Many dealers trust to the dumping in the bins to do this mixing, but drivers are usually unable to do this satisfactorily, and it should always be mixed in the yard. Observation is not a final test of grades of coal, but observation will in the long run teach the housekeeper or cook to know the important differences in appearance between hard and soft coal, between a fine grade of anthracite and an inferior quality which contains foreign substances. By examining the clinkers remaining above the grate it is possible to get very practical ideas on the coal question; and the waste of clinkers is a proof of inferior coal, which your dealer cannot but admit.

In making examinations of stoves I often wonder whether there is a combination between the manufacturers of stoves and the owners of the mines, for in many instances a most uneconomical form of grate is furnished with the stove! Grades and sizes of coal differ in various sections of the country, and an uneconomical stove in Boston might be a very economical stove in Chicago; while an entirely different stove and grate should be used by readers of this weekly in Wyoming. Therefore every woman should have a talk with her coal-dealer and ascertain what is the most economical form of coal for her to burn, and then insist on getting a grate that will most successfully burn that kind of coal. In some portions of this country it is best to use bituminous and in other portions anthracite; and there are a great many different kinds of anthracite. "Buckwheat," "rice," and even "culm," can be used in certain sections of this country and with certain grates to good advantage. Therefore my second message to the small consumer is to use a different grade of coal and a different grate if necessary.

### *When Coal Is Cheapest*

In the buying of coal one may also save considerable money. The policy adopted several years ago by the operators, of allowing discounts from the circular prices for coal purchased in the spring and early summer months, continues to work satisfactorily. The discounts allowed on domestic sizes are usually fifty cents a ton in April, forty cents a ton in May, thirty cents a ton in June, twenty cents a ton in July, and ten cents a ton in August—the circular prices being restored in September. The inducements thus offered to make the cellars of consumers the storage places for the winter supplies of fuel have had notably steadying influence on the trade, and given steadier employment to the miners throughout the year, against the summer conditions prevailing before the rule was put into effect. Many consumers, however, still refuse or are unable to take advantage of these seasonable price changes. Many people never buy until compelled to and are as dilatory in their purchasing as in their earning. The time to buy straw hats is in the fall, and the time to buy coal is in the spring!

Consumers of one hundred or more tons of coal a year not only can adopt the simple suggestions given above, but can go a step farther by purchasing their coal on a unit of heating basis. The old idea of paying so much a ton for coal, irrespective of the heating qualities of the coal, is becoming obsolete among all up-to-date manufacturers. Of course most manufacturers have some one pet grade of coal they think gives them the best results, and always insist on coal of that name; but, so long as coal-dealers mark this name on the bill, the average manufacturer, property owner and municipality is content. Moreover, when only one test is made in a year, an unscrupulous coal-dealer could succeed in buncoing a buyer easily by furnishing an especially good carload for this test.

When a manufacturer buys wool, cotton or corn he takes care about the purchase. All these commodities are most carefully examined and graded, and a price is paid therefor in accordance with the quality and grade. The average buyer of coal, however, goes no farther than selecting coal with a certain trade name, and at the most makes only one test. Not only does the manufacturer lose largely in actual money by this careless method of purchasing coal, but the entire efficiency of many plants is often thereby handicapped. It is almost always possible for a manufacturer to save from five to fifteen per cent of his actual coal bill by selecting the fuel best adapted to the conditions of his plant and that is

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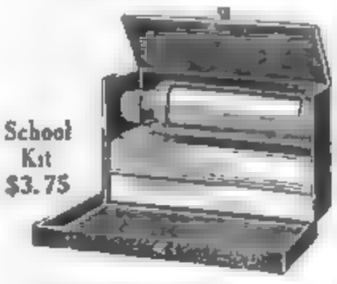

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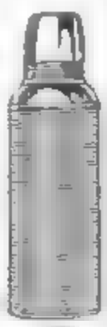

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satisfactory in heating values. In order that I may not seem prejudiced, I quote the following from a bulletin issued by the United States Geologic Survey, reading in part as follows:

"The people of this country have been purchasing coal for years on the statement of the selling agent as to its quality, or on the reputation of the mine or district from which it was obtained. The farmers of the country show more business judgment in the purchase of fertilizer than do many manufacturers in buying coal, for the farmer demands a chemical analysis of the fertilizer before he accepts it. When the bidder is allowed to specify the quality of the coal he proposes to furnish, as determined by a chemical analysis, he is placed on a strictly competitive basis with other bidders. Such a procedure broadens the field for both the bidder and the purchaser. It makes the bidder's proposal, when accepted, a contract that specifies an established standard of quality. This furnishes a basis for settling disputes regarding the quality of the coal delivered and the price to be paid, if the fuel is either better or poorer than has been guaranteed. If other coal must be substituted, as often happens, there is a standard for settlement. If the coal is uniformly poorer than the standard as specified there is a basis for cancellation of the contract.

"The aim in the purchase of coal for any power plant should be to obtain a fuel that will produce a horsepower for the least cost, all things being considered—such as the equipment, the price of coal, and the cost of labor and repairs. In general it may be said that in any market the coal obtainable at the lowest price on the basis of its heating value is the most economical, provided the furnace equipment is suitable. If the furnace is not so designed as to permit the use of the cheaper coal it should be changed. The results of Government tests show that, other conditions being equal, coals of similar composition are of value in proportion to the British thermal units in the coal as received—a basis on which, indeed, all coals may be valued approximately. It should be remembered, however, that the value of coal for any particular plant is influenced by the fact that all furnaces are not equally suitable for burning the many grades of coal. Aside from this factor coals may be compared in terms of the British thermal units obtained for one cent, or on the cost for a million heat units. In the purchase of coal, then, attention should be given to the character of the furnace equipment and the load; the character of coal best suited to the plant conditions; the number of heat units obtainable for a unit price; the cost of handling the coal and ash; and the possibility of burning the coal without smoke or other objectionable features."

### *Specifications for Buyers*

Space does not permit me to enter into the scientific factors involved, but a most complete description of these factors may be obtained from the Department of the Interior, at Washington. Those interested should write for Bulletin 41 of the Bureau of Mines, containing a most excellent article on Fuel Inspection, by Mr. G. S. Pope, who has also written another paper on the same subject, which can be obtained gratis by writing to the Bureau of Mines for Bulletin 15.

How many readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST buy coal under specifications? If you wish to put a small addition on your plant you employ an architect who will draw up a set of specifications of twenty or more pages; and yet, in the annual purchase of coal, which amounts to more than the interest on your entire plant investment, you have no specifications whatever, simply ordering over the telephone so many tons of coal! Manufacturers who do not use such specifications should send to some of the large manufacturing concerns with which they deal and ask for sample specifications for buying coal. This plan should especially be adopted by the owners of large apartment houses which they are obliged to heat, and also by officials of municipalities. Quite often the municipality is the largest consumer of coal in the city, and therefore should be a very careful buyer. I am glad to see that during the past few years most of the large cities have printed specifications for the purchase of coal, and I have in my hand such a pamphlet issued by the city of Boston, containing eleven pages. This pamphlet is the result of most careful study by experts.

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Of course there is much discussion as to what such specifications should provide and how the tests should be made. In my opinion there is but one way of making a test—namely, by taking a sample from every shipment; and these samples should be, if possible, one hundred pounds for every hundred tons. Moreover this hundred pounds should be taken from about twenty equally distributed sections of the bin or cars containing said hundred tons. These samples should also represent the various sizes of coal, though the entire sample can be reduced to a size of about three-quarters of an inch. Of course the chemist will use only a small portion of the hundred pounds for the final test, and he knows how to select this final sample. Now if each contractor for coal has furnished with his bid an analysis, with a price scale based on said analysis, then the price to be paid by the manufacturer will ultimately rest upon the result of the above-mentioned test. As a suggestion concerning the details the contractor should furnish, I will state that the percentage figures wanted are as follows:

1—The percentage of moisture.
2—The percentage of volatile matter.
3—The percentage of fixed carbon.
4—The percentage of ash.

These four figures submitted by the contractor should total one hundred per cent; though, in addition to the above, he should also state the percentage of sulphur. In conclusion, the contractor should state that the calorific or heating value of the coal to be delivered shall contain so many British thermal units—B. T. U.—to a pound.

Coal falling below the following minimum limits—namely, having ash higher than seven per cent on a dry basis, and a calorific value of less than fourteen thousand British thermal units a pound as delivered—may either be rejected by the purchaser, in which case it must be taken out and replaced by the contractor with coal of a quality superior to the minimum limits, or it may be accepted by the purchaser at a reduced price corresponding with its inferior quality.

### *Watch Your Ashes*

I will go no further into the technique of this business, as the above details should be sufficient to give any reader of this weekly a start in intelligently purchasing and using coal. I do, however, wish all readers—whether housewives or manufacturers—to understand that the percentage of ash and water represents the percentage of impurity, as neither the ash nor the water is of fuel value. Coals containing a small percentage of ash are the most valuable. Such coals not only have higher heating capacity but they permit a better distribution of air throughout the bed of coal. In addition to this there is a decrease in the cost and labor of handling the fire, emptying the ashes, and so on. Therefore, to go back to the housekeeper mentioned in this article, I say: Watch your ashes! If you burn only ten tons of coal a year you cannot afford to make expert tests of your coal—but if you burn only one ton a year you can afford to watch your ashes; in fact when I was a boy and had to sift and dump the ashes I felt that watching the ashes was my chief duty in life!

Therefore I urge readers to watch their ashes and try to reduce the amount of ashes by buying different coals, by using a different grate, or by feeding the fire less often. As your ashes decrease, your coal bill will decrease and your fire will be less difficult to maintain. As your ashes increase, the expense, inconvenience and inefficiency of your stove increase. It is, therefore, well for readers, instead of having one large bin, to divide it into sections, one or two tons of coal for each section, using a different grade in each section. Then, by keeping account of the number of barrels of ashes left from the various sections, the heating quality of the various grades may readily be determined.

Speaking of ashes makes me wonder whether the American people of today are sifting ashes as they used to years ago? Not only can much money be saved by sifting ashes, but partly burned coal performs a useful function in banking the fire, which new coal cannot perform. When we complain about the increased cost of living should we not consider these questions and remember the increased cost is partly due to the fact that we do not sift ashes, save rags, and practice some of the other honest economies our parents practiced?

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Delicious
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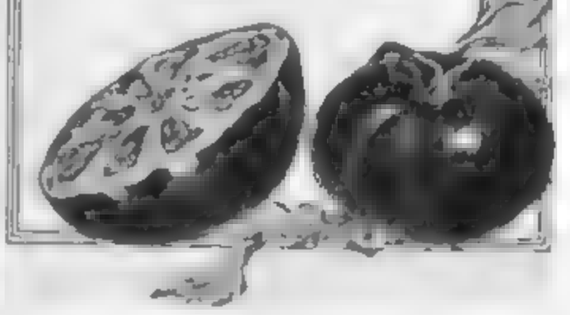

# WEALTH ON WINGS

(Continued from Page 9)

fall, putting them up for winter meat; but Peter has shot for years in this locality and he says the geese are by no means so abundant as they used to be.

It was one of my purposes in making this trip down the Mackenzie River to get some information on these very questions; so I made careful inquiry of all available sources of information at all the northern posts where we stopped in our journey of two thousand miles, north of Edmonton to the Arctic Ocean. The traders, the white residents, the Indians and the halfbreeds all agreed, whenever asked the question, that both ducks and geese seem to be passing away.

I talked with John Hodgson, who has been a post trader on the lower Mackenzie at different points for about forty years. He said that, as to the wildfowl today in his country, there was only a handful compared to what there used to be.

John Firth, trader at Fort McPherson, at the head of the Mackenzie Delta, conveyed the same impression in nearly the same language; in fact, everyone spoken with along the entire waterway that leads through the heart of these upper breeding grounds was of practically the same belief. Something had happened to the birds. They were not coming north in the spring as they formerly did.

This information, the accuracy and general applicability of which could not be doubted, came in very disconcerting fashion. Like everyone else I had thought that all the ducks and geese had to do was to go up north somewhere and lay eggs for you and me. They are doing nothing of the kind up there compared with their former performances.

Now those people up north—a great many of them—never heard of Texas or Louisiana, and would not be able to tell where the Gulf of Mexico is. They do not know anything about the number of birds we shoot. All they know is that they do not have so many birds as they formerly did.

Without a doubt or question we have killed their birds; they have not killed ours. Our winter shooting, our spring shooting, our market shooting—those are the things that have cut down the natural food of many an Indian village in the Far North.

One of our favorite assertions, used to justify us in shooting when and how we like, was the old myth that the Indians destroy the ducks up north by gathering their eggs. They do gather a few ducks' eggs, it is true, and they are not very particular about the freshness of them; but there is no regular or steady industry in that line, and the eggs are not regarded as a regular form of food, but an incidental item.

### *Few Ducks Killed by Indians*

An Indian is very lazy. If he can get anything to eat round the post, or if his nets are bringing him in fish, he is not going to bother to tramp round a marsh hunting for ducks' eggs; and ducks do not there, any more than with us, make their nests in the dooryard. The great support of the Indians of the north is fish; they take incredible quantities of whitefish, inconnu, and other food fishes. An Indian busy watching his nets is not going to bother with gathering ducks' eggs.

The high cost of ammunition—ten cents, twelve and a half cents, fifteen cents for a loaded shotgun shell, and a proportionately high cost of loose ammunition for muzzle-loaders—is the best reason why the Indian does not kill more ducks. In the lower posts, when the flight of geese and ducks is on, he will shoot for his winter's meat to some extent; and some of the best duckshots I ever saw were halfbreeds in Alberta and Saskatchewan—some of them market shooters for white men. The total number of wildfowl killed by all the Indians of the north does not compare with the number we kill in the winter and spring.

To begin with, there are not nearly so many Indians up in that country as you would think—perhaps not over fifty families tributary to one post, twice that number to another; we never, even in treaty-payment times, saw over three hundred Indians together at any one time at any one place. Personally I never saw a duck or goose feather round an Indian camp all the time I was in the north. To be sure it was not yet time for them to begin their fall shooting; and to be sure it was not along the Arctic coast, where the Eskimos kill many wildfowl in the spring—that is to say, many in proportion to their number, though the total number of Eskimos is not very large, counting all of both bands—the Kogmoliks and the Nănătămās.

Old Peter Loutit, at Chippewayan, could not have told us where the white geese or wavies bred, except that it was somewhere on the Arctic. Neither could you or I have told him much more definitely. The white geese do not breed anywhere on the Mackenzie, but somewhere on the islands north of the Mackenzie and perhaps on a limited part of the coast east of the mouth of the Mackenzie.

Now within the last few years numbers of whaling ships have been wintering at Herschel Island, just west of the Mackenzie; and these whaling ships prowl off to the east and northeast after their game, going where the Eskimos cannot go. In this way the whalers have located some of the breeding grounds of the white geese. The whaling settlement at Herschel has sometimes contained between two hundred and fifty and five hundred men. It may be imagined that in the spring these men would be apt to fancy wildfowl and wildfowl eggs.

### *Restricted Breeding Grounds*

The report was common on the Mackenzie that the whalers had discovered where the white geese nest and that in the spring they use a good many of their eggs. The very color of this bird, like that of the white fox, seems to mark it as the most northerly example of its family. We may fairly say, therefore, that the white man has, to some extent at least, gotten in on the most northerly breeding grounds of our wildfowl.

And it is the white man who is to be dreaded. In old times, when the natives of this continent lived altogether on wild game, they never wiped out or perceptibly decreased a wild species. They had no cold storage and no endless market; and they were lazy and lived from hand to mouth; they did not waste and they did not kill for the sake of killing. These same traits exist today among the natives of the north all the way to the Arctic Ocean. What they kill may be called negligible as a factor of decrease in migratory fowl—they kill fish, moose, caribou, big stuff, and live along the lines of least resistance.

It is folly to accuse them of destroying the wildfowl, for they do not. This is the judgment of all the white men who live in that country and who have, therefore, had better opportunity for being posted than anyone could have who simply passes through on a hurried trip.

However great or small the native factor of destruction may be, it is not more apt to lessen than to increase in extent; and taking the net results of mixed white and native occupancy of that upper country, in these days of gradually improving transportation and gradually increasing knowledge about the upper shooting grounds, we are not to expect that the number of wildfowl killed in the Far North will lessen, but that it will increase. That is still a great wilderness, but the white man is edging into it all the time.

As to the country itself, as we saw it, we passed through hundreds and hundreds of miles of country far more suitable for moose and lynx than for geese and ducks. Once in a while we would see a low and marshy shore, but this did not often happen. Of course there are hundreds and thousands of miles on both sides of the river of which the traveler knows nothing and of which no one knows very much; but the consensus of opinion, made up from reports of the Geologic Survey and from those of hunters and trappers, by no means indicates that Upper Canada is a vast marsh, suitable for a breeding ground of wildfowl.

There are thousands of miles of mountains in that country, hundreds of thousands of miles of forests, and thousands of miles of flat black soil. Every one of these miles is to be subtracted from the acreage of the potential breeding grounds of the north, regarding which our information has been so vague.

Off to the east of the Mackenzie River, east of Great Slave Lake and Great Bear Lake, in the Barren Grounds country, and between that and Hudson Bay, there is a vast region of which little is known. Reports coming from Indians or others do

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not indicate that it swarms with wildfowl; in fact, we found the greater part of the country through which we traveled on foot in those upper latitudes to be covered not with marshes but with tundra. The tundra covers the foothills and the mountain slopes, and the flats along the rivers as well.

In brief the tundra is moss that grows in tussocks or niggerheads—*îles des femmes*, the French call them. These womanheads rise out of icy mire or cold water; or the solid covering of the moss rests practically on ice that does not melt. A few shrubs grow up through this moss. The tundra is a good place for rabbits or caribou or other ruminants, but is useless for wildfowl.

And it must be remembered that when they go north to the nesting grounds the ducks and geese are obliged to have food—in the summer as much as in the winter. It would be foolish to make any sweeping statements about a country so large that no one has even explored it; but what I want to say is that you can travel for two thousand miles directly up the center of the north-and-south flyway of the fowl and you will see mighty few feeding grounds or nesting grounds. I do not want to say anything about what we ought to have seen or might have seen, but only about what we did not see.

Anyone interested in a systematic study of the bird life of that upper country should get the report of Mr. Edward A. Preble, of the Biological Survey, which is printed as Bulletin Number 27 of the Department of Agriculture, under the title: North American Fauna.

Mr. Preble spent considerable time in the Athabasca-Mackenzie region. He is a scientist and an observer, and he has brought out the most comprehensive knowledge regarding the migratory birds, as well as all the other game of that country, which thus far has been put into print.

His report is worth having in the library of any American sportsman. It may perhaps be more reassuring than my own, and it certainly will be more comprehensive and more apt to be accurate. It covers, however, only examples of actual phenomena seen on the ground; and Mr. Preble concerns himself more with the species and the habits of the species and less with the general totals of supply and demand.

### *The Scarcity of Mallards*

By the time we had crossed the Rocky Mountains on our trip it was late in July. By that time we saw a great many young mallards beginning to fly; and at a point on the Porcupine River about a hundred miles east of its junction with the Yukon we saw rather large numbers of mallards. At one or two of the bayous a gun or two might have had a very good shoot; but, in the old ducking days on the Kankakee Marsh, had we seen no more mallards than we saw there on the Porcupine, we should not have considered the flight by any means a good one.

On the Yukon flats, at the mouth of the Porcupine River, there is supposed to be quite an extensive breeding ground of wildfowl; but the Yukon between that point and Dawson was a swift stream, broken into many channels, flowing between willow-covered islands that did not look marshy, but, on the contrary, at that time of year were quite dry and quite without probable duck food to any great extent.

Without doubt a large part of the California duck life breeds along the upper Yukon: but I do not think we were far enough up the river to get into any very considerable breeding grounds. In short, and to repeat, out of the whole five thousand miles of waterway from Edmonton and round to Skagway there was very, very little visible nesting ground for wildfowl.

This was a great surprise to me; for, in common with almost all other American sportsmen, I was of the vague belief that pretty much all that upper country was exclusively devoted to raising ducks for us Americans to shoot.

The delta of the Mackenzie is quite a large region—say, a hundred miles by seventy-five—covered by scores of channels and occasional marshes or lakes. Along the main channels, however, you will see the banks rather sharp-cut through a deep, rich, alluvial soil, covered with heavy willows. We passed through only the southern edge of the delta, but our local advice was pretty accurate. It ran to the effect that ducks were scarcer than they had been and that there never was any vast, continuous rookery or breeding ground in that part of the world.

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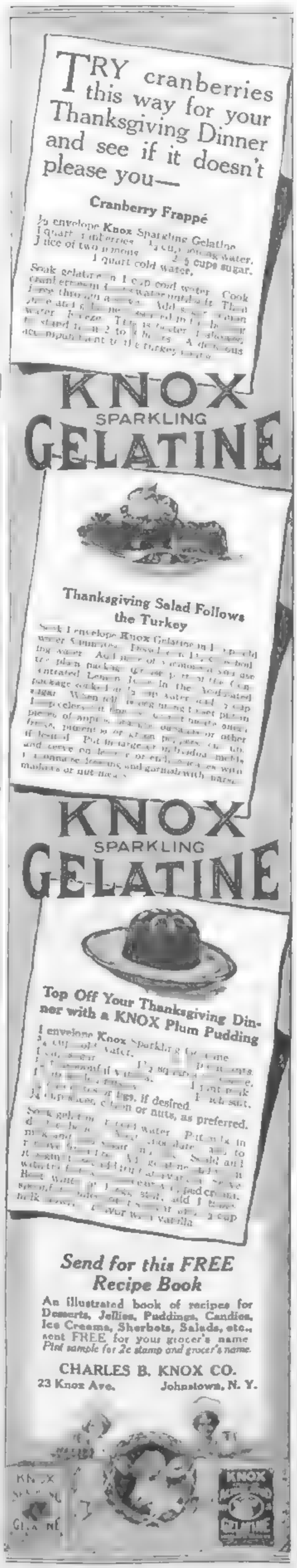
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In general it is at the mouths or deltas of these great northern rivers that the largest breeding grounds are found. It is there that the current loses its velocity and through many ages has deposited silt, out of which grow grasses and plants suitable for food of the wildfowl.

The great delta of the Peace River; the Quatres Fourches country of Lake Athabasca; the delta of the Slave River, where it debouches into Great Slave Lake—all these are low, flat areas, showing seas of marshes and grasses. Perhaps these, with the delta of the Mackenzie and that of the Yukon, and certain less well-known tracts on the west shore of Hudson Bay, may be called the greatest of all these northern breeding grounds. It is not the case that the wildfowl go north as far as they can get before they lay their eggs. Read Mr. Preble's report and you will find how the wildfowl district themselves in that upper country.

Aside from these great natural breeding grounds, the total mileage of which is altogether less than has been supposed, all the remainder of the wildfowl which come to us from that upper wilderness must breed round the edges of the smaller lakes, or else in regions not yet known. This latter supposition is not worth considering. Taking out of the sum total of known and admitted northern breeding grounds all this impossible country, such as the tundra and the plateaus, the mountains and the dry, alluvial banks, we shall have left no such vast area of nesting ground as we have all supposed.

I am convinced that this is an accurate and conservative statement; and I am of the belief that the best nesting grounds for wildfowl this country ever had are in lower and not upper Canada, are now easily accessible by means of railroad communication, and are practically getting ready for the same history as that of Minnesota and the Dakotas.

We passed along the flyway of most of our marsh ducks and many of our deep-water ducks, as we see them in the United States. In wide parts of the Mackenzie River we saw a great many scoters—more of that species than any other bird noted. We did not see very many wild geese. The natives say they breed far to the east and the traders say that Hudson Bay is where the Canada geese breed. The Canada geese, for instance, do not come to Lake Athabasca, where the shooting is all on the white geese.

### *The Impoverished North*

There is wild celery in one little lake I know of close to Fort McPherson, which is in the southern edge of the Mackenzie River Delta, on the Peel River. This plant may exist in others of the little lakes between that point and the Arctic Red River. I did not hear it spoken of as generally distributed across the country.

It was an odd thing to see our redbreasted robin far above the Arctic Circle. I saw a robin's nest at Fort MacMurray, two hundred and fifty-seven miles north of Edmonton, and numbers of robins round Fort McPherson, under the midnight sun. I saw one jacksnipe on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at a pass that is only about a hundred miles south of the Arctic Ocean. I saw one specimen of the sharp-tailed grouse, killed in the willows close to Fort McPherson—its markings almost the same as those of the sharp-tail of Saskatchewan or the Dakotas.

When I state that we traveled forty-five hundred miles on three great waterways of the upper north and never saw a bear, moose, deer or caribou, or anything else larger than a fox, and that we saw relatively few broods of ducks, I think that, though we should not reason from one particular experience to a general or sweeping conclusion, it will be admitted that the north is a land of want and not a land of plenty, as to wildfowl or any other great natural supply of food. The truth is, in that country the white man or the red man thinks more of grub than he does of anything else, and always from the point of want.

Now, since both white and red men live there, close to such breeding grounds as there are; and since, moreover, they both say the wildfowl are decreasing and not increasing—what is to be our logical conclusion as to the supply of wildfowl we may expect from that Far-Northern country?

Probably the more accurate conclusion is that a great many of the wildfowl we shall in the future shoot in the United States will be bred rather in the extreme southern than the extreme northern parts of the Dominion of Canada. These breeding grounds will supply part of the Atlantic coast fowl as well as those of the Mississippi Valley and the Gulf coast. The Pacific and Yukon breeding grounds will supply the California coast in the winter. Some of the Arctic islands, as yet unknown, will supply a species or more of geese, which migrate southwest across the Rockies to the Pacific each fall. Other Arctic islands, but partially known, will supply lessening numbers of the white geese. The Hudson Bay region, decreasing and not improving in productivity, will send us our lessening number of Canada geese. A few birds will breed in scattering fashion in our own upper-western states when we stop hammering them in the spring.

For twenty-five years the writer has been more or less a student—for fifteen years more or less a student in a professional way—of the supply of game in America, more especially in Western America. The decrease of every species in every locality is, when one stops to think of it, an accurate and studious cause for actual consternation. The speed and the completeness of the disappearance of our game has been something beyond belief.

### *The Time to Sow*

By no means phenomenal of themselves, none the less the writer's observations have been carried on for a quarter of a century in every state of the West, in every state of the Northwest, Middle West and the South; and he has seen the flyway of the fowl from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the mouth of the Mackenzie. Without the slightest wish to be sensational or even striking, the definite conclusion of one man, who for a good part of his life has been paid to know about this sort of thing, is that we did not get this Weeks-McLean Law one minute too soon, and cannot hang on to it too tightly. Not all the best agencies we used before that, not all the combined attempts of all the thinking people of this country previous to the year 1913, availed to stop the continual and accelerating disappearance of all the game of all the states of the entire Union. And, without knowing it, we were drawing heavily on Canada all the time. You see what Canada is today and what may be expected of her.

Let us hope that the American people have learned their lesson. And let us hope that they simply will conclude that it is time to do a little sowing if we are going to reap this crop any longer. The law will not enforce itself, good as it is—though it will come a great deal closer to enforcing itself than any state law; for the arm of Uncle Sam after all is far longer and stronger than that of any governor in the United States. Heretofore our ducks and geese had no chance. Today—since October 1, 1913—our grouse, our quails, all our upland birds, have no chance; but our ducks and geese and our other migratory birds do have a fighting chance. In the name of plain North American horse sense, we ought to hail these facts with enthusiasm. We ought to do what we can to live on the dividends of this wealth that literally has wings.

It is not a question whether or not a few ducking clubs will have better or worse shooting. It is not even a question whether the average American with a gun will kill more or less birds in his particular locality. The Weeks-McLean Law does not abolish shooting; it simply sets a national harvest-time for a valuable crop.

The Weeks-McLean Law is in line with the tendency of the times. It is a blow at special privilege. President Wilson will, during his entire Administration, put his O. K. on nothing better than the carefully prepared regulations devised under this law by the experts of the Department of Agriculture. The analysis of the gamewarden system of the different states of this country will show it to have been worse than futile, worse than hopeless, worse than ruinous.

Now is the time when Canada ought to swing into line in game protection, forgetting all sorts of jealousy and rivalry. Both Saskatchewan and Alberta ought to join us in abolishing spring shooting and market shooting.

North of latitude fifty-five there are no game laws now—nor ought there to be. The people up there need the game for food and they will not wipe it out.

I once asked an Indian on the Peace River whether it was safe to leave our camp unguarded.

"Why not?" he asked in surprise. "There will be no white men who will come here!"

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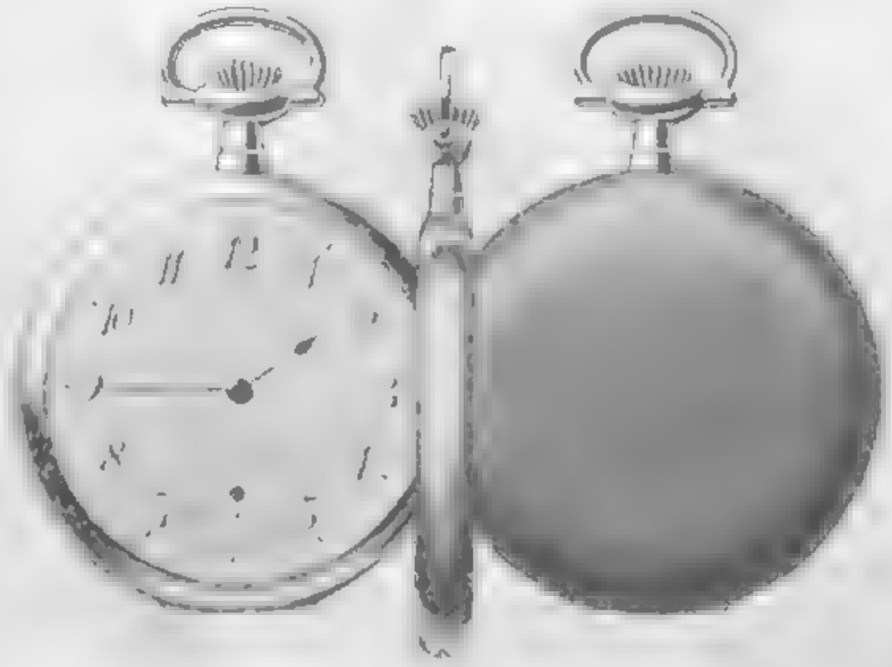

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# THE LAME DUCK

## Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*DEAR JIM:* I was reading in the papers this morning about the return of quite a sprinkling of Cabinet members who went away a few days ago to see the battleships perform. They were as enthusiastic as a lot of girls after their first party.

Listen to Josephus Daniels: "I regret that every American citizen could not witness the performance of the ships, both in maneuvers and in firing. They would have had their pride in the navy quickened, for they would have seen matchless precision and perfect discipline," and so on, for two hundreds words of paean, while the others were equally glamoured.

When any statesmen go to see the navy perform, as frequently the House and Senate Naval Committees do—and others in high places—the naval officers always put such a good foot forward that the visiting persons, who have to do with the naval appropriations, come back waving the Stars and Stripes and giving so many cheers for our ships and our sailors that they remind you of the cheer section at a college football game.

The naval officers remind me of the late Senator Carter's man, who was making a speech demanding tariff protection for the products of his state. He showed the absolute necessity for protection; but he didn't stop there. Instead, well warmed up to his subject he talked for an hour of the wonderful resources of his state, of the tremendous prosperity of the people, of their ability to cope with any commercial situation that might arise, and of their enormous preëminence over all other citizens in the Union, because of the unexampled natural advantages Fortune had placed at their disposal.

He wound up with the broad claim that his people were the most intelligent, the most successful and the most favored citizens in the nation—and the Congress took him at his word and refused his requests on the ground that so wonderful a people as his needed no help of any kind.

The orator observed the verdict sadly. As he walked out he said to a friend: "The trouble with me is that I overtalked myself."

### The Dreadnought Tango

I always wonder whether these naval officers, when they get a bunch of potential appropriators for a bigger navy as their guests, do not overplay themselves. I remember once when the House Naval Committee went down to see some maneuvers and target practice. The officers turned the fleet loose. They tangoed and turkey-trotted those dreadnoughts about, hit targets no bigger than pocket handkerchiefs forty-seven times out of a possible forty, and all that sort of thing; and the result was that two of the members of that committee came back so imbued with the power of our ships and the skill and courage and ability of our sailors that they have held ever since that we need no more ships, that we can lick all creation with the fighting machine we have now, and have steadfastly refused to vote for increases.

"What for?" they ask when the navy begs for three battleships a year. "We can whip any country and all countries now! Why increase a navy that is big enough now to sweep the seas?" And there doesn't seem to be any answer adequate to clear up the situation. The navy boys are too good.

I suppose if any one should be interested and should begin a movement looking to a consensus of opinion on the question, Who is the biggest fiend in human form in these United States? the Democrats in the House of Representatives would unanimously designate Jim Mann, the Republican leader, as not only the biggest f. i. h. f., but would vote to strike out the last three words and let it go as plain fiend; for there isn't one of them who doesn't consider Jim inhuman to the most atrocious degree.

You see, the tired-business-man problem, which worries our stage critics and our stage producers, isn't a marker to the tired-congressman problem that is now vexing Washington. In the old days a member of Congress figured on making a bluff at working for about nine months out of the twenty-four for which he gets pay, and devoting the rest of the two years to his personal pursuits.

For the past six years Congress has been in continuous session practically. The boys who get seventy-five hundred dollars a year have been forced to put in full time for it. The result is they are tired; and, as there is nothing important up in the House, which is waiting for the result of the Senate's manhandling of the currency bill, most of them took the opportunity to go back home and see how the land lay, preparatory to the elections of next year.

Jim Mann beat them to it. He fought as good a fight as he could against the tariff, and then he sloped over to the station and took the train for Illinois. He stayed out among his flowers and vegetables for a couple of weeks and had a nice, restful fortnight. Refreshed he returned to Washington, and to his great surprise found that a large number of the statesmen were away resting in their own gardens and cultivating their own flowers and fences and such other things as needed cultivation, including the chaps with the votes.

### Mann's Inhumanity

"What's this?" shouted Mann. "What—is—this? Oh! Fire—murder—watch—police! I am pained—deeply pained—to discover that a large number of Democrats, who are paid to remain here and transact the country's business, are not here; in fact they are absent. And, inasmuch as I have had my vacation, I protest—solemnly protest—against this utter disregard of obligations displayed by these recalcitrant representatives. It is a disgrace! More than that, it is a chance to show up these dodgers and loafers who should be here on the job, as I am. I am shocked to observe this lack of patriotism, for such it is; and I shall now proceed to lash these absentees to the mast, inasmuch as they won't adjourn and let us all go home."

Wherefore for a long time now Jim Mann has been strolling into the House each day and at the proper moment suggesting the absence of a quorum, and demanding a roll-call on the same. The rollcall shows invariably that Jim is right. There is no quorum. So the House is forced to adjourn while the Democratic sergeant-at-arms sends out pleading messages to near-by statesmen to come back and establish said quorum; and the near-by statesmen calmly tell the pleading sergeant-at-arms to go and take a long running jump—and remain at home, cultivating their gardens or their gardeners, as the case may be.

Each day there has been a rollcall, which is printed in the Congressional Record; and next year you watch the tabulated statement that will be sent out by the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee showing how many of these Democrats were absent from their duties, and how this proves the utter disregard of the welfare of the country displayed by the majority, which furnishes the strongest argument for the return of the Republicans to power the Republicans who are always on the job, as Jim Mann is—Jim, as I have remarked, having had his rest and being now a slave to duty.

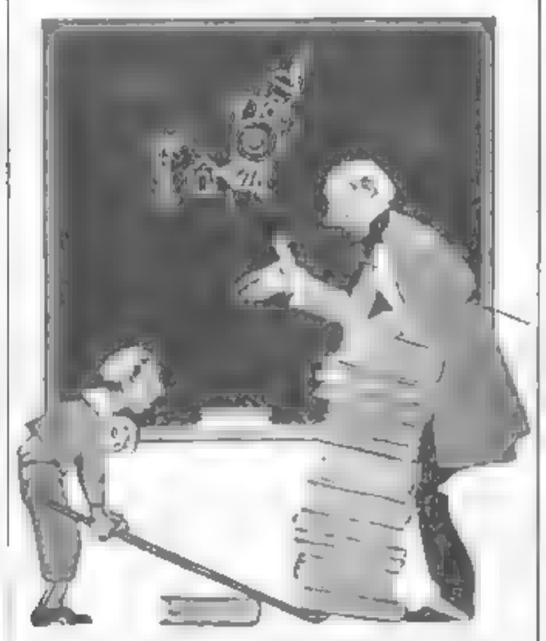
You watch that tabulated statement of rollcalls. It will proclaim by the official figures that for several weeks Jim and his Republicans were practically the whole House of Representatives, and that the Democrats were shamelessly neglectful of their obligations. There were very few rollcalls during the time when Jim was out among his flowers, for the Democrats never thought so benign a person as Jim would put over anything so cruel as this on them!

The more we people who have been moving about Washington for a few decades observe the White House and its occupants, the harder it is borne down on us that there is a new deal all round. For years and years it has been handed to us that the presidency brought with it incredible hours of toil for the president and practically continuous service for the secretaries and clerks.

I have heard tales of woe that would make any one weep about the long night watches when the faithful secretaries sat at their desks disposing of the vast amount of public business that came to them; and even sadder tales about poor presidents who

YALE

CHAIN BLOCKS



For Your Boy's Sake

FATHERS: You should get this book: "A Yale Device that Laughs at Gravity."

It contains practical knowledge which technical schools everywhere are teaching—but which public schools are *not* teaching.

Do you want your boys to use crowbars, rollers, pulleys, hand trucks all their lives? *You use* these "hard work" ways of moving loads in your business. *You lose* money every time you use them. *You know* the frightful labor waste—or *should* know.

Yet Yale Triplex Blocks allow *one man* to lift 20,000 pound loads, easily and safely, and run them anywhere on overhead trolleys. You should use Yale Triplex Blocks to move *every load* too heavy to lift with one hand. They are so used in all modern manufacturing plants, even the smallest.

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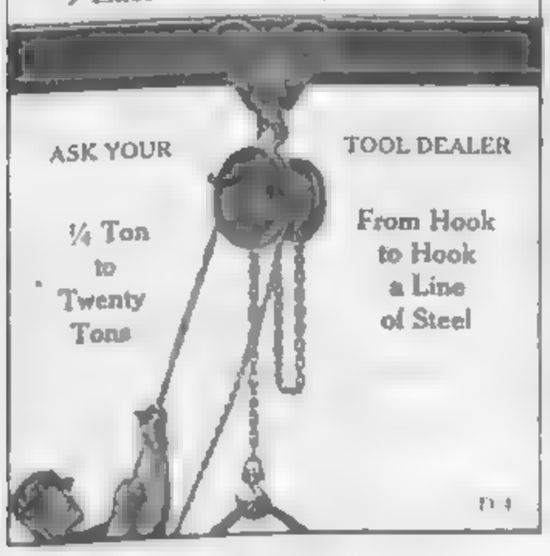


were compelled to forego all pleasures in order that they might keep up with their constantly accumulating duties.

We used to read about the laborious Cortelyou, who worked from early morning until late at night, snatched a hasty sandwich at a hasty lunchroom, and slept fitfully on the steps of the Navy Department, or thereabout, for an hour or so before rushing back to his desk. And Loeb! Why, Loeb worked twenty-four hours a day. And Hilles—say, Jim, Hilles, as I recollect it, never did sleep or eat or do anything but sit with his finger on the pulse of the nation, answering letters, seeing insistent people, and otherwise safeguarding our destinies.

So far as I can learn it's all changed now. You can drop in at the White House any afternoon and find the desks all cleared; Joe Tumulty out at lunch; the President playing golf; Rudolph Forster calmly smoking a cigar and contemplating the beauties of the White House lawn, and Tom Brahany telling Irish stories to a few languid reporters. And there's no complaint about work not done—for the work is all done. Either there has been a lot of piffle about the immense labors of the Executive or this new outfit has a new system.

To be sure the President relieved himself of a lot of worry and trouble and annoyance and saved much time for the country and himself by cutting out the patronage end of it to such an extent as he could. In the old days the White House offices were jammed every morning with senators and representatives, and the constituents thereof wanting jobs. Ninety per cent of those present on White House mornings were jobhunters and the jobhunted—meaning the president and the senators and representatives.

President Wilson established the flat rule that all job recommendations must come to him from the heads of the Executive Departments; and no senator or representative, unless it is an exceptional case involving a row, can get a hearing until after things have been canvassed below and every effort made to settle the affair.

### *The Loneliness of Presidents*

McKinley and Roosevelt and Taft devoted hours and days to this sort of thing; but President Wilson evidently thinks his time is too valuable to waste on aspirants for minor offices, and he refuses to listen to them or to their sponsors.

So, after the preliminary shaking down, the White House is running calmly and quietly and easily; and pity for the poor slaves of secretaries, toiling and moiling late into the night, is wasted. They do not toil and moil late into the night. Instead, they do their work within reasonable time and have opportunities for some fun.

And the President gets through his share rapidly and utterly refuses to be tied down by precedent or convention or traditions. He sees no need for seeing all comers simply because Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt held receptions every morning. He goes golfing and to the theater and rides round the country; and every day his desk is clear by noon. Talk about efficiency in the mechanics of execution! That man is so efficient it makes your head ache to watch him.

The newspapers in this town probably keep standing the paragraph: "The President went to the theater last night, accompanied by Doctor Grayson." He goes golfing with Doctor Grayson and riding with Doctor Grayson and so on; and it all gives point to the frightful loneliness of the presidency—not that Doctor Grayson isn't good company—not at all; but that Doctor Grayson is the company.

A president can have no friends. Human nature is so constituted that any intimacy with a president would mean imposition presently. No man constantly in company with a president could restrain his self-interest and his political interest; and for that reason a president is literally compelled to be alone most of the time if he wants any peace of mind. If he has any old friends he cannot see them much, for even old friends are not immune to the chance that is offered, both for personal and political aggrandizement, by close association with a president.

If you should ask Mr. Wilson what the chief defect of his place is he would undoubtedly tell you it is loneliness, the lack of disinterested human association. The only persons in Washington I know about who do not want anything are the justices of the Supreme Court. They've got theirs!

Yours, BILL.

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American Gentleman Shoe "Best for all walks of life."

GET in the game—be a rooter for good style, and good wear. Kick off the shackles of ill fitting shoes, and make a dash for the goal of comfort. You'll score in the

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*Send for our Style Portfolio of Shoes. Free.*

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# To every owner of a Columbia Graphophone in the United States

## Here is the first chance you ever had

***Take a quarter to your nearest dealer and get the record. If there is no dealer in your locality who can supply you, mail us that coupon down there in the left-hand corner, with 25 cents (stamps will do), and we will send you the record by parcel post, prepaid.***

One side of this sample record is a tenor solo by Henry Burr—"Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night"—a record which is typical in *quality* of all the regular standard ten-inch Columbia records.

The other side of this sample record carries a short message and a little music which you will find entertaining and instructive.

When you get this record on the turn-table of your machine you will know all about it. It speaks for itself. In the meantime we must depend upon cold type to tell you *these three things* about Columbia Double-Disc Records.

**1—Quality Guaranteed:**—We guarantee to every purchaser of Columbia Double-Disc Records that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of disc records of any other make, regardless of their cost. We further guarantee that their reproducing qualities are superior to any other disc record on the market and that their life is longer than any other disc record, under any name, at any price.

**2—65 Cents Standard Price:**—The great Columbia catalog is crowded with a wealth of selections at *65 cents per double* disc. Ranging up to $7.50 they include hundreds that *you want* right now.

**3—Interchangeable with other records on your own machine—**

What "make" is your instrument? *No matter—buy the records you want!* Every Columbia record in the catalog can be played on *your* machine.

RECORD COUPON

**Columbia Graphophone Co.**

**Woolworth Bldg., N.Y.**

**Enclosed find 25c. Send me that Sample record.**

**I own a machine.**

**Where is the nearest dealer?**

**NAME** _____

**ADDRESS** _____

We can give you the name of a dealer who will supply you with this sample record at 25 cents—if you have any difficulty in locating one. Or for the same 25 cents sent to us direct with this coupon we will deliver the record to you prepaid. Don't forget that this message is *to owners of all "talking machines"* whether Columbia or some other make.

You will want the Columbia catalog.—And have your name placed on the mailing list to receive the monthly list of new records—always on sale the *25th*.

**Important Notice.**—All Columbia Grafonolas will play other makes of disc records. The voice of every artist who has ever made disc records, *without exception*, is at your command. (Likewise all Columbia records may be played on any other make of machine.)

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Creators of the talking machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the talking machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of talking machines in the world. Manufacturers of the Dictaphone.

***Dealers Everywhere,*** but the fast increasing Columbia demand still calls for additional opportunities for ***MORE DEALERS.*** Write in for trade particulars. Exclusive selling rights where we are not actively represented.

# a "talking machine" ted States:

## ad to buy a disc record for 25 cents

*This one record is a sample—(not our old "demonstration Record".) The only reason why the price is set at 25 cents is because we want you to know at first hand something about the superior and guaranteed quality of Columbia double-disc records, and that they will play on your machine. Disc records are interchangeable.*

## If you do not yet own a talking machine

**ask the dealer to show you this Columbia Grafonola "Favorite"—**

**$75 with Record Cabinet—$50 without Record Cabinet**

Sent to your home on approval, and subject to easy purchase terms, if you like. And don't make any mistake: If it is a *Columbia* it has the Tone-Control "Leaves" at the front of the cabinet—*not doors*.

**Specifications**

**Cabinet:** Mahogany or quartered golden oak, fumed oak, or Early English oak.

**Measurements:** 14 inches high, 18¼ inches wide, 21½ inches deep.

**Metal Finish:** All exposed metal parts heavily nickel plated.

**Motor:** Three-spring drive, non-varying, non-vibrant. Plays four records at one winding. Motor is mounted on metal motor plate.

**Motor-control:** Speed regulator and Columbia speedometer.

**Needle Equipment:** 100 full tone, 100 medium and 100 soft tone needles. Top of cabinet contains four sunken needle cups for three grades of needles and used needles.

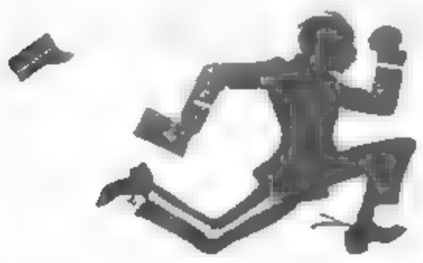
**Tone-control:** Columbia tone-control leaves, operated by a button in the front pilaster; also through variety of needles.

**Tone-arm:** New bayonet-joint tone-arm of one-piece seamless drawn tapered tubing.

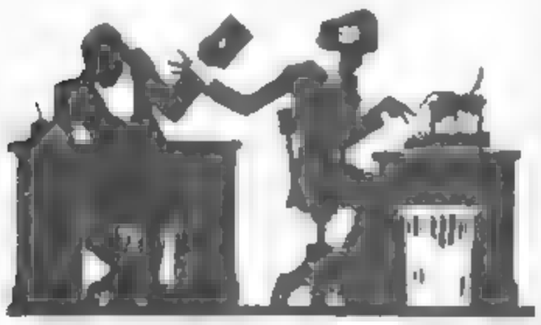
**Reproducer:** New Columbia No. 6.

**Lid:** Piano hinged and equipped with hinge lock release.

You had to learn to use the telephone. You used to write out what you had to say and send it by mail or messenger.



You had to learn to dictate letters. You used to write them out in long-hand and have them typewritten.



Adapting yourself to the Edison Dictating Machine is just combining what you have already learned from the telephone and from dictation. And think of the advantage! With the

EDISON
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Prevent Substitution. Specify "Made by Edison"

Your letters are better dictated because there is nothing to divert your thoughts. They are better written because the stenographer writes from the words you speak and not from notes, which are often confused. You dictate more letters because there are no waits and interruptions. Your stenographer writes more letters because you do not need her in dictating.

The Edison Dictating Machine has been developed to its present advanced design by a corps of experts under the personal supervision of Thomas A. Edison. It is the only dictating machine approved and labeled by the national fire insurance authorities. Its many mechanical and electrical advantages are explained in our booklet which you should read before investigating

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# THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

*MY DEAR AUNT:* Henry Begg and me would like to know some nice quiet place where a cupple of boys could rest up and be away from home seens for a cupple weeks.

The cupple of boys we mean are Henry and me and they are both in a good deal of trubble.

If they ever needed simpathy it is rite now. Some place where they could work hard and try to reform without any more scoaldings is what they need.

The way it is going now they mite be driven to leave home and be dessperit men. But it is possibul to save them both if they are handled rite.

If you happen to think of any nice place in the country something like yours where they could have a change of air and bad company for a while I wish you would rite and let us know.

We would be willing to work for our board and keep for a week in hope it mite change our whole life. We are not peticuler about the kind of work if the meels are fare and plenty of them.

We can come any time in the next few days because we are not going to school for a month by order of the school board last nite in a special meeten. Henry and me were both before the board which was very fearce at us after it was all explaned to them. When Henry and me went home after the board met and susspendered us for a month it was even wurse.

I was in the shedd with my father for quite a wile and a littul later I was in the bedroom with my muther.

It was neither one very pleasant for any of us. But it was the leest pleasant for me. It was a dark nite for both me and Henry. Henry said he was also very busy most of the evening after the board meeten. He said he was so busy with his father and then his muther that he hardly had time to sit down and when he did have time he did not care to.

Henry came over to our back fence this mornen and we both leend agenst the fence and talked it over.

Both of our cases were very much alike only Henry's father used a strap and mine had a shingul.

Both of our mothers had a harebrush.

A harebrush is very handy for many things like combing driving a tack and making you sorry you did it. The shape of it seems to be just rite.

I suppose you will be wundering by this time what it is about and me and Henry don't mind telling you the whole truth and not spair ourselves at all.

Me and Henry stopt in the drug store the nite before it happened and Elmer French the druggist's boy who sweeps out and sumtimes makes soda water in a big rush when there is a serkus in town or sumthing let Henry and me smell a peace of asafecity. It is not very much for looks but it is nearly all in the smell. You can hang some in a bag round your neck and kepe away dipthearia if you can stand it. A little of it will go a long ways so Elmer French said and it seemed to be so after we smelt it. The minnit Henry smelt it he wanted some to take to school and have some fun with and Elmer let him have a peace about as big as your thum if he would not tell where he got it. A peace as big as your thum does not sound very much but it smells a great deal bigger than it sounds and looks.

A good-sized peace of it outdoors anywheres would make quite a scandle for a long distance round I should think.

That nite after we got it home we berried it in the back yard in a peace of paper. We were afrade to take it in the house for fear it would kepe everybody awake and get us in trubble.

Henry was afrade a dog mite dig it up but afterward happened to think it would be perfeckly safe from any annimle that was able to smell.

In the morning we dug it up and it was just as strong as ever and did not seem to have lost a bit of sent from being berried. We rapt it up in sevrel peaces of paper so we could carry it without attracting too much attenshun and we manneged to get it in the schoolhouse and put it away in Henry's desk till resess.

It wurked through the paper a littul and everybody seemed to know there was something rong in the room but nobody seemed to know where it was. Henry and me were both used to it by this time and did not mind it so much.

Our teacher is about twenty or forty years old and sort of sad from hard work and poor lessens on our part. She seemed to notice something strange in the room and walked up and down betweene all our desks sniffing. But Henry and me past it back and forth so the sent would be sort of confused and she sniffed a good deal round where we were but did not seem to know if it was something in the room or onley a dead rat in the wall wich they sometimes do.

The peace we had was equal to a grate many dead rats with the paper off. By passing it back and forth a good deal of it got out in the room. But Henry and me took a good smell of it at resess and it was just as fresh as befoar.

At resess I hollered fire out in frunt of the door so everybody would come out to see where it was and wile we were out looking to see if it was a false alarm or not Henry rubbed the peace back and forth over the blackboard until it was all rubbed on and the school was called again and we started to have arithmetick which was always examplus on the board by the teacher and us to wurk them down under. She started up to the board with a long piece of chalk held out in frunt of her like they do but when she got a cupple feet from the board she stopt and her nose all curled up and you could hear her sniff clear acrost the room.

She must have thought somebody set a bad exampul on the board perhaps.

Then she went a little closter and it was wurse and she went back a littul. The board seemed to be in bad condishun but she could not see why. It seemed as if something was decade back of it. All the time Henry and me were studdying hard with our faces berried in our arithmetick and looking very sober as if nuthing had happened. It was hard to keep from laughing to see her want to go up to the board and not abul to. After wile she gave it up rather pail and wurried and went back to her chare and sat down. She seemed to be thinking for a long wile. Everybody in the room wundered what had happened except Henry and me.

After wile we could see she had an idea because she stratened up in her chare. Then she called the neerest boy to her, Billy Gibbs, and he went up to her desk and she told him to put both his hands out in frunt of him and he did and she sniffed and sent him back to his seat.

Then she called the next boy and he put out his hands and she sniffed agen.

By this time Henry and me could see a grate lite.

After wile Henry would be called up and have to hold out his hands and she would see that the smell of them matcht the blackboard and she would know who did it.

Henry's hare began to sloly raise up and he wisht he could wash his hands but it was no use.

Besides he could not have washt it off anyhow. It would onley ware off.

After wile when I was feeling sorry for Henry I wundered if any of the smell was on my hands from berrying it the nite befoar and not washing very hard in the mornen as a boy often does not do. So I put my head sort of down on the top of the desk and my hands up under and smelled softly to see if it was thare and it was very plane and strong.

I seemed to stop feeling sorry for Henry then and wundered what would happen to us both.

So after wile it was Henry's turn and he went up and had to put out his hands and she sniffed and it matcht the blackboard purfeckly and she knew who did it. All the time I was a little uneasy and getting more so until my turn and she told me to go and stand beside of Henry until she was through smelling all hands round to see if there mite be any more of us. But there was nobody else but us.

She did not say much but she lookt at us very cold and sturn and said after school in the afternoon she would keep us in and mak up her mind what to do to punnish us. Then she let out school for the forenoon and told the jannitor to open all the windose for fresh air and wash off the blackboard with sope and water.

Lieutenants to Busy People

Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx are right able little helpers—their kindly, cheery, sunshiny dispositions will stand you in good stead when things go awry—they'll thaw out your mind and let your thoughts run smoothly and easily. That is, provided they are filled with

CARTER'S INKS

Any other kind gets on their nerves and upsets their appetites, simply because they know—and would have you know—that Carter's Inks give better satisfaction, better results. That fact is not at all surprising, for with the better materials, the better skill, the better facilities, Carter's Inks must be *naturally* superior. And their lasting brilliancy, their refusal to gum or corrode the pen, their easy flowing qualities, all prove their betterness.

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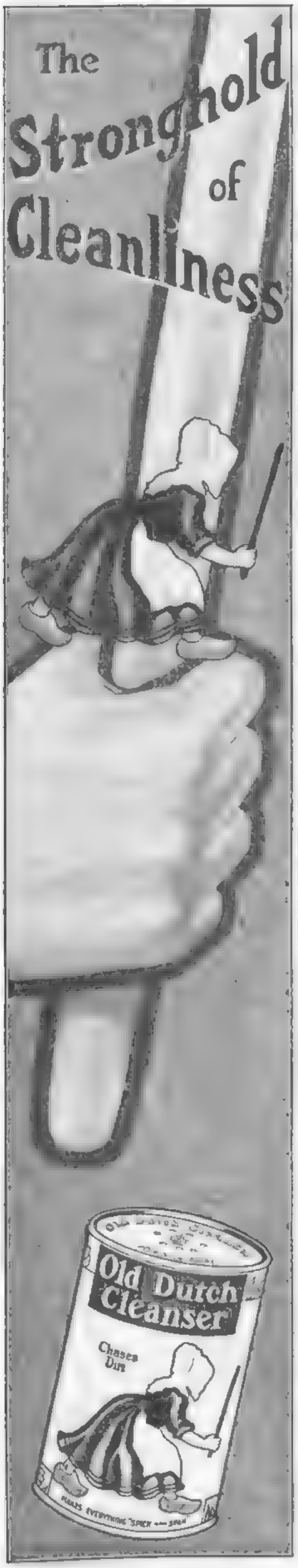
*Manufacturers of writing inks, adhesives, typewriter ribbons and carbon papers.*





In the afternoon it was so she could get up to it by holding her nose a littul. She had to get sort of used to it. But it was still far frum a pleasunt blackboard to wurk on. It did not seem as if it would ever be the same agen.

It mite not have been so bad for us but in the afternoon Daisy Brown was in frunt of me with long brades of hare that were tide with ribbuns near the end and left a littul part like a brush at the very end. She had a funny habbit of rubbing her cheek with the end of a brade when she would resite and get a littul nervus. Her rite brade was a littul over the edge of my desk and I happened to think of putting the littul brush on the end in my inkwell just to see what would happen.

So I did and just when it came out pretty wet with ink she got up to resite and befoar a minnit she was rubbing it on her cheek and the first rub she was all streaky with ink all down the side of her face and she screemed with frite when she felt it and everybody laughed and then she cride and it was all in a terribul mixup. It would have been all rite except for the habbit of rubbing her cheek with the end of the brade. Her father was on the school board which was all the wurse for me.

The rest of the afternoon I had a special seat back of the teacher where she could keep me out of more trubble till after school was thru. Henry was pretty ressless all afternoon probaly wurrying about what would happen after school and could hardly studdy which is not strange for a boy of his size. So after wile I saw him get out his beneshooter which is a peace of lether to hold the bene and then two strings to fassen it to two rubbers with two more loops to fassen the rubbers over your finger and thum.

When you get the bene in the littul peace of lether you pull back with your other hand and then let go and sometimes make a very good shot.

Over on the other side of the room from Henry Billy Gibbs used to hold his slate up when teacher was at the board and Henry would often hit it with a bene and it would all be over befoar teacher could turn round. So wile the teacher was at the board Billy put his slate up and Henry took a good aim and would have hit it but just as he let it go Skinny Graham got up in his seat which was rite in line with Henry and Billy to ask a question and got hit rite in the ear with the bene on its way. It must have stung awful because Skinny fell back in his seat as if he is shot and howled with pane. His ear started to swell and it kept on swelling till it was a site and he had to be excused to go home with his ear and get the swelling down. And of course he told who shot the bene and Henry got a special chare up alongside of me.

So after wile it was four oclock and school was out and then teacher looked at us very cold and sturn agen and said she would have to report us to the board and she did and there was a special meeten for me and Henry.

Skinny Graham was there with his swelled ear and Daisy Brown with her eyes red from crying and some ink still on her face and on her brade and it was all very sollum and serious. Then teacher invited them all up to smell the board which was still pretty bad but they said they would take her word for it and so they did.

And so Henry and me were susspendered from school for a month and after that it was our parents' turn and I guess that is about all.

If we could get away and get a change it mite be the making of both of us. By hard work and plane food but not too plane we would surely learn to do better and get a rite start agen.

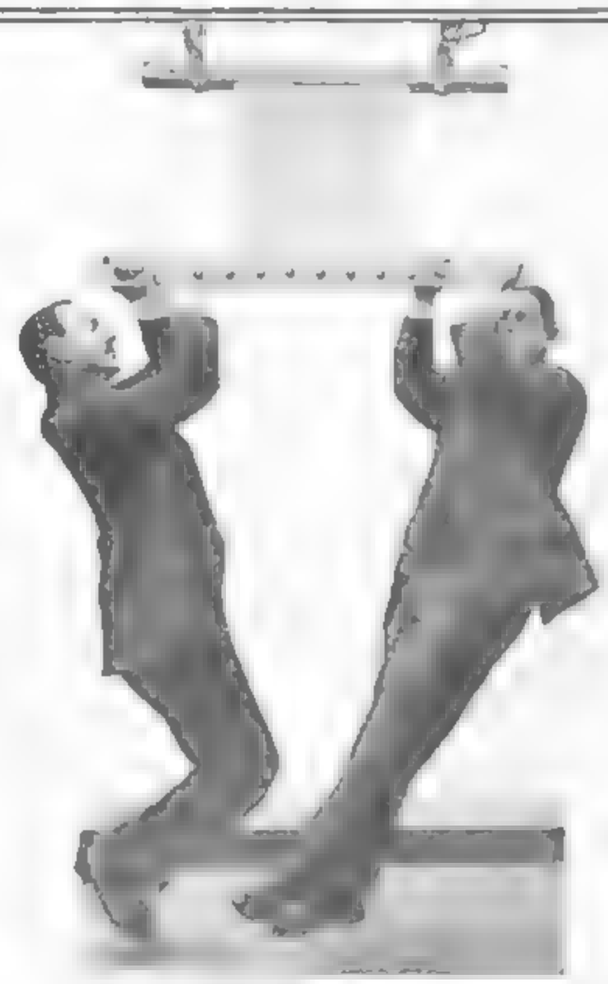
So if you can think of anybody who has a kind hart and a nice place in the country where the work would not be too hard and the meels pretty good and nice people like you and Uncle William who want to help two boys in awful trubble to start life over agen, won't you please let us know.

Your affectionate nefew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—Named for Uncle William.

One *sheet of paper holding* 6732 *times its own weight*



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# THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 23)

can't swim," I observed epigrammatically, "is no more afraid of eight feet of water than he is of seven."

I remained wedged in my window like a periwinkle for something over half an hour. Once I'd got down it would have been possible for Dorgan, without doing too great violence to his sense of the fitness of things, to prevent me from getting back. At the end of that time the child reappeared round the corner of the henhouse.

"Where's my other ten cents?" he, or she, demanded.

"What did she say?" I countered.

"She said 'All right,'" said the child, and I tossed down the other dime.

I worked my way back from the window and dropped down on my bale of straw.

The logical thing to have felt over Elaine's curt reply to my note, as the child had reported it, was a sensation of unmixed relief. Elaine would get out of the scrape, just as Carrington had said she had a knack of doing, and I, with her safely out of the way, had probably little to fear from the whip of the law.

Yes, relief was the word that ought to have covered the whole of my feelings, without a single sneaking reservation; but it didn't. I hardly even tried to pretend it did. I don't know what I had hoped for in the way of a reply. Not an impassioned asseveration that she would never desert Mr. Micawber, certainly, nor an attack upon the henhouse in force and a medieval rescue, nor even that she should come to take a tuneful farewell under the window of my prison house, like Leonora in Il Trovatore. Yet these three courses, or minor variants on them, would seem to comprise about all the lines of action there were.

I had indulged in one bit of sentimental hypocrisy in writing the note that I was now forced to recognize. I had not expected Elaine to be taken in by my chivalrous assertion that I was all right and that she needn't concern herself about me further. The Elaine I knew—or had thought I knew—would have seen through that pretense like so much glass, and yet I had to hope now that she hadn't. All told, when I dropped back on my bale of straw and cautiously extended my throbbing ankle, I was feeling, as my students would say, pretty sorry for myself.

I might, I suppose, have taken some comfort in Dorgan's rage, which by this time had a positively lurid magnificence. He tried to assure me icily that my device had accomplished absolutely nothing, that Elaine would be apprehended with my warning just as easily as without it; but his sputtering, fizzing, redhot wrath made it plain enough that he didn't think so.

He subsided finally into a silence that lasted unbroken between us for about two hours. It must have been all of that before we heard voices and the tramp of feet and, finally, the grating of the key in our padlock. The door opened cautiously, and my farmer stood in the doorway.

And right there was where Dorgan made a mistake. He ought, for at least five minutes, to have been polite. After that he could have afforded to begin to act more as his feelings dictated. He assumed, I suppose, that the farmer had come for him, as the result of a discovery that they had made an unfortunate mistake in locking him up. The rage that had been boiling away in him for hours without an outlet suddenly found one, and the things he called that farmer actually made me blush.

For my part I sat meekly on my bale of straw and said nothing. The farmer was not one of the hair-trigger kind, and he said nothing, either, for a minute or two. But when Dorgan started for the door and tried to crowd past him, the farmer reached out an enormous horny hand, clamped him by the shoulder and gave him a little push. It didn't look hard, but it sent Dorgan literally spinning into the remotest corner of the henhouse, where he capsized over a hoe-handle.

"You say just one word more," he observed grimly, "and I'll turn you up over my knee and spank you."

Dorgan drew in a breath that was meant to be vocal with expostulation, but the farmer held up his big hand again and silenced him.

"Neither and nor but," he said. "I mean it."

And Dorgan evidently decided that he did.

I have always admired that farmer, and to this day whenever I need a laugh I recall the unholy spectacle that his threat conjured up. He was a serious-minded man, and perfectly capable.

Satisfied that he was through with Dorgan he turned to me.

"I guess I made a mistake, mister," he said, "through bein', for once, too hasty. I'm sorry we locked ye up, and I'm specially sorry we put that fellow in here with ye. Ye're welcome to come out and anything I can do to make it up to ye ——"

"That's not necessary," said I; "I'm sure it was a very natural mistake. I must have looked like a murderer, if any one ever did."

"Well, now, that's true too," the farmer agreed cordially. "Ye look some better now, with the blood washed off ye."

He kept Dorgan under his eye while he held the door open for me to go out.

"It'll be pleasanter outside, I reckon," he said when I didn't take the hint.

But I was in a difficulty and wanted a little more time. You see, I didn't know what to do about Dorgan. Had Elaine really had time to get away? If she had I wanted to let him out. I didn't dare look round at him, but I could feel his eyes boring into me from behind, in a forlorn appeal. He wouldn't say anything. In fact, even without the farmer's injunction of silence, he could hardly have asked me to do him the favor of identifying him. With Elaine out of the way, I'd have no hesitation about doing it. If she had still to make good her escape, I wouldn't. The trouble was it had to be done now or not at all. I couldn't come round to the farmer an hour later and tell him I had known all along that his other prisoner was as innocent as I and that he actually was the district attorney of Monroe County.

So, though I didn't see exactly what I was going to gain by it, I played for time.

"I have a bad ankle here," said I, "and I expect I'm rather stiff with cold. I had an overcoat somewhere once ——"

"I guess that's the coat we found on this fellow," said my new friend, turning again a blighting eye on Dorgan. "It's right up at my house, not far from here. There was something in the pocket of it, though, that I bet you didn't put there. A woman's purse made of chain, and it had more than seven hundred dollars in it. I suppose perhaps you might happen to know, though, who it belongs to."

"Yes," I said, "I know her very well. She's the young lady I tried to send a message to when you locked me up in here. I'm very anxious to find her. Do you suppose she's still at the Harrison house?"

"Was she wearin' a black dress and a round hat down over her ears? And would she have been drivin' that splay-footed brown gelding of Bije Ballinger's to a side-bar buggy?"

I thought I detected a note of derision in this description of our equipage, but I wasn't disposed to quarrel about it.

"Yes," I said quite firmly; "have you seen her?"

"Why, she drove to town more than an hour ago," said the farmer. "The doc wanted her to stop and take a message back to Musgrove, but she said something about catchin' the three forty-two northbound, and went by without drawing up."

Well, it was true then. She had heeded my warning and made her escape. She was gone and it wasn't unlikely that I should never see her again. But it was possible that she had left some word with Molly Harrison, at the farmhouse, that might change the face of things a little.

I suggested to the farmer that we might find out where she had gone by inquiring at the farmhouse, and asked if he would lend me an arm there. Then I looked round at Dorgan. He turned pointedly away, in order to avoid my eye. Evidently he had made up his mind that I meant to go away and leave him there.

"This gentleman," said I to the farmer, "is a great detective. He didn't steal the overcoat nor the seven hundred dollars. They were just clews. So, if you like to do me the favor which you spoke about a few minutes ago, you can turn him loose."

"Now I warn you," said Dorgan, "it's too late to expect ——"

"I know it is," said I. "I don't expect anything except exactly what you're going to do."


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"Detective, eh!" said the farmer dubiously. "Well, d'you know, he told me that he was the district attorney of Monroe County."

"Yes, he's that too," said I, "though he's rather off his beat. Let me introduce you to him: Mr. James G. B. Dorgan."

Dorgan straightened up. "Good afternoon," he snapped, and strode out of the open door ahead of us.

I didn't know just what he meant to do, but figured that it didn't matter much. Nothing, just then, seemed to matter.

He made his way, straight as a bloodhound upon the trail, across the field to the Harrison cottage, the farmer and I following more slowly. When we came up we found him talking to somebody in the yard, a rather rustically clad young girl with her hair braided down her back.

"There's Molly Harrison now," said my new friend, "talkin' to the D. Tective." (That's the only way I can spell the way he pronounced it.) "Seems to find him interestin' too."

Indeed, she seemed very much absorbed in Dorgan's conversation, for she vouchsafed us only the briefest of oblique glances and a nod of the head when the farmer hailed her, calling her Molly and telling her that here was another visitor come to see her.

"That's all right," I said to the farmer when I had got my hand on the gate-post. "I shall do very well now. Much obliged for having helped me."

He shook hands gently—for him—and said he would bring my overcoat and the purse round later.

I pulled open the garden gate and started hobbling down the path. It looked about seventy-five feet when I started, but before I'd taken three steps it seemed a mile.

Dorgan was looking straight toward me over Miss Harrison's shoulder. He hadn't seen me try to walk before, or realized how helpless I was, and the old tradition and the old respect got hold of him again. He made one of his most ornate bows to the lady, excused himself and came to the rescue.

It was a real act of kindness and it might have drilled a hole in my impenetrable dislike of him if he had not more or less neutralized it by stopping me half way down the path and formally demanding my parole.

"Your word of honor as a gentleman," he explained, "that you won't try to escape."

"A fat lot of escaping I could do on this ankle," I observed. "Yes; I'll promise. I'll stay here till you want me. I don't see that there is anything else for me to do."

So then he conducted me along—half carried me, to tell the truth—to the low side porch and ensconced me safely in a rustic easy-chair that stood there. Then he turned round to do the honors.

"Miss Harrison," he said, "let me introduce Professor Brinsley Butler, of Monroe University. I have been obliged, on account of certain unfortunate circumstances, to ask the professor for his parole that he won't try to leave here until I release him. But you need not be alarmed about him. I assure you that he is not dangerous. I wouldn't for a minute think of leaving you here with him if there was the slightest doubt about that."

Well, it was lucky I was already in the chair. My mind must have registered the words of Dorgan's long speech as automatically as if they had been played upon a typewriter, because no slightest sense of their meaning came through me at the time. I was staring with all my eyes, and, I expect, with my mouth too, at Miss Molly Harrison.

Was I delirious, or mad, or was that Elaine—standing there, looking at me with blank, unrecognizing eyes, and saying in an intensely ladylike way that she was pleased to meet Professor Butler?

I was wholly incapable of assuring her that the pleasure was mutual, or anything like that. Indeed, I couldn't bring up a word. I just stared and gasped.

If she hadn't been so pretty, and Dorgan had found it possible to let his eyes stray from her face to mine, he would have seen something there that might have given him food for thought.

At last, with a heightened color—her color anyway was higher than Elaine's was wont to be—she gave her head a scornful little toss, in the manner of heroines of the bucolic school, and turned away.

Dorgan, it seemed, was on the point of departure. He began assuring her that he would not be gone long and reassuring her that she need not be alarmed over being left unprotected in my company. And with a formal bow to me he made his way slowly down the path toward the road gate. Miss Harrison, without another glance in my direction, accompanied him.

The moment her face was turned away from me the conviction returned that my eyes had merely played me a trick. Because, except for her face, she didn't look like Elaine at all.

Elaine's walk was something for a goddess to envy, whereas this girl was going along the path with the peculiarly genteel limp of one whose best shoes are always half a size too tight for her. And from the feet up the very articulation of her body was different.

They talked at the gate for quite a while, Dorgan on the outside, his hand on the post, not very far from where Miss Molly was leaning. From the look in his face—I couldn't see hers—it was evident that he was making a terrific impression, working his eyes and his voice for all they were worth and stroking his little mustache with his other hand.

Really it wasn't quite fair of Dorgan, I thought, to flirt that way with a young country lass who had no experience of the world to protect her.

I couldn't hear what they were saying, for Dorgan's voice came across the intervening distance with the muffled buzz of a honey-seeking bee, and except for an occasional high-pitched little giggle of protest I couldn't hear hers at all.

I wanted him to go away so that I could begin finding out something about Elaine, and was a good deal disappointed when at last she opened the gate again and Dorgan came walking briskly up the path toward the house, she strolling along more slowly after him.

"I have got some telephoning to do," he said in explanation as he came up on the porch, "and I'll save a little valuable time by doing it here."

Apparently she had told him where the telephone was, for he walked straight in and I heard our district attorney importantly ringing for central from the little entry just inside the door.

It must have been nearly five o'clock, and the splendors of an October sunset were already fading in the sky. I was sitting rather limply in the rustic easy-chair, too tired even to wonder whom Dorgan meant to telephone to or to pay much attention to the young lady, grown very haughty and remote now that Dorgan was off stage. She had come up the one step and was exploring the corner of the porch behind me for some object that it seemed she wanted.

Just remember what my last twenty-four hours contained. It had been at eight o'clock on the evening before that I had just missed stepping on Elaine at the foot of the stairs leading up to my room. Since then I had lost my job, got it back again, thanks to Elaine, undoubtedly lost it again, thanks once more to her. I had eloped with her in a freight train, faced for a moment the prospect of being married to her *vi et armis*. I had narrowly escaped sudden death, and had been locked up on the charge of murder.

But none of those events mattered much, nor had much to do with the mood that held me inert there in the rustic easy-chair. I had thought I knew Elaine, and I found I didn't. That was the long and the short of it.

But I was through now. Nothing more could happen to me today. That I was fairly confident of. I listened with a dull ear to Dorgan, busily and very importantly telephoning away just round the corner of the door, and I gave no thought at all to what Miss Molly Harrison might be doing, fussing round behind me there in the corner of the porch.

And then—just then, it happened! The clasp of a pair of smooth live hands over my eyes, and the brush of a swift little kiss across my lips. The hands slid back to my temples and I looked up. Elaine, oh, quite unmistakably Elaine, for all the rustically embellished frock and the flatly braided hair—Elaine with a brightness in her eyes that was neither all mischief nor all tenderness, but an equal compound of both, was smiling down at me.

"You poor dear!" she whispered.

The receiver came down on the hook. Elaine straightened up and came slowly round behind my chair, carrying a battered watering-pot, and Mr. James G. B. Dorgan stood in the doorway.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)


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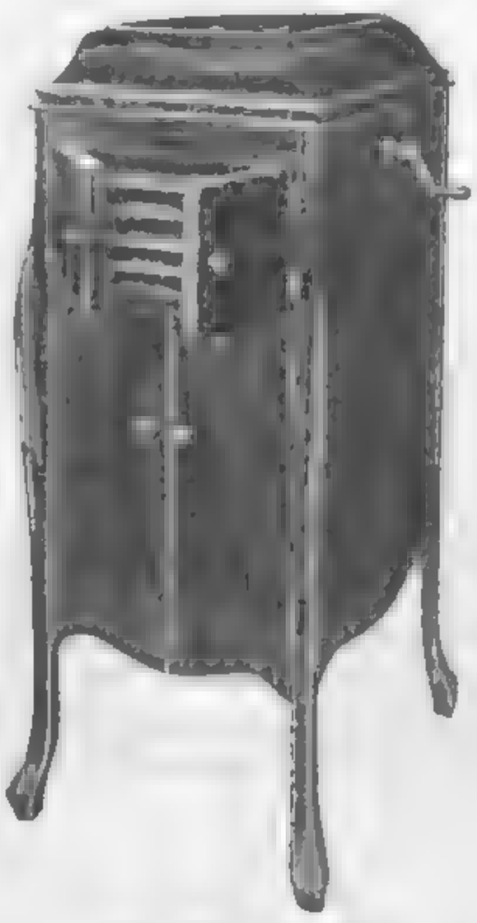

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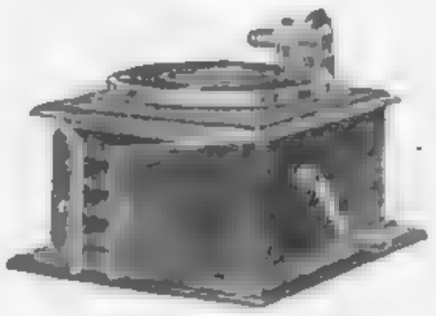

**Victor-Victrola IV, $15**
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**Victor-Victrola VI, $25**
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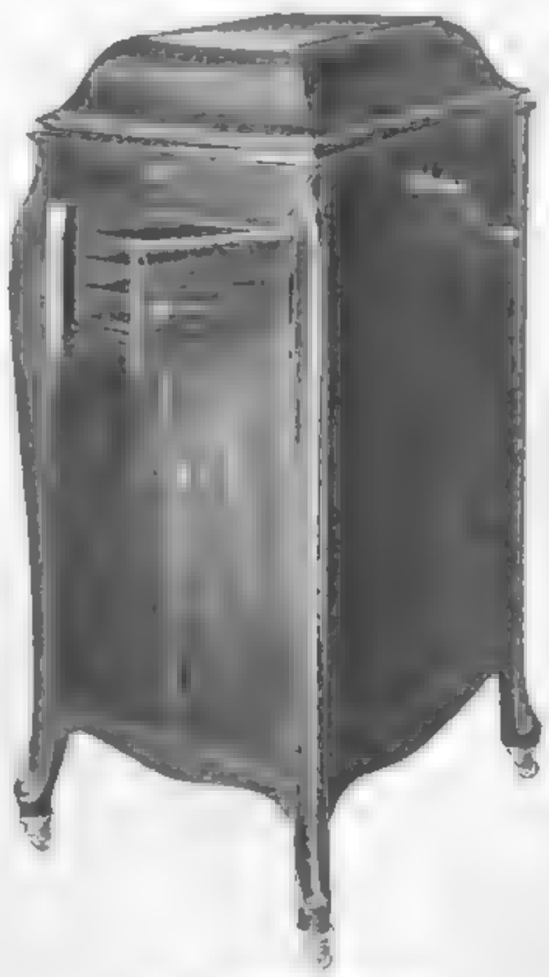

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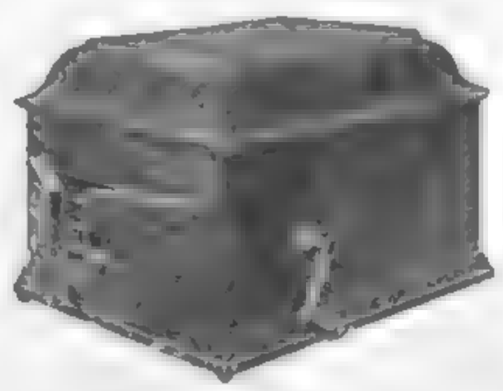
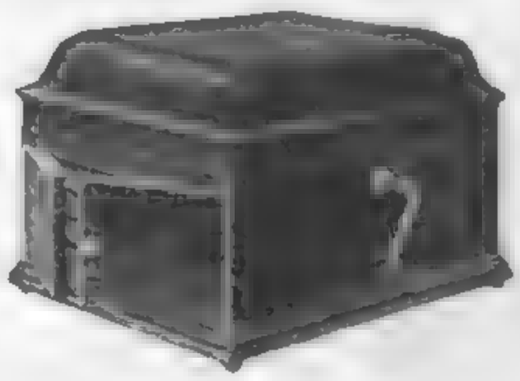


**Victor-Victrola VIII, $40**
Oak



**Victor-Victrola IX, $50**
Mahogany or oak

**Victor-Victrola XVI, $200**
Mahogany or oak

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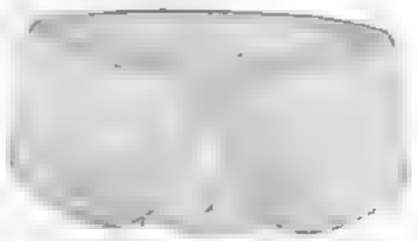

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119 West 40th St., New York


# BEATING BACK

(Continued from Page 20)

this money to the storekeeper proves that I wasn't yet right with the world.

So I invested all my savings in a collection trip to Mexico. It was money wasted. When he heard that I was in the vicinity the cattleman ran away. I came back broke and resumed the whisky business with even less heart than before.

All this time, what with my associations, I underwent a continual-dropping temptation to play for easy money. Sometimes the offers were dramatic and sometimes insidious. For example, I found myself near Lenora, where Billy Raidler, after his term expired, had gone to keep a little store. Between his old wound and eight or nine years of prison Billy was in bad shape. Feeling that I might never see him again I went to him for a short visit. One day his wife brought the news that three men wanted to see us in the back yard. We found an old Long Rider who had belonged to a different gang from mine and two dangerous looking strangers.

"Boys," said the old Long Rider, "we heard that Al was here. We've been keeping track of the bank in Taloga. It ain't any too well guarded. Suppose you fellows throw in with us?"

We told them that we'd gone square and couldn't think of such a thing.

"Besides," I said by way of dissuading them, "there's nothing much in robbing a country bank round here. They keep as little cash on hand as possible. I don't believe you'd get more than two thousand dollars."

"Well," said the old Long Rider, "two thousand dollars beats Old Nothing. Can't you boys just be lookout for us without taking a hand yourself?"

I saw that they were determined; and I also saw that it wouldn't do.

"See here, fellows," I said. "Whether we take a hand or no, this stands to get Billy and me in bad. Suppose a bank or a train is robbed whil . we're in this region together. The marshals will grab us first thing. Likely as not they'll railroad us through. You can't make any one believe we didn't take a hand."

"Oh, if that's the case," said the Long Rider, "we'll quit. Come on, boys, let's be riding."

When they were gone Billy and I went to the saloon across the street to play a little pitch. The proprietor gumshoed up to us and said:

"Who were those fellows that just rode out of Billy's yard?"

"Old friends," said I.

"What are you boys up to now?" he asked, thereby proving my contention.

### *A Call From Heck Thomas*

On my return to Lawton, Heck Thomas, a famous old deputy United States marshal and now chief of police, called on me, saying that he wanted me to meet a man from the East. We went across the street and Thomas introduced me to his friend—under an assumed name, as I found later. I suspected him from the first. He had that "bull look" that every ex-convict knows. Moreover, as we got to talking he asked me too many questions about my past. When finally he inquired whether any of my old companions were alive and active I felt certain of his profession. However, I played innocent and parried his questions with a few jokes.

Suddenly he asked:

"Who was the little dark-haired American that talked with you in Monterey, Mexico, last month?" The question was sprung quickly in order to surprise a reply, which it nearly did. However, I answered:

"I met several old cowpuncher friends in Monterey. I can't recall exactly the man you have in mind."

The detective then turned to Marshal Thomas.

"Heck," he said, "we'd better come clean with Jennings here. He's foxy." Then to me: "My name's Captain Dodge. I'm chief detective for the Wells-Fargo Express Company. I've followed your trail in the old days—you've caused us a great deal of trouble. What's going to be your attitude now?"

"Captain, I've cut that game out," I replied, "not because I'm afraid of you or any other detective agency, but because I'm trying to prove myself worthy of men who have believed in me."

After this there happened a series of disturbing events, all driving me toward the same end. Perhaps I had better state the master motive first. I had chosen this time of all others to fall in love. I wanted, and wanted hard, to get married.

I had been avoiding what is conventionally known as society. I had a few invitations, it is true; but I found that I was wanted only to entertain the morbidly curious. I had determined also to give no thought to women, but it seems that in all my struggles an unseen power shaped my destiny. One morning as I stood before my brother's law office a beautiful young woman stopped at the fruit stand a few yards away. Impelled by a perfectly decent and yet overwhelming impulse I stepped up to her and made some trivial inquiry, I've now forgotten what. She answered me with the easy frankness of a Western woman and let me know by her manner that the conversation was closed. I turned away; but I did not forget her. A few days later I found that she was the daughter of J. E. Deaton, a commission merchant. In busy times she worked at the store; and so when business took me there—which it often did—I would talk to her a little. And in her case I broke my resolution to lay my whole past before every new acquaintance. I realized that I was deceiving her; but the truth came hard. I didn't get up my nerve to do what I must until one evening when I walked home with her from the store. Then I deliberately made her stop on the steps of the high school while in broken sentences I told her everything. After I finished there was a long silence.

### *Fighting Against Heavy Odds*

"I have known all the time about you," she said finally. "Every one is talking about it. If my assistance will help you you have it." From that time she was my friend. Her family met me on equal terms. Her mother, a truly Christian woman, made me welcome in a thousand ways.

I wanted to marry Miss Deaton; a dozen times I was on the point of telling her so. But I couldn't ask a young girl to assume such a burden as I; and I was in no position to support a wife.

As though by act of the devil my last resource fell away from me at this very time. My employer called me from the road to the home office. As tactfully as possible he explained that I "wasn't suited" to the business of selling whisky. My sales had fallen far below the guarantee. Other firms were getting the Indian Territory business. He'd keep me on salary until I found something else to do; but meantime another man would take my route. My pride wouldn't let me accept a salary for charity.

I quit with some confidence, however, because it seemed then that my period of probation was almost finished. I had been out of prison more than a year now; and I promptly filed at Washington an application, accompanied by the regular certificates of character, to have my citizenship restored. I knew of no reason why it should fail; it seemed to me a mere formality.

In the shortest possible time the application came back—refused. Why this discrimination, I have never known. Perhaps the officials of the Department of Justice were sore because Mark Hanna went over their heads to get my commutation. Perhaps the railroad and express companies used their influence against me. Perhaps I owed it to my conspicuously hard record. At any rate both position and prospects were gone.

I had scarcely recovered from this blow when another followed. My sister Mary fell dangerously ill. I went to her farm, borrowing the money from John. The doctors had given her up. In this very week Frank's term at Fort Leavenworth expired. I telegraphed to him at the prison, explaining the situation, and asked him to come as soon as the gates opened for him. I intended to meet him with a team at the railroad station, but I mistook the date. So I was sitting on the piazza of Mary's house when I looked across the fields and recognized the swinging, athletic stride I knew so well. I ran to him.

"How's Mary?" he asked, and his voice choked. As for me, I couldn't speak.

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JOHN BING

561 Fourth Ave., New York


I only shook my head. I took his hand, as I used to do when I was a little boy, and we walked in silence back to the house.

Mary didn't die after all. Her disease required nursing more than medicine. Frank took hold, worked with her night and day, and pulled her through.

With Frank out of prison I felt a queer rebound. The hopelessness of my present situation was pushing me unconsciously toward crime; and my fear of consequences began to weaken. When an old Long Rider hunted me up and told me of a flimsy, ill-guarded bank in a new town near Mary's home, I listened, although I pretended to laugh at his proposition. For a day or two I struggled with temptation. The old habit had begun to reassert itself—the habit of taking chances for easy money. The worse man in me tricked the better by whispering that I needn't stick with crime after this one job. Let me get away with it unsuspected, and I'd have the money to marry and start the honest life. Finally I approached Frank and opened the matter by a series of hints.

"Al, what do you mean?" Frank said when he got my drift. "Don't you understand that we're both of us going on the square?"

I passed it off as a joke; but Frank's words stiffened me like a dash of cold water. I returned to Lawton with a new determination to conquer the world.

### *More Dark Days*

Then came the most miserable, degraded period of my free life. I had no money whatever. As I have said, John gave me the use of a room over his office. There I lodged with my nephew, young John, son of my brother Ed. I ate irregularly. John kept urging me to board at his house. I refused. I couldn't take any more from a brother who'd spent a fortune in my behalf. Sometimes I would accept from him an invitation to supper. Otherwise, I lived on scraps that young John brought me from the restaurant where he worked. Young John had just enlisted in the United States navy, and was filling in time, while he waited for assignment, on the first job he could find. I made efforts to get any kind of work. But by now people had rather forgotten me as a melodramatic train robber and remembered only the ex-convict part of my life. No one, it seemed, would have me.

My one decent associate, outside of my family, was Miss Deaton. And actually I didn't know how long I'd have the clothes to appear clean in her presence. Otherwise, I drifted into the only company I could frequent on equal terms. Small and new as the city was, Lawton had a gun joint where crooks resorted. I began to hang round this place. And the inevitable happened.

Two bank burglars came through town. One, whom I'll call Dutch, had been with me in the Ohio penitentiary. An experienced hand, he was breaking in a young fellow named Tom; and they had staked out a bank burglary at Fort Cobb. But they were off their regular beat, and a crook in a strange neighborhood is like a cat in a strange garret. They wanted an outside man who knew the territory to guide them, keep watch during the job and assist in the get-away. Dutch put his proposition plausibly. The danger was mostly theirs. Even if the police found me in the region no one would suspect me. I'd been a robber, not a burglar. By now the bulls had stopped shadowing me.

I let the worse man fool the better again. If I pulled off this job safely I could get married. True, there was a risk—but nothing venture, nothing have. With hardly a struggle I slipped back into the old life—only one stage lower than I had ever gone before.

We started the next night in a buckboard, but first I called on Miss Deaton. I told her that I was going away on a business trip, and hoped on my return to have a talk with her about my future. At that she looked me straight between the eyes and said:

"See that your business is of the right kind."

"Oh, sure," I replied carelessly; but I noticed that when I said good night she remained at the door, watching me.

I proved a poor guide. I missed the road. We drove for two days before we reached a grove in the region of Fort Cobb and sat down to make the "soup." Burglars and yeggs for safety carry the explosive in the

(Continued on Page 45)


Velvet

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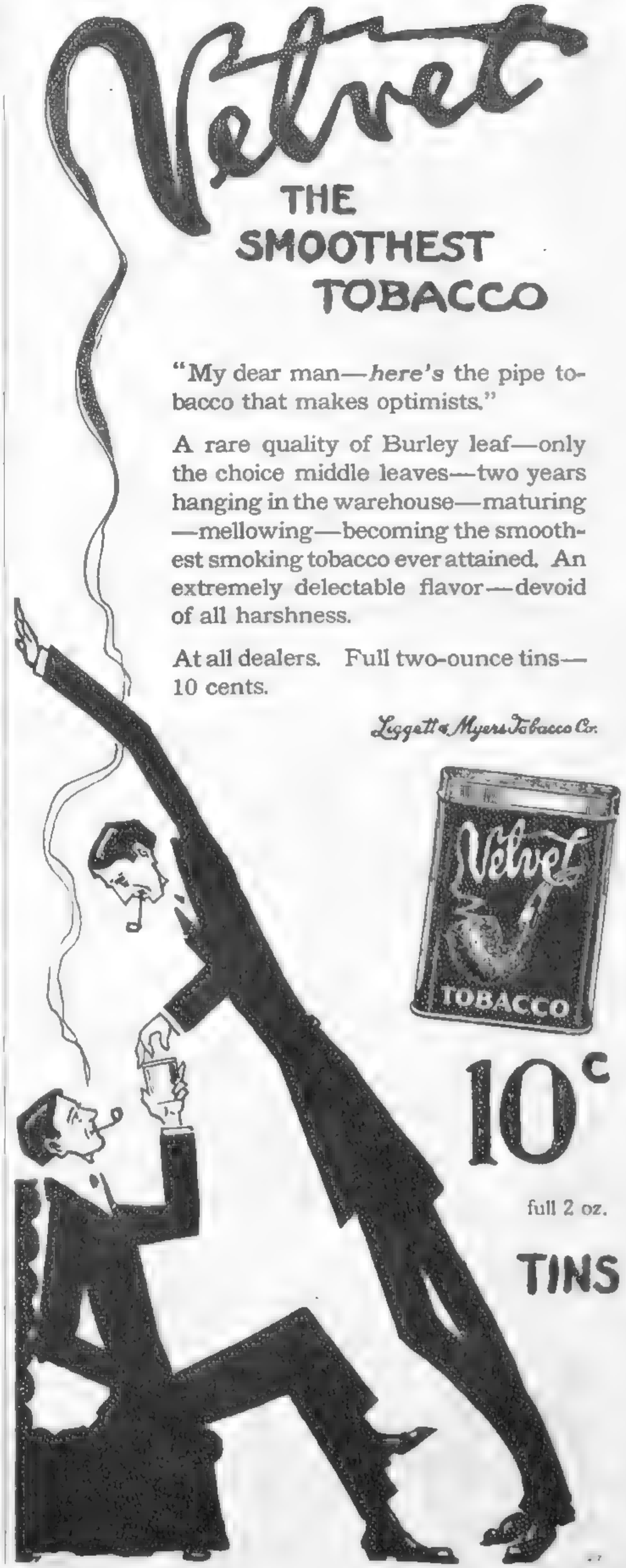


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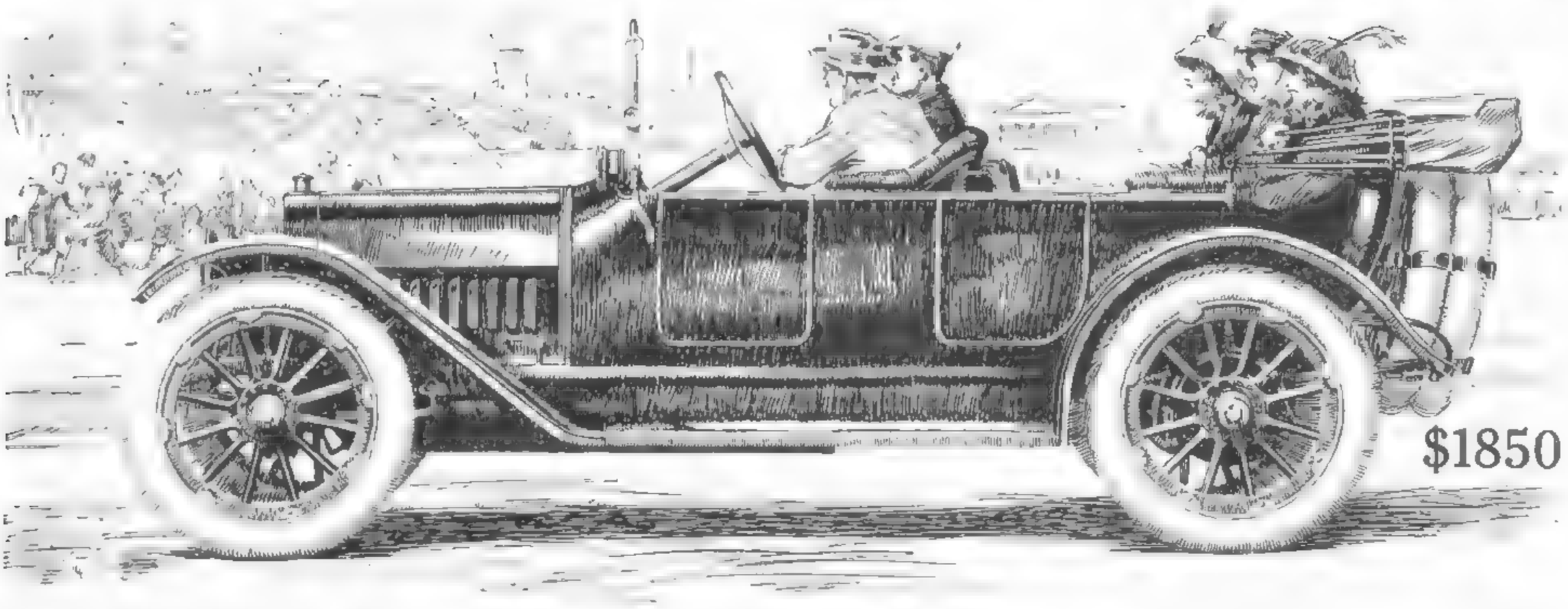



# A Four-Cylinder Masterpiece

There is no middle ground between a *good* "Four" and a *good* "Six." You can't compromise by the selection of a "Six" that does not measure up to the standard of America's best sixes. If your price limit removes from consideration the new KisselKar 48 "Six" at $2350, then your next best choice is the KisselKar 40 "Four" at $1850—the running mate of the KisselKar "Sixes"—and a capable, strikingly handsome automobile with all the merits of the big sixes, embracing the same excellent principles of construction.

## 40 "FOUR" KISSELKAR 40 "FOUR"

**Among high grade four-cylinder automobiles, the KisselKar 40 "Four" commands a dominating position. It is the four-cylinder masterpiece of the year—a car of beauty, ability and latent power—a quality "Four" in every essential of design and detail. And when you compare the specifications and examine the car itself, and ride in it, you will freely admit that the KisselKar "Four" is refined down to the last degree of perfection and we believe has no equal at the price.**

### Runs Smoothly and Quietly

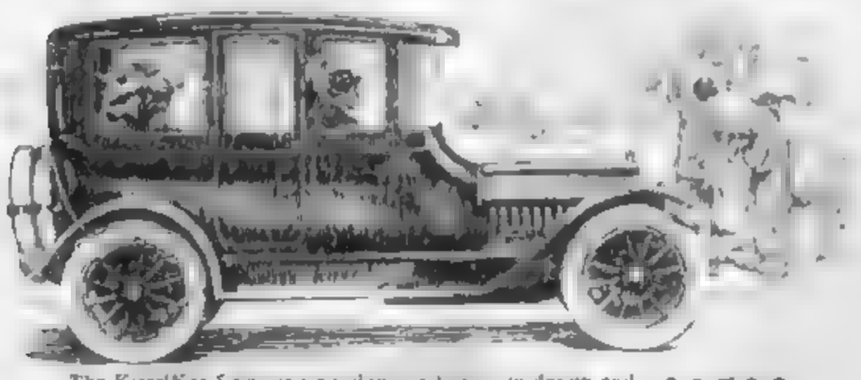
The thing that will impress you forcibly is the smoothness of the KisselKar "Four" in action, and the flexibility of its capable motor—the masterful way in which it responds and the ease with which it meets those severe road conditions that put an automobile under the "acid test." The powerful motor is remarkable for its simplicity and silence—noisy gears are entirely eliminated in the new construction of the KisselKar "Four." The car shoots along with glidelike smoothness, as fast or as slow as you want to go on city streets or country roads—fully equal to every demand and with plenty of power to spare.

### A Car of Attractive Personality

The KisselKar "Four" is a car of striking appearance. The 121" wheelbase gives it a sweep that emphasizes its symmetry of design and the beauty of the streamline low hung body. Outbending panels—graceful curves—the rakish narrowing of the body toward the front—crowned fenders—smartly designed front axles—big electric lamps and the running board free from boxes and brackets—distinguish the KisselKar "Four" as an automobile of attractive personality.

### Comfort is *Built* In

The KisselKar "Four" is a "balanced" car. Comfort is *built* in, not merely added on. The generous wheelbase allows for liberality in design and body construction that provides roomy compartments, wide seats and big doors. Specially built springs and shock absorbers take up road vibration—eleven inches of seat upholstery further contribute to easy riding. After all, the pleasure of automobiling is measured by the degree of comfort you get out of it, and the KisselKar "Four" is a car of *rare riding comfort.*



The KisselKar 5-passenger Sedan is a beauty in design and appointment. Upholstered in genuine leather. Equipped with demountable rims. Finished in standard colors. $2500

### Low Hung Body and Ample Clearance

A low hung body and more than ample room for wheel clearance is one of the features of the new KisselKar construction. The chassis design provides for "kick-ups" in front and rear, giving plenty of clearance and at the same time bringing the body in a low, graceful position, with the proper distribution of weight. This change alone, which is exclusive in the KisselKar, cost us thousands of dollars, but the big improvement justified the heavy expense. This KisselKar feature will be extensively copied by other manufacturers a year hence.

### What You Get in the KisselKar "Four" at $1850

The many special features of the KisselKar "Four" and its exceptional equipment would do credit to automobiles selling at a much higher price. 121" wheelbase, 36" wheels, a silent motor of extreme flexibility, with 4½" bore by 5¼" stroke. Big specially constructed, resilient ¾ elliptic springs in the rear, semi elliptic springs in front. Four speed transmission, pressure fuel feed, gasoline tank and double tire irons in rear, 18" steering wheel. Electric starter, electric lighting and ignition, each an independent unit. Left hand drive and center control. Mayo Radiator, demountable rims, Stewart Speedometer, ventilating rain vision windshield, electric horn, illuminated instrument board on dash, illumination for running board and for gasoline gauge in rear, mohair top and cover, cone leather faced clutch. Big brakes, steering knuckles, transmission gears, brake drums and differentials, and last but not least, KisselKar Service to Owners.

### Before You Choose Investigate the KisselKar

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(Continued from Page 43)

shape of dynamite sticks. Just before the job they boil it in water. That brings the nitro-glycerine to the surface in the form of a yellow, greasy scum, which they pour carefully into a bottle. In this form it becomes a dangerous compound whose whims no man thoroughly understands. For safety they pour a layer of water on top of the mess before they cork it. I was nervous during the operation. Dutch noticed it, and laughed uproariously to see an old train robber and marshal fighter afraid of a little "soup."

At about midnight we went into Fort Cobb afoot, leaving our horses tied in the grove. I have told before how my first train robbery affected my nerves. This was a great deal worse. An engine down by the station began to blow off steam. I jumped as though at a shot. I rounded a corner and saw a light in a hotel window. It sent me cringing against a wall. And new considerations sprang into my mind—things of which I hadn't thought when I carelessly joined this burglary. Suppose I were caught or even arrested on suspicion—what a repayment to Mark Hanna and Warden Darby and John and the others who had stood by me! They would know that I had absolutely broken my promise; they would think that I had been fooling them all along. And Miss Deaton! People were cutting her already for going with an ex-convict. She'd be disgraced—she might even be arrested. On that I stopped completely.

My pals hadn't failed to notice how I felt. And it's a curious thing about a criminal job that when one man loses his nerve it affects all the rest.

"What's the matter?" asked Dutch. His voice was shaking.

"I don't like the looks of this town," I said. "A train has just come in. People will be round for quite a while. You didn't tell me that the hotel kept open all night."

In the shadow of a building we talked it over. We had all become ringy.

"Well," said Dutch at last, "we'd better get out." No man in the world ever felt more relieved than I at this moment. If Dutch had decided otherwise I should probably have gone through with the robbery.

When we got clear of the town Dutch began to laugh at me.

"You had cold feet, that's all," he said. "They generally do, the first job out of prison." After we'd had some sleep Dutch and Tom held a conference. They had been watching a little town in the region, it appeared. The local jeweler carried a pretty good stock in an easy safe. If I'd drop them near the town they'd lay out this job, Dutch said. Meanwhile, I had better go back to Lawton with the buckboard. They'd join me in a day or two and we'd make a fresh start on the new job. I heard this plan with inexpressible relief.

### The Deadly Bottle

All this time Dutch had carried the "soup" in an inside pocket. As we were parting he said:

"Of course you'll have to take the soup back with you; we can't be pinched with it on us. Keep it warm against your body; if it freezes, up you go! Watch it. When it starts to bubble from the bottom it's getting dangerous, and the only way to hold it is to pour in a little more water. Don't get sudden when you pull the cork!"

I tucked the bottle into my inside pocket. The farther I went, the more it got on my nerves. I was halfway home and driving through a district without inhabitants or watercourses before I thought to take it out and look it over.

It had begun to bubble from the bottom!

Between this, my recent failure and my bad conscience I had a terrible case of nerves. I couldn't find any water. There was a light fall of snow on the ground. I thought of melting snow with my hands. Then I grew afraid that somehow the warmth might set the stuff off—Dutch hadn't told me anything about the effect of warm water on nitro-glycerine. I thought of pouring it on the ground, but I couldn't be sure that the exposure to icy air mightn't freeze it. I thought of throwing it away; but I felt that I couldn't send it so far that the explosion wouldn't kill me. If I left it by the roadside some one would surely strike it. I lashed the horses, hoping to reach a watercourse of some kind. Then it occurred to me that the bumping might set it off and I slowed the team down to an easy trot. It seemed years before we crossed a hill and sighted a brook. There I broke the ice and watered my nitro-glycerine.

From the miserable confusion of that expedition I can't pick out the actual moment when I reached an understanding of myself and my present situation; but I arrived at Lawton a criminal in spirit. I had fallen; and I felt that the old way was the only way. I kept only one promise with my better self—I wouldn't disappoint those who had helped me. I would take to the road in some remote country where the news of my fall and end wouldn't reach them. As for the girl, I must give her up forever. I had been a fool to think of joining her life with a life like mine.

That night I called on her. She looked me squarely in the eye as she asked:

"Did your trip succeed?"

"No," I said, "it didn't."

"I'm glad you've come back as you are," she replied.

When I left I bade her good night as carelessly as I could, for to me it meant goodby.

I went to bed with the dynamite in a warm corner of the room. Young John was out at some party or other. When he came in and started to undress he began throwing his clothes and shoes round, boy-fashion. I sat up in bed, my hair fairly rising; and suddenly I lost my nerve.

### The Turning of the Tide

"Keep still!" I cried. "There's a pint of nitro-glycerine in that bottle over there!"

Young John stopped as though he had frozen. He said nothing; only as he finished undressing he kept looking at me. He was a sharp boy and he understood—no honest man keeps nitro-glycerine in his room.

Next day I buried the soup in a warm place. I determined not to go with Dutch and Tom on the new job; I would take no more chances near home. Nevertheless, I had crossed the line. All day I moped about, thinking. I sat late that night on the steps of my brother's office until my final plan shaped itself in my mind. I would go to Mexico, where I knew three or four Long Riders, refugees from the Territory, who had been doing well. There I would pick up a gang and play the game through. Of course the rurales or the natives would kill me in the end. No bandit with any sense expects to finish his days in bed. But it was that or suicide. As for Maud Deaton—that was only another place where I was being seared. I would go to Mexico—and to the devil. The only question was how I should get my fare.

I had my face buried in my hands when young John came along and plumped down beside me.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he asked.

"Nothing," I replied of course.

"I know there is," he answered, "ever since what happened last night." I couldn't get round that. The nitro-glycerine in my room had given me away completely.

Little by little young John wormed it out of me. By the end of an hour I'd told him everything.

"Hang on awhile, Uncle Al," he said. "If you won't take money from Uncle John you'll sure take it from me. I join my ship next week and then my pay starts. I'll send you every cent until you get on your feet."

Though this touched me to the very roots of my heart I shook my head.

"Then how about the girl?" proceeded young John.

"If I go," I said, "I'll leave everything behind. She'll never know."

"Old Sox," said young John, "why don't you marry her?"

"It takes two to make a bargain," I replied. "And how can I ask her when I can't support even myself?"

"Why," said young John, "any girl ought to be glad of the chance!" I'm reporting just what young John said, understand.

In that very moment, as I remember, one of my sudden turns came over me. It was as though the better nature, almost put out in the struggle, had risen up and dealt the worse one a crushing blow. I saw everything differently. I'd fight it out to the death; and I'd take the decisive step at once. Before I went to sleep that night I hatched an idea which I shouldn't have dared entertain before, it was so wild. The first thing next morning I went to Judge

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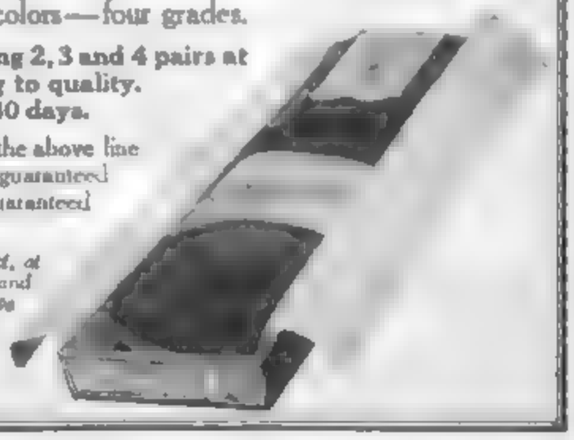

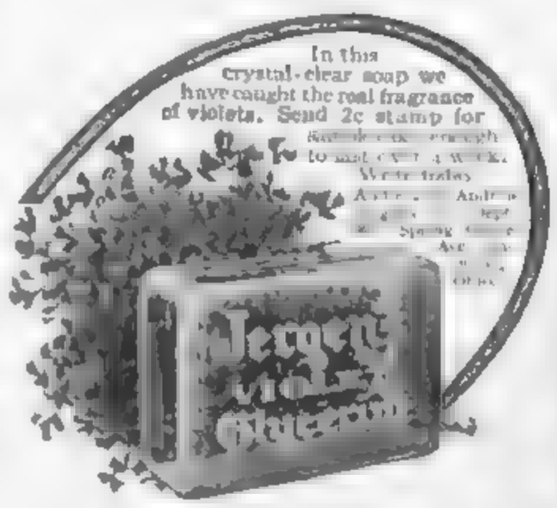


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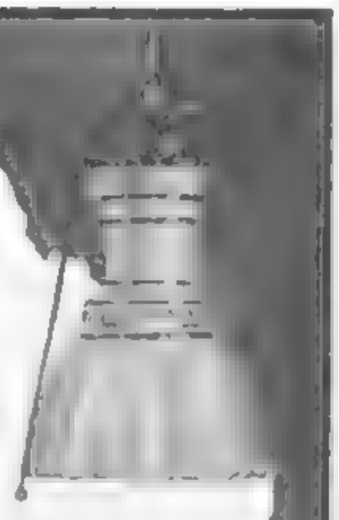

MODERN GAS LIGHT

Your Gas Company will show you the latest and greatest lamp for store, office or factory lighting — the Welsbach Company's

"Reflex-20"

A lamp of well-nigh universal adaptability. It is simple in construction and reliable in operation. Its single mantle, *of great strength*, has 2½ times the illuminating surface of the standard mantle. Its powerful and pleasing light is distributed by highly efficient reflectors.

No lamp is more convenient, and none so economical—this great volume of perfect light *for less than a cent an hour!*

*Let the "Reflex-20" Show You*
*The Modern Way of Gas Illumination*

The genuine "Reflex" Lamps and Reflex Mantles are made only by the Welsbach Company. Look for the "Reflex" trademark and the Welsbach Shield of Quality on the box. Imitations do not give the same service and satisfaction.

Welsbach Company
Gloucester, N. J.

REFLEX

Wherever there's gas lighting you prefer it

WEDDING OR X-MAS
Gift that will be handed down through
or any home or bungalow
$8.50 6 FT. HIGH $10.00
Fitted with an 8 day movement
THE CAIRO MFG. CO
21 State St. Huntington, Ind., U. S. A.



Rite-Lite ADJUSTABLE SHAVING AND DRESSING GLASS

Raises and lowers 8 in. Stands 14 inches in front of window
Nickeled fixtures
Beveled plate mirror
Turns on swivel
Excellent Xmas Gift for Men and Women

Price Delivered
6 in. Diam. $2
7 in. Diam. $3
7 in. Dble $5 (magnifying)
Money back if not satisfied
Special Xmas Proposition for Dealers

Rite-Lite Co., 244 N. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.



Soften the Heel Blows

—the [illegible] system, tire the brain, fatigue the muscles—by the use of Spri-Foot Rubber Heels *inside* your shoes and walk on cushions of air. Walk with springy step. With comfort. The heel bone—where all the jar comes—rests comfortably into the perfect air cushion and is protected on all sides by springy rubber.

No slipping on wet pavements, because the rubber is *inside* the shoe. No sneaking silently along and startling people. No pitching of the foot forward, because the comfort hollow makes a natural resting for the foot. You don't run your heels over.

FITZ
SPRI-FOOT
RUBBER HEELS WORN INSIDE THE SHOE
Haag & Amess Patent

Spri-Foot Rubber Heels stay put and last as long as the shoes, yet cost but 50c.

Learn walking comfort. Get a pair of Spri-Foot Heels from your shoe dealer today. If he hasn't them yet, send us his name and 50c and we'll supply you.

GUARANTY BOND

FITZ CHEMICAL CO
506 Broad St. Philipsburg, N. J.


Frank E. Gillett, one of the best and kindest men in the world and an old family friend. I found him alone in his chambers.

"Judge," I said—as nearly as I can remember now—"you know how I'm fixed. I don't have to say that I'm down and out. There's only one legitimate line I can follow—law. And I'm not a citizen. Is there any way for me to practice in your court?"

"No one's going to say who'll practice in my court," replied Judge Gillett. "Come on and say nothing about it until some one objects!" I know that the human understanding of that big and noble man had enabled him to read my mind. He saw that by this straining of the law he was saving a life and a soul.

I dared not draw back now. I went clean through. Calling up Miss Deaton on the telephone I asked if I might see her at once. I told her of my trip with the burglars, my conversation with young John, my new opportunity—everything. Plainly and squarely I asked her if she cared, under such circumstances, to throw in at once with a poverty-stricken ex-convict.

She did.

I proceeded with that marriage about as I used to hold up a train. Before I left the house I had made her parents consent. I started at once for city hall. I had asked County Judge Hussey to issue a license and perform the ceremony before I remembered that I hadn't a cent in my pocket. I told him so frankly. "But I'll pay you when I get the money," I said.

"My boy, is that all you want?" replied Judge Hussey, jumping to his feet. "I'd do ten times that for you. And I know and admire the young lady. This wedding's on me." We started afoot for the bride's house. On the way I implored the judge not to make any long talk; long talks to me from the bench always made me nervous.

### *A Wedding and a Client*

They had gathered the wedding party—Maud's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ramsey, their daughter, who was Maud's dearest friend, young John, and Fred Deaton. I hadn't the nerve to notify my brother John. He would have considered the proposition too ridiculous. So we were married, and sat down to a wedding feast got together in a hurry. I remember that I needed it, for I was hungry.

A few days later two things happened almost at once. Dutch and Tom returned to Lawton with news that the job at the jewelry store was ripe; they wanted me to come along and bring the soup. I dug up the bottle and handed it over; then I broke the news that I had finished with crime for good. "That's what they all say!" said Dutch.

Before the two burglars had got out of town a man in jail, charged with stealing cows, sent for me and asked me to defend him. I plunged into that case as though I were defending one of the big trusts before the United States Supreme Court. The job proved a hard one, but I got him off. He paid me fifty dollars down on a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fee. With that, Maud and I went to boarding.

Now that I had a practice of my own my pride permitted me to accept a partnership with John. We hung out the shingle—"Jennings & Jennings, Attorneys-at-Law." Every time I entered or left the office I used to view that sign from all angles.

When I last mentioned Frank he was leaving Mary's farm to find work. Unlike me, he had the frame and the patience for common labor. He drifted about for a time, trying many things, all honest. First he worked as carpenter's helper on a new grain elevator. The contractors rushed that job, neglecting every precaution to save the men. Before they finished eleven mechanics were killed or maimed. Frank has told me since that every time he mounted the scaffolding he expected death. "And yet they send men up for train robbery," he said.

He landed finally in Oklahoma City. There he met Miss Nellie Bunyon, who was society editor of the Guthrie Leader—an able and beautiful young girl. They had known each other only a few weeks when they were married at the home of United States Marshal John Abernathy. With her help Frank worked back into the law. He's located in New Mexico and doing well.

Ed.tor's Note—This is the sixth article in a series giving the story of Al Jennings. The seventh and last will appear in an early issue.

One of the chain of twenty-seven Borden Condenseries, reaching from Maine to Washington.

Cleanliness is the first thought at every Borden Plant.

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Made from pure, rich milk from clean cows, and prepared under the most rigid sanitary regulations.

As a food for infants, Eagle Brand has no equal.

*Send for "Baby Book" and "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme"*

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
*"Leaders of Quality"*
New York
Est. 1857

Shur-on Eyeglass and Spectacle Mountings—made only by Kirstein—give eye ease and nose comfort. Simple in construction. Stylish in appearance. Durable.

TEST YOUR OWN EYES

Read with each eye at thirteen inches. If the type blurs have your eyes examined by the best man you know. Say to him "I want lenses in Shur-on mountings."

*Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently."*

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LOOK FOR Shur-on THE NAME IN THE BRIDGE
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*The only Shur-on is made by Kirstein*



Money Saved OR MADE. Print Your Own Cards

$18 Rotary Saves $150. Saves its cost in a few days. All easy rules sent. Write for story for Press catalog, TYPE, Cards, Paper, Outfits. Samples for stamp. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

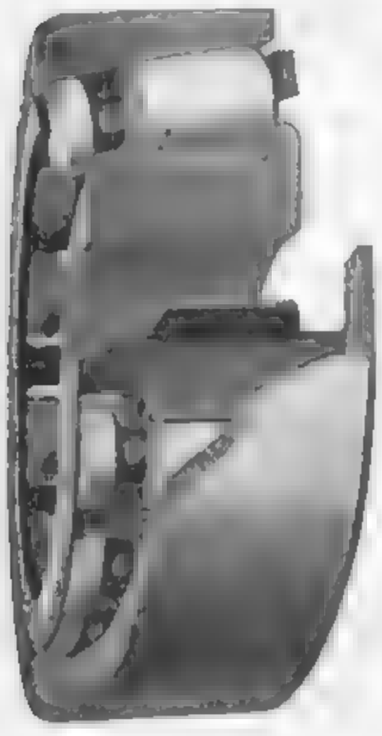
# As your car grows old keep it tuned up to full efficiency

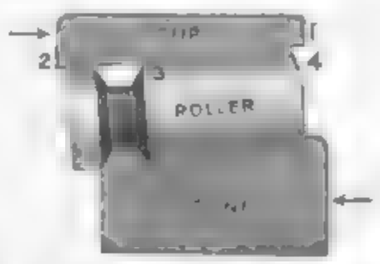
Retain its smoothness, its quietness and comfort. Retain its quick response, its effective power—its dependability.

You bought it for these qualities—keep them in the car as it grows old in your service.

Tune up your motor, adjust the carburetor for weather and varying qualities of gasoline. Adjust the steering gear. Adjust the brakes.

*And don't forget to adjust the bearings.* For all bearings wear same as other moving parts and need adjustment if you are to keep the full power and efficiency of your car.






*If wear occurs leaving slight space between cup and roller, adjustments can be made by moving the cup or cone in the direction of the arrows.*

*As 1-2 and 3-4 always remain exactly parallel, the adjustment brings the different surfaces into perfect line-contact, and no principle of the bearing's efficiency is impaired.*

At left—Timken Tapered Roller Bearing with portion cut away to show construction.

Every Timken Bearing, large or small, is of just one Timken quality, through and through

## Inside Knowledge that will Help You

WHEEL bearings must turn easily, of course—to eliminate friction. But they must fit snugly too—to prevent wheels from wobbling.

As bearings wear—all bearings do—they get loose. A little looseness allows the pound that causes faster and faster wear—more and more looseness.

Unless the bearing is of a type that can be adjusted to take up the looseness, nothing can prevent the effects of that looseness—except to replace the bearing with a new one.

Bearings on shafts that support gears—transmission, driving and differential gears—when they wear (as all bearings do) allow the shafts to drop slightly out of line. The gears on those shafts get slightly out of correct mesh. Imperfectly meshed gears make noise and waste some of the power. Here, too, the looseness allows pound, pound increases the rate of wear, brings more and more looseness and lets shafts drop still more out of line, gears still more out of true mesh.

The trouble goes on *at an increasing rate* unless it is promptly checked by adjusting a type of bearing that can take up the looseness when it develops.

It would be ridiculous to claim that any bearing does not wear as its parts revolve under the heavy loads, shocks and vibrations of road service in a motor car.

Use of steels best adapted for bearings, extreme accuracy of manufacture, strict following of heat-treatment formulas developed by years devoted to concentrated study of bearings alone—these are producing bearing parts that have wonderful wear-resisting qualities.

And yet bearings—all bearings—do wear.

The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is the one type of bearing that can be adjusted to completely eliminate the effects of its slight wear.

Adjustment puts the parts back into the same relation to each other as when the bearing was new—restores to the full its unique principles of efficiency.

The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing carries the load and resists the shocks along the lines of its rollers instead of on the points of balls as its tapered construction enables it to meet side pressure and shocks in addition to direct load. Its line-contact distributes pressure and hence minimizes wear—*these are three great principles that are kept in constant operation for your benefit by the fourth great principle of adjustability.*

And beyond keeping the Timken Bearing itself always at full efficiency its great principle of adjustability keeps the shafts and gears that depend on bearings up to their top notch efficiency.

You can see how important it is to have adjustable bearings in your car if you are to retain its smoothness and quietness of operation, its effectiveness as a power vehicle—as it grows old in your service.

Other interesting facts about bearings are told in an easily understandable way in the Timken Primer No. A-9, "The Case and Character of Bearings," which with the Timken Primer No. A-10, "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles," will be sent free, postpaid, on request to either Timken Company

**THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, O.**
**THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.**

### It's Wet All Night

Part of our original London cold-water method of shrinking is this:

After the woolen is thoroughly dampened, it stands, rolled between wet cloths all night. By morning all the shrink is gone. Sometimes as much as one yard in ten vanishes.

Now you know why no overcoat or suit can hold its shapeliness better than one with the Kirschbaum label inside.

### They're Kept Busy

Women scrub and clean the floors of our tailor shops several times a day every working day.

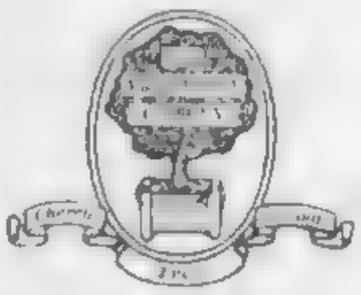
With scrubbing brush and mop and broom they keep the shops spotless. The tailors like this; it helps them do better work.

### Natural Shoulders

The fashionable shoulder this Fall is the natural, unpadded one. It's easy to talk about but hard to tailor.

That makes us pretty glad we have always used expert hand-tailoring on Kirschbaum clothes. You'll notice it more than ever this season.

See how honest and well-tailored your shoulders look in a Kirschbaum suit or overcoat.



### Our Neighbors

You get off the train at Philadelphia. You turn into one of the most important streets. You walk by two hotels of national fame. You pass theatres, clubs and the famous American Academy of Music. You come to one of the finest libraries in America.

And there beside it is the plant of the A. B. Kirschbaum Company.

It is a bold thing to say, but we believe you will think your Kirschbaum Clothes quite as good in their way as the surroundings they came from.

THE average man wants two or more seasons' service out of an overcoat. The test is severe. The garment must not fade. It must not shrink. It must not lose shape. Signs of wear should show *very slowly* at the cuffs, under the arms, at the pockets, at the button holes—so that its good looks will keep close company with its long life.

Kirschbaum Overcoats for Fall and Winter challenge *you* to make this test.

They are made by the foremost makers of ready-to-wear overcoats in America. The choice of qualities runs from $15 to $45 all guaranteed.

# Kirschbaum Clothes $15, $20, $25 and up

All Kirschbaum garments are *guaranteed* (1) all wool, (2) completely shrunk by the original London cold water process, (3) tailored by hand, (4) sewn with silk thread. In no other overcoats or suits at like prices can you secure such a guarantee.

*Send for a copy of our new style calendar.*

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

# A CHRISTMAS PRESENT EVERY WEEK

SUCH a Christmas present is a year's subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Being received fifty-two times during the year, it is constantly new and always a reminder of your own thoughtfulness and good wishes.

*The Post's* way of announcing the gift adds immensely to its attractiveness. This year we have prepared a beautiful reproduction, in all the charming colors of the original, of a wonderful mural painting by Maxfield Parrish. The announcement measures 9¾ x 6¼ inches. The reverse side, also illuminated, bears this announcement:

At the direction of

_____

we have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription for

*The Saturday Evening Post*

and we hope that the copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends you this Holiday remembrance.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

BY ordering now, sending One Dollar and fifty cents for each subscription, any possible delay will be avoided. The above announcement, which is sent to each person for whom a subscription is ordered, will be held and mailed so as to be received on December 25th, while the subscription will not be started until the issue which will be received just before Christmas.

*The Saturday Evening Post*
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

# THE LAST ASSIGNMENT

Concluded from Page 7)

"They'll slop over," he complained "cheap heroics, you know—and he wasn't the slop-over kind! It's pretty tough!"

"You'll ride with me now, won't you, Mr. Trinkle? It's very warm."

"No, thanks; I'll walk beside Davey. I want to be near him as long as I can now. He's been away a long time!"

So Mr. Trinkle walked beside the truck—and he walked bareheaded, for in the presence of the dauntless dead he could not bring himself to stand covered. And, as the vast and terrible funeral cortège wound serpentlike round the flashing waters of San Diego Bay, the spot the Great Sorrow had formerly occupied in Mr. Trinkle's heart was preempted by a great and consuming pride that he, Trinkle the Tramp, had fathered the most heroic of all these twoscore-and-eight heroic dead.

He was still an idealist, and his sodden soul thrilled with exultation in the knowledge that his son had been all man! —and with gratitude to God that He had designed his Davey so.

The funeral cortège proceeded at a slow walk. There was no band —only flags and flowers. Mr. Trinkle found it hard to keep up with the truck nevertheless. Every little while he found himself slipping behind and forced to break into a gentle little dogtrot in order to keep up.

"Don't you worry, Davey," he crooned, "I'll keep up. This going is pretty hard on the old man, but he'll not desert you, my son. He'll keep up, Davey!"

He did. On the way up the crest of Point Loma he dropped out to gather some California poppies and golden lupine that grew beside the road; then, with his poor offering clutched in his hand, he spurted and caught up with Davey again. Dry-eyed and calm now, still wrapped in the thrall of that consuming pride in his gallant son, he reached the truck just as they were unloading it. He helped carry Davey to the long trench and dropped his California poppies and golden lupine on the coffin. When all were arranged, head to head, in two long rows, a bugler stepped to the head of the grave and sounded taps. Then the volleys crashed out thrice and Mr. Trinkle's detail had drawn to a close. Nothing now remained for him to do except write his story and get it on the wire.

He approached the author.

"You can give me a lift into town now—if you'll be so kind," he said.

"Certainly, Mr. Trinkle; but aren't you going to wait until they fill in the trench?"

"No. The story is ended for us. It's pretty late in the afternoon now and it will be nearly six o'clock by the time we get back to the hotel in San Diego. Then it will be seven by the time we have our stories written and on the wire, and that means ten o'clock in New York, you know—and the office howling for copy. No; we haven't got any time to waste —not if we're going to write any story. The Bennington dead are a feature again tonight—the nation's dead, you know —and it's a big story. We must give ourselves plenty of time to write it. Come!"

They reached their hotel at a quarter of six. The author went to work on a typewriter up in his room. In the room adjoining a wire had been cut in and an operator was waiting for him. As each sheet of copy fell from the feedrolls the operator took it and shot it in over a leased wire.

Swiftly the story flowed from the clicking typebars, for the greatest short-story writer in America had a story to write! And he was the kind of author who knew how to write that kind of a story—and write it fast and well. He was making copy out of Mr. Trinkle and Davey, and he wrote:

"Under the pungent soil of the state that gave him birth Davey is resting tonight, while in the room next to mine his old father sits writing the story for the Associated Press. His heart is breaking, but he knows what is expected of him and he is trying to do it well. They are much alike—this father and his martyred son; for they have not hesitated when duty pointed the way. Theirs but to see the task and do it; theirs but the meager glory of a day—and then forgotten!"

It was five minutes of seven when the author heard Mr. Trinkle's door slam; heard slow footsteps retreating down the corridor to the elevator. Mr. Trinkle was going to the telegraph station to file his story in person, for in such an emergency he trusted to no messenger. Ten minutes later the author heard him returning.

Mr. Trinkle was not in the dining room or round the hotel lobby when the author, having finished his story, went down for a late dinner. Neither did he see Mr. Trinkle at breakfast, but when the Los Angeles papers arrived he read Mr. Trinkle's story. He recognized it because it was signed: By the Associated Press. It was spread four columns wide on the front page in heavy black brevier, leaded.

"They didn't stretch it out much!" thought the greatest short-story writer in America, for he was paid by the word and was an excellent judge of the relative space a thousand words will occupy. He counted the words in Mr. Trinkle's story and found there were just twelve hundred and five!

The greatest short-story writer in America read that story again through his tears. He wished he might have written it, but, as that could never be, his next wish was to congratulate Mr. Trinkle; so he went up to the old reporter's room and knocked at the door. There was no answer to his repeated knocking, and a maid passing down the hall at that moment volunteered the information that 614 was still in his room.

A vague apprehension seized the author. "Please let me into his room," he demanded, and produced a dollar; whereupon the maid produced her pass-key and the author stepped into Mr. Trinkle's room. On the floor, just inside the door, where a bellboy had shoved it, lay a telegram addressed to Dave Trinkle, and the greatest short-story writer in America picked it up.

"Telegram for Mr. Trinkle!" he called, in imitation of the singsong cadence of a hotel page. Mr. Trinkle was seated at his desk by the window, but he did not turn. He was sound asleep, with his arms spread out on the desk and his old face turned a little toward the author; so the author opened the telegram and read:

"DAVE TRINKLE,
"Hotel San Diego,
"San Diego, California.

"Bennington funeral story a masterpiece! Papers all over country wiring in, asking us convey their congratulations to man who wrote it. Great stuff, Trinkle! You made the country cry this morning, and you made the greatest short-story writer in America look like thirty cents in counterfeit money. Twelve hundred and five words; and a hundred papers ran it verbatim, four columns wide, leaded, on front page. President wires send you on to New York. Has good job for you. Has also instructed us to send you bonus of fifty dollars, with his compliments and congratulations."

A line of the author's own story flitted across his mind and he wished he had inserted just one word more in his four-thousand-word story. He had written:

"Theirs but to see the task and do it; theirs but the meager glory of a day—and then forgotten!"

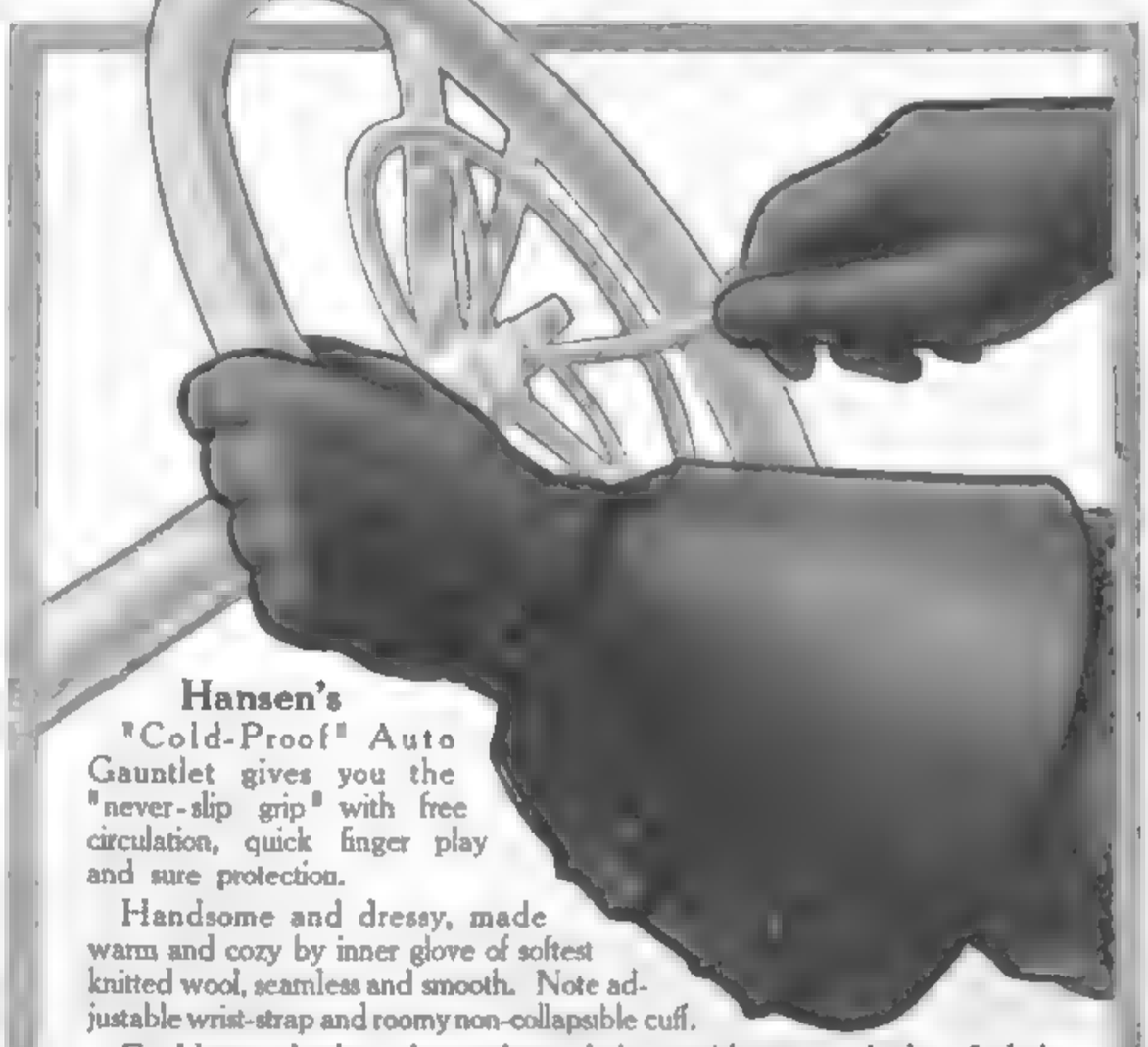
"I should have said: Theirs but to see the task and do it well! You covered the ground in twelve hundred and five words—wrote the great tragedy of your life in an hour and made the country cry. Poor old Trinkle! Yours but the meager glory of a day—and then forgotten! And they're sending you fifty dollars!"

He stood there gazing pensively at Mr. Trinkle for a minute; then he crossed over and closed the tired old eyes—for Mr. Trinkle was dead. He had walked bareheaded in the heat the day before and the last few miles of his Odyssey had been too much. Like some cheap old watch he had run down and stopped. He had completed his last assignment—and he had written his story as he had felt it! Like Davey, Trinkle the Tramp had been true to the traditions of his service; only—only—like Davey, he could never, never know how great he was.

At last he had beaten the rewrite men! But the rewrite men were counting thirty on Trinkle, and somewhere the next big story was breaking. His but the meager glory of a day—and then forgotten! And it was better thus, for Trinkle the Tramp had parted from the Great Sorrow, and with Young Trinkle he was

*Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell*
*In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel.*


Hansen's Gloves



**Hansen's**
"Cold-Proof" Auto Gauntlet gives you the "never-slip grip" with free circulation, quick finger play and sure protection.

Handsome and dressy, made warm and cozy by inner glove of softest knitted wool, seamless and smooth. Note adjustable wrist-strap and roomy non-collapsible cuff.

For Hansen leathers the markets of the world are searched to find the special weights and quality for the exact needs of every trade, profession and sport; for dress and general wear. Washing in gasoline leaves them as soft and shapely as new. Prices and sizes are wide in range. A pair of Hansen's Gloves will make a most welcome Christmas gift.

*6,000 Dealers Sell Hansen's Gloves*

Send for booklet showing many of our 500 styles.
We will fill your order or tell you where to buy.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO., 100 Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



**This man is doing his Xmas shopping!**

He *used* to dread it—put it off until at least December 22d. Then he cane-rushed into the hurrying masses of Christmas shoppers, tramped for weary hours, at last in desperation picked up the things nearest at hand—

And finally emerged tired and dissatisfied, with a lot of conventional gifts that had cost more than he intended.

*Now* he gets our illustrated catalog, a very cyclopedia of Christmas, compiled by experts in gift-selection. Sits at his desk and leisurely turns its pages and picks out his Christmas gifts. In half an hour it is all done. He has selected presents for Mother, Aunt Mary, Lucy and Frank, most of the things for the children, and the gifts for the folks back home. And each one seems an inspiration! He simply writes or dictates the order and sends a check for the amount. His gifts have cost him only what he wished to pay, and they show an originality that will prove a happy surprise to the folks.

Now, how do you do your Christmas shopping? Do you really *enjoy* the annual nightmare, with its hours of searching and its unlooked-for expense? For, if you do not, you can have this same relief. Just write for our free catalog of 230 pages, a book that hundreds of busy men have come to depend upon as the easiest and quickest method of shopping possible.

We send everything daintily packed, delivery charges prepaid. You cannot lose, as we guarantee satisfaction *unconditionally*. We have been selling gifts for 46 years. The name Daniel Low & Co. on a gift box is recognized everywhere as a guarantee of quality and artistic excellence.

**DANIEL LOW & CO., Inc.**
**201 Essex Street Salem, Mass.**

*Diamonds*
*Gold and Silver Jewelry*
*Table and Toilet Silver*
*Sheffield Plate*
*Leather Goods*
*Travelers' Conveniences*
*Christmas Novelties*

Write for the catalog now, while it is in your mind, and banish the annual Christmas worry.

# HONEST COMPARISONS TO CONVINCE MUDDLED BUYERS

THE Chandler Light Weight Six at $1785 is the first car ever offered to the public in a way that *demands actual comparison* with *all* other cars—point by point—and *gives you the means to secure such comparison.*

The Chandler Car represents a so much greater standard of automobile value that it is in itself a sensation. And the new method here employed to demonstrate comparative automobile values places automobile buying on a really scientific basis and proves absolutely our confidence in the Chandler Six.

We *want* the honest comparisons and we give you the way to secure them because we *know* this will sell Chandler Cars. If we were not certain of superiority we would not try to sell this car in this unusual way.

## "The Proof Sheet"

(On the Opposite Page)

shows you a way to eliminate much of the uncertainty that has been a part of automobile buying. The man who starts out to buy an automobile in the usual way gets so much miscellaneous information—so much general "talk"—and hears so much carefully arranged selling argument and so many subtle "knocks" that he becomes confused by claims and counter claims and forgets them all. But with *The Proof Sheet* filled out and proved up he has before him in tabulated form *all* the *vital* points that *show* which car he should *really* buy among all those he is considering. He can make his selection (no matter how great the range of prices) with absolute accuracy.

Light Weight Six

# CHANDLER $1785

Built By Men Who Know

## Not Only a Six You Can Afford to Buy— But a Six You Can Afford to Run—

The Chandler Light Weight Six has created a class of its own. You can get equally light weight in other cars for less money but you cannot get Chandler power, flexibility and quality. You can pay more than $1785 but you cannot get light weight and Chandler economy of upkeep. You cannot get in *any* other car all the advantages you get in a Chandler.

The Chandler Six is probably the lightest car of its size and power ever built—yet in the case of the Chandler you have a car as strong and sturdy as a car can be and one of the highest class light weight sixes ever offered under $3000. What other five-passenger car, at any price, offers so many high-class features in design and construction, or such complete and high-grade equipment? Remember the Chandler is *fundamentally* in a class alone, so you will find that points which are featured by most cars, at various prices, are mere details of Chandler construction and equipment.

The reason for all Chandler advantages and the surprisingly low price, considering the quality of car, is right here:—

The builders of the Chandler have been building world-famous sixes for many years. Thus in the Chandler car you pay no extra price for costly errors and expensive experiments, but you secure all the unquestioned advantages of the six, with all the economy of the most economical fours—you get a motor that we believe is unequalled *in any car, at any price*, and which is without vibration at any running speed—built in our own factory—and cannot be found in any other car.

The car itself is big, sturdy, luxurious and graceful. It runs from 3 to 55 miles per hour without shifting a gear and is one of the best hill climbers ever built. It rides comfortably and safely over bad roads because of proper weight distribution and spring suspension. Yet because of its light weight and remarkably efficient motor it is daily averaging over 16 miles on one gallon of gasoline and you will get hundreds of extra miles out of every set of tires.

### The Men Who Know

F. C. CHANDLER, former vice president, general manager and director, Lozier Motor Co.

C. A. EMISE, former sales manager and director, Lozier Motor Co

W. S. M. MEAD, former foreign sales manager and director, Lozier Motor Co.

S. REGAR, former treasurer and director, Lozier Motor Co.

J. V. WHITBECK, former engineer, Lozier Motor Co.

C. A. CAREY, former purchasing agent, Lozier Motor Co; assistant purchasing agent, Ford Motor Co.

J. R. HALL, former manager supply, repair and service departments, Lozier Motor Co.

***Over $4,000,000 worth of Chandler Cars already sold to the strongest list of dealers ever associated with a new car. Get in touch with the Chandler dealer in your city and make him prove our claims. Catalogue and name of nearest dealer on request.***

## The Chandler Motor Car Company 511-519 East 131st Street, Cleveland

THIS IS THE PROOF SHEET

# MAKE 'EM PROVE IT

## POINTS YOU NEED TO KNOW BEFORE YOU BUY A CAR

If you're thinking of buying an automobile insist that the dealer in each car you consider, fill out one of the blank lines below. Then "make 'em prove it," make your Chandler dealer prove our claims and draw your own conclusions.

| NAME OF CAR | Price | Number of Cylinders | Actual H.P. developed when Car is equipped with Gas Tank | Miles per gallon of Gasoline / Average number of miles per gallon of Gasoline | Miles per hour without Gear Shifting | Is there Motor Vibration at any Driving Speed? | How can it climb most noted hill in town? (Starting 10 miles per hour at bottom—how slow? how fast?) Fill in figures from actual demonstration by dealers | How many Miles on one Gallon of Gasoline / Number of miles on one gallon of fuel | Left Side Drive and Center Control? (or not) | What make of Electric Self Starter? | (1) What Magneto 2) What Carburetor? | Highest / Lowest Credit | Signature of Dealer (Blanks and prices filled in) |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| CHANDLER | $1785 | 6 | 2879 | 16 | 3 to 55 | No | | 37 | Yes | Westinghouse | (1) Bosch (2) Stromberg | Highest Credit | |
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Copyright 1916 by the Chandler Motor Car Company

*(Don't fail to have facts filled in on some of the very highest priced cars.)*

**IMPORTANT** Also compare the Chandler Car point by point with all others as regards the following:—Has it *Silent Chain* or Spur Gears? *The Chandler has imported Coventry Chains.* Has it *Quick Adjustable Storm Curtains?* *The Chandler has genuine Jiffy Curtains.* Has it the best make of *Demountable Rims?* *The Chandler has Firestone Demountable Rims.* Is the *Motor* and *Entire Power Plant Mud-Proof* (without ugly splash pans beneath)? Is the *Valve Mechanism Enclosed?* Are *Entire Oiling Mechanism* and *Oil Pipes Enclosed in Motor?* *You get all these advantages in the Chandler.* Is the *Clutch* Multiple Disc or Cone? *The Chandler is Multiple Disc—Discs of Raybestos and Steel.*

How about the *Bearings* in the Transmission and Rear Axle? *The Chandler has F. & S. Imported Annular Ball Bearings*—not roller bearings. What make *Carburetor?* *Stromberg in the Chandler.* What *Cooler?* *Mayo Genuine Mercedes type Honeycomb Radiator on Chandler.* What *Electric Lighting System?* *Chandler has the Westinghouse.* What *Speedometer?* *We use the Jones.* Is the *Gasoline Tank* in front or *in the rear out of danger?* *On the Chandler it is in the rear.* Has the Gasoline Tank ample capacity—*say 20 gallons?* *It has on the Chandler.* And about *Road Clearance?* *The Chandler has 10½ inches.* Do you get an *8-day Clock, Solar Lamps* and all other accessories that make for comfort and service? *You do with the Chandler.*

Is the car *simple* to operate and keep in good running order and is everything *easily get-at-able?* *This is true of the Chandler.*

### Complete Proof Sheet Sent Free

*All the above—and other details which should determine your choice of an automobile—are covered by our large complete Proof Sheet, which we will gladly mail to you on request. If you want to buy wisely instead of blindly don't buy without writing for a copy and having it filled in and proved up.*

## Chandler Specifications

### Not a single experimental, untried, doubtful feature

LEFT-SIDE drive—CENTER CONTROL.

WHEEL-BASE. 120 inches.

ROAD CLEARANCE. 10½ inches.

WHEELS. Artillery type—34 x 4 inches. Firestone Demountable Rims.

MOTOR. Chandler. Six cylinders, 35 H. P. 3⅛ x 5 inches. "L" Head Type. Cylinders cast in two blocks. Valves enclosed.

OILING. Positive-gear pump in oil-base. Oil-gauge on motor-base.

IGNITION. Bosch High-Tension Magneto.

CARBURETOR. Stromberg "Little Six" Hot-air and dash priming attachments.

SELF-STARTER. Westinghouse Electric built into motor.

COOLING. Centrifugal pump. Mayo Genuine Mercedes type Honeycomb Radiator.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING. Westinghouse Electric-lighting Generator with large storage battery. Solar lamps, illuminated license-bracket.

CLUTCH. Multiple disc. Raybestos and steel ball-bearing.

TRANSMISSION. Three speeds forward and reverse. F. & S. imported ball bearings.

REAR AXLE. Floating type. F. & S. imported ball bearing.

STEERING-GEAR. Irreversible and adjustable.

GASOLINE SYSTEM. 20-gallon tank in rear. Gasoline gauge.

STREAM LINE BODY. Five-passenger coach type.

UPHOLSTERING. 10-inch cushions. High-grade tufted leather. High-grade springs.

WIND-SHIELD. Built in without rods or braces. Adjustable for rain vision or ventilation.

TOP. Mohair top with "Jiffy" curtains.

HORN. Genuine motor-driven electric.

JONES SPEEDOMETER.

CLOCK. 8-day New Haven.

COLOR AND FINISH. Bodies, wheels frame and running gear finished in handsome dark blue with silver stripe. Fenders, hood and cowl black. All hardware, lamps and fittings nickeled.

WE ARE PAYING $1696 FOR THE BLANK SPACES ABOVE SO THAT YOU YOURSELF CAN WRITE THE BALANCE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT AND THUS CONCLUSIVELY PROVE THE SUPERIORITY OF THE CHANDLER · · · · · ·

The Chandler Motor Car Company 511-519 East 131st Street, Cleveland

Western Electric
Vacuum Cleaner
Washing with air
actually describes cleaning as it is done with a Western Electric. Air is used as the cleansing agent, and heavy fabrics are cleaned and freshened as effectively as though it were possible to wash them in water. The home that is truly sanitary and healthful is the air-cleansed home.
There is a Western Electric Cleaner designed to suit the requirements of every home, apartment, hotel and institution. Prices range from $47.50 up to $400.
Your interest in your own home and the health of your family will make you want a copy of our new book, "The Clean Way to Clean." Ask for book 11-Q. It will be sent free.
WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Manufacturers of the 7,500,000 "Bell" Telephones
Main Office: 463 West St.
NEW YORK CITY
Branch Offices All Principal Cities in the U. S. and Canada
Agents everywhere

GET MORE EGGS
Twice as many by feeding green cut bone.
MANN'S BONE CUTTER 10 Days Free Trial
No money in advance. Catalog free.
F. W. Mann Co., Box 353, Milford, Mass.

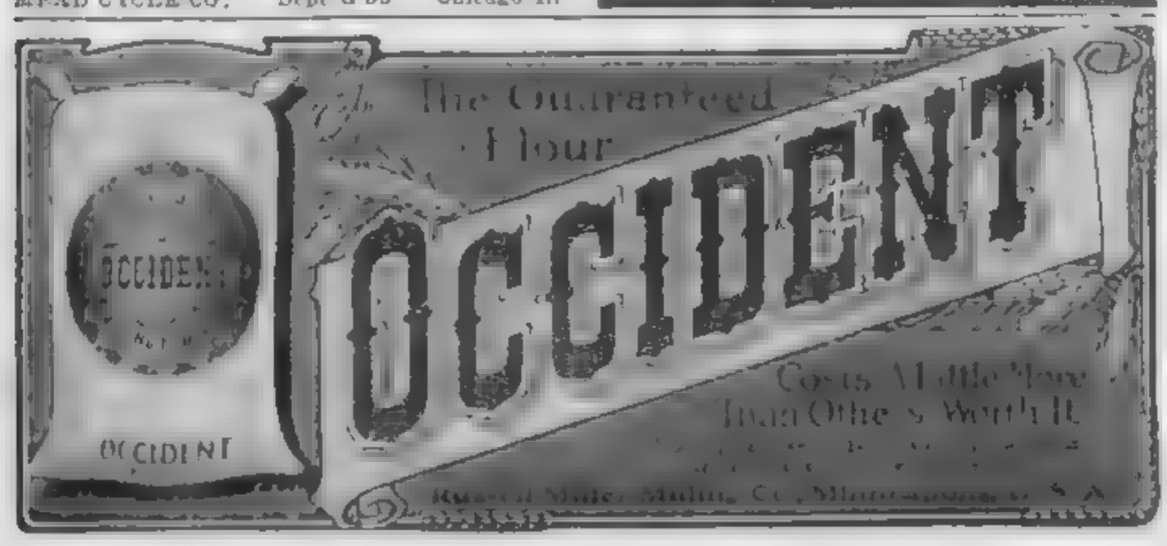
TO MANUFACTURERS
We are [illegible] a large sales organization of canvassers to sell [illegible] have an attractive article, we might handle your entire output. [illegible]
ESSEX TRADING CO., 1 Madison Ave., New [illegible]

STUDY LAW AT HOME
YOUNG MAN!
Crystallize Ambition!
Stop wishing—Act! Law is powerful. [illegible] Our Course in Law [illegible] and 'evidence." Read the [illegible] at hundreds of graduates. Oldest and best. 24 years of success. Write now!
Sprague Correspondence School of Law
358 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

The "BEST" LIGHT
[illegible] Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalog today showing over 200 different styles.
THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
5-25 East 5th St., Canton, Ohio

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
in each town to ride and exhibit sample Ranger bicycles. Write for our latest special offer.
Finest Guaranteed 1914 Models . . $10 to $27
[illegible] $7 to $12
100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, $3 to $8
[illegible] at FACTORY CLEARING SALE [illegible] Shipped on Approval to any address [illegible] deposit [illegible]
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries and repairs at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our [illegible] Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept G-55 Chicago Ill

Fun
Entertainment
Instruction
Radioptican throws all kinds of pictures, post cards, etc., on screen—magnified many times—no slides necessary. $1.50, $2, $12 and up. Sold by toy stores, dept. stores, photo stores. Write for free book.
H. C. WHITE COMPANY, 806 River St., North Bennington, Vt.




# THE GIRL AND THE SELLING GAME

(Continued from Page 13)

slightest degree. For this I received thirteen dollars a week—and at the end of a year I was let out, along with forty other girls, because the mail-order business was slack. Certainly I had not observed any slackness in my own work!

I skip three or four positions I held, all of which I left voluntarily. Two of them I quit because of unwelcome attentions on the part of executives which I could not escape. To be a prisoner for hours every day in the private office of a man one loathes is a common experience with stenographers. I do not intend to go into it here.

Finally, when I was nearly twenty-five years old, I found myself working in the office of a pipe-and-valve house at fifteen dollars a week. The bulk of my work consisted in taking and typewriting technical descriptions and equations pertaining to lateral forces, radial loads and such meaningless things.

For instance, I wrote whole pages filled with enigmatical formulas like this:

$$Q = .006 \times p \times k \times z + .4367 \times y.$$

Six months of this sort of thing—in which I took absolutely no interest—resulted suddenly in an attack of incipient St. Vitus' dance. On the way home from work one night I began winking my left eye involuntarily at a man who sat opposite me in the street car, and I fled to the platform in confusion.

It was then that I faced what seemed a very black crisis in my career. A specialist looked into my eyes with a search light, tested the reflexes in my knees, and said to me rather brutally:

"You must take a long rest."

"I can't!" I said hopelessly. "I simply can't, doctor! I haven't the money—and I have a family on my hands."

You see, Lucile had come home just before this, with her two little children. I shall not drag into this history the wretched story of her domestic unhappiness. She and Mr. Goodrich had separated; and he—disowned even by his own father—had disappeared. He had no property and Lucile was penniless.

"Well," said the doctor, "I am sorry for you. Yet the situation in which you find yourself is by no means uncommon. You have exhausted your vital forces and you cannot look for a cure so long as you continue to do the thing that has depleted your strength. If you cannot stop work altogether you can at least find a change of occupation. For instance, go into a store as saleswoman. Perhaps your health will improve in this new environment. You can try it, at least."

"Oh, doctor!" I gasped. "Don't advise me to do that! Mother would never permit me to become a shopgirl; and besides, I couldn't get more than six or eight dollars a week! Why, I know of girls who can't get more than five! The field is dreadfully crowded and many girls get work only in the rush periods. It's quite out of the question for me to go into a store."

"Then the only other thing I can suggest," returned the physician, "is matrimony. Every woman should marry."

### Work Behind a Counter

He smiled and bowed me out of his office. In passing I wish to venture the hope that the time may come when doctors and lawyers, and other men who know the world as men ought to know it, will take a real interest in the problems of self-supporting women. In a case such as mine, a bit of concrete advice based on knowledge of actual conditions might easily save a girl from despair. But I was sent out with only generalities—filled with discouragement and bitterness. What the doctor had told me seemed to point to impossibility. I could not rest; I could not work in a store. As to my matrimonial chances, I was homelier than ever and no cavalier had shown himself.

"Mercy!" mother exclaimed when I repeated the advice about becoming a shopgirl. "I shall never consent to your doing that, Flora! Stenography is a profession, like teaching; but a shopgirl—never! I cannot permit you to advertise our family distress by appearing publicly back of a counter."

For two or three weeks I remained at home, idle. We had moved several times during the six years of my stenographic career; and now, in a cheap apartment in the Bronx, mother was eking out our income by renting two rooms of our flat—already overcrowded by the return of my sister and her little ones.

Then, when the twitching of my muscles ceased, I went alone, and without telling anybody, to a large department store. Here I signed an application blank and a week later was taken on as a clerk in the Notions. My pay was six dollars a week!

"There is no use objecting," I told mother when she found out what I had done. "I cannot stay home and do nothing. We must bury our pride and make the best of things. If I am able I shall resume my stenography in the spring; but meanwhile I am going to work as faithfully as I can in the store. You know they have a commission system down there, and perhaps I can make two or three dollars a week extra."

It was about this time that Uncle Gilbert came forward again with an offer to send Lucile through the shorthand school. The poor girl started in bravely along the same path I had traveled.

The girls in the Notions were mostly in their teens, and the large majority of them regarded their present occupation as a mere connecting link between necessity and marriage. Few of them had even a semblance of ambition so far as their work in the store was concerned. They were so indifferent in this respect that they disregarded the possibility of selling a maximum quantity of goods and receiving the maximum premium.

### Efforts to Swell Sales

Perhaps it was because I had abandoned all hope of marriage that I began to see immediately the advantage of perfecting myself in store salesmanship and knowledge of stock. I had been trained in a rigorous school, where sustained effort and laborious accuracy were essential. Habit was strong upon me.

Twice a week all the girls in the store were obliged to attend lectures given on an upper floor by executives of the business. Here the art of selling was taught, together with much invaluable information concerning the goods. To me these lectures opened up a field I had never dreamed of; but the majority of the girls gave little heed to them. It seemed really amazing that so much sound instruction should produce so little effect down in the store proper.

Yet here and there was a salesgirl who, like myself, saw her opportunity. Nor were they all girls who had been disappointed in love or forced into the store against their inclinations. I came to know a good many who were studying merchandising as a calling, just as men study it.

During the first few days of my clerkship I noticed that perhaps nine-tenths of the customers at my counter bought only one article or set of articles. One morning, for instance, a woman came to the counter where hair ornaments were sold.

"Please let me have one of those barrettes," she said, picking up the article she wanted.

Two of the clerks, whom I remember now only as Marie and Paula, were standing at this counter discussing some young man they both knew. Mechanically Marie made the sale of the barrette, meanwhile going on with her gossipy chat.

"My, but he's such a swell fellow!" she said to Paula as the customer stood listening and waiting for her change. "And, oh, but he's horribly jealous! Why, he'd knock the block off any gazink who even dared to smile at me! He's such an old darling!"

Perhaps it was a case of sour grapes with me, for no man would have knocked "the block off any gazink" on my account; but, anyhow, this little sales episode rubbed me the wrong way. It seemed to me that Marie might have interested the customer in the goods on the counter instead of entertaining her with personal affairs.

It was not long before I had an opportunity to sell a barrette from the same lot—price twenty-five cents—and while my customer was waiting for the parcel I picked up a pair of sidecombs.

What is safe for the baby is wholesome for the whole family

**Carnation Milk**

*From Contented Cows*

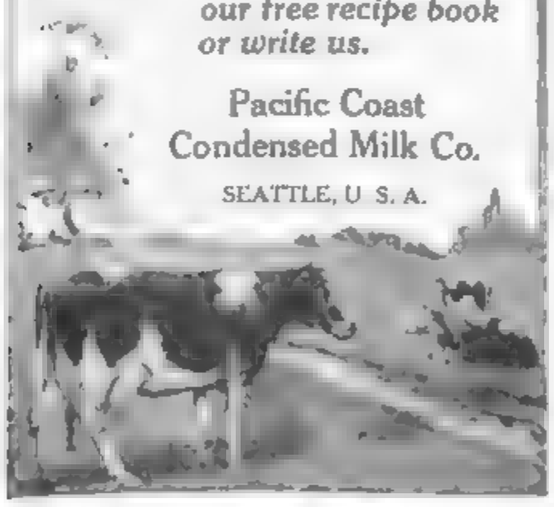
Always ready, always uniform, with every quality of purity, freshness, sweetness and cleanliness it has when milked from the finest cows.

Use it in your cooking and on the table, adding only what we take out—the water.

*Ask your grocer for our free recipe book or write us.*

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.

SEATTLE, U. S. A.



"An Appetizer!"

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Pour a Tablespoonful Over a Rarebit before Serving!

Used by all Chefs in Leading Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants because it's Universally the Favorite Seasoning.

A Famous Relish for Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Game, Gravies and Rarebits. *Sold by Grocers Everywhere.*


"These are very pretty," I observed. "We have an unusual selection of side-combs, madam—and one can't afford to run short when goods like these can be bought for a quarter."

"I don't really need any just now," she answered; "but they are indeed pretty, and I believe I'll take them."

With a little effort, you see, I doubled my sales to that customer; and by working on that policy I earned the first week about two dollars and a half in commissions.

As nearly as I recall now, I sold about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of notions a week for a couple of months while some of the girls fell way under a hundred. Then one day a man approached me and, informing me that he represented another store, offered me a straight salary of ten dollars a week. He had been watching me, he explained.

I came near accepting the offer on the spot; but on second thought I promised to let him know the next day. Then I went up to the office to see our merchandise man, who also hired the girls. Call him Mr. Burlingame—which is not his name.

"I am afraid I shall have to leave you," I said. "I can get more money on salary at this other store than I make here on salary and commission together."

He did not have to look up my record; he already knew it.

"Take my advice," he said, "and don't go. I shouldn't take the trouble to offer this advice to some of the girls in this store, but I've had my eye on you and I believe you are the sort we want to keep. Probably you don't realize what this store means to you. I'll tell you. If you really prove to have the qualities I think you have, it means an opportunity such as you could find nowhere else outside of the merchandise field. For the right kind of woman there is nothing that even approaches the opportunities in merchandising. If you choose to stand by us in a thorough test of yourself I venture to predict that in five years you'll be earning —— Well, it is better not to set a figure."

I was almost staggered by this unexpected characterization of myself. Still I had begun to get just a little conception of the possibilities in sight.

### The Value of Commissions

"Will you tell me," I asked, "what sort of woman you think I am? In other words, what kind of woman shall I have to be in order to meet the approval of this house and secure advancement?"

"Sit down," he answered, "and I'll put the thing into a few words. In the first place the women who go up in this store must have mentality back of them. They must be women of superior intellectual activity and powers of correct judgment. They must have a fair education, which may perhaps be largely self-acquired. Then, on top of this foundation, they must gradually build a structure of technical merchandising in the particular specialty along which they rise. For such a woman the limit of earning capacity is away up in the thousands."

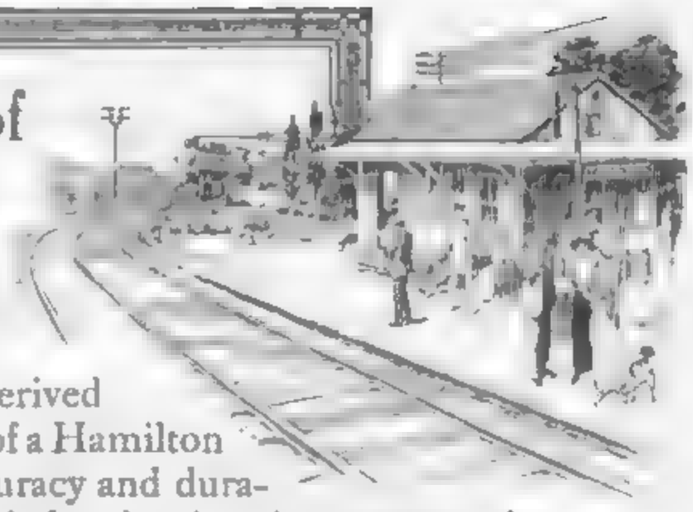
He leaned back in his chair and looked at me in a quizzical way. He was a man perhaps thirty years old and drawing a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year, as I learned afterward.

"Pardon me for referring to the subject of matrimony," he went on; "but I wish to say simply this: A woman's opportunities in merchandising do not preclude marriage. On the other hand they open up new and vastly broader possibilities in that direction. It is true, however, that a merchandising career for a woman may and ought to delay matrimony. It is equally true that marriage need not necessarily end a woman's usefulness in a field as broad as the land."

He smiled as he touched on this rather delicate subject and I felt my face getting red. If I had not been such a homely woman I might have felt some encouragement as to the matrimonial future.

"One thing more," Mr. Burlingame concluded. "The commissions you receive in this store are worth a great deal more to you than the additional straight salary you would get at the other store. The commission is a definite measure of your real selling capacity and talks eloquently. A salary doesn't always do that. But remember that mere selling capacity of itself will not send you up fast in this or any other store. Many women can sell goods well enough, but they don't broaden themselves out beyond that."


**The Pride of Accuracy**



There is a fine sense of pride and comfort—a feeling of safety—that is derived from the ownership of a Hamilton Watch. Where accuracy and durability are matters of vital and serious importance, the

**Hamilton Watch**

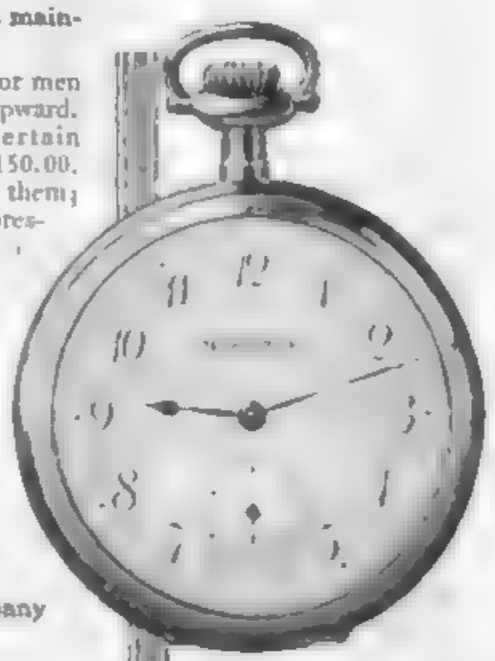
*"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"*

is sure to be found a favored choice.

**Over one-half (56%) of the men on American Railroads where Official Time Inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Watches.**

Hamilton Watches are made in correct sizes for men and women. Movements only are $12.25 and upward. Complete watches, certain sizes, are $38.50 to $150.00. Ask your jeweler about them; also about fitting your present watch case with a Hamilton movement.

Engineer T. F. Howard, of the "California Limited," Inter Mountain R. R., has carried a Hamilton for years with entire satisfaction.



***Write for "The Timekeeper"***

It illustrates and describes the various Hamilton models and is a book well worth reading if you are thinking of buying a fine watch.

Hamilton Watch Company
Dept. J
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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Tells you fearlessly, candidly, interestingly the inside of public affairs—how to speak the truth and champion the cause of true [illegible] and equal rights. Regular subscription price $1.00 per year. We will [illegible]

10 WEEKS . . . 10 CENTS

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**HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS**

[illegible] Inventor's signature on genuine

**AGENTS** A BRAND NEW LIGHTER

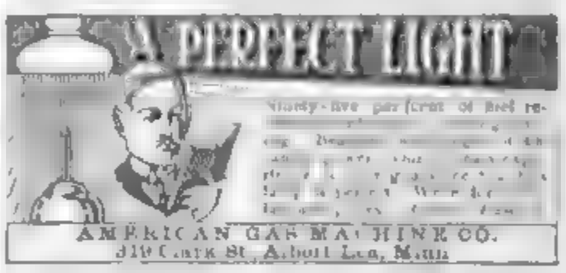
Novel watch-shaped Lighter. Operated with one hand; gives an instantaneous light every time. No electricity, [illegible] for the rest of your [illegible] Tremendous seller [illegible]

Write quick for [illegible]

A. Brandt Lighter Co., 148 Duane St., N. Y.



**A PERFECT LIGHT**



Ninety-five per cent of [illegible]

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO.
519 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.



**AGENTS WANTED**

Cash paid weekly to home and traveling salesmen. Easy money-makers; permanent, regular income. Exclusive right to sell famous Stark Delicious and Stark trade-mark trees. Big free outfit—wonderful New Color Display Book—shows every variety fruit actual [illegible] else. Irresistible, convincing—closes sales at sight. [illegible] agencies. Salesmen's orders biggest since our beginning, 1816. Write quick for contract and location.

STARK BROS NURSERY AND ORCHARDS CO., R R 34, Louisiana, Mo.



**A MONOGRAM ROBE**

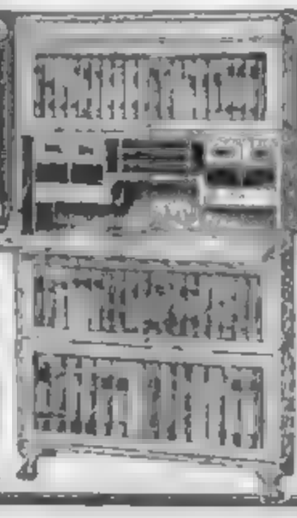
A necessity for winter riding. Made of finest [illegible] Your Monogram Free. [illegible] and draft or money order for $5.35 for Robe, or $7.05 for extra size 58x72 inches. Express prepaid. Satisfaction or money back.

$5.35

MONOGRAM ROBE MILLS
Dept. 19—195 S. Market St., Chicago



**GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES**



**And How You Will Save Money by Placing Them in Your Home**

WRITE FOR OUR "BOOK OF DESIGNS" [illegible] (mailed free), showing our Sanitary, Modern, Colonial and Standard [illegible] The handsome [illegible] finish, the [illegible] and [illegible] make them far better than [illegible]

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY
8 Victoria St., Dept. M Grand Rapids, Mich.

**You Can Start With One Section and Add to as Needed**

[illegible]

Our Prices Are Lower than Others

"GUNN" Guaranteed [illegible]

Sold by dealers or direct

BULLETIN
Issued by the
Hampshire Paper Co.
Makers of
Old Hampshire Bond

How Would You Judge a Man You Have Never Seen?

Suppose you have only a few letters from a man or firm with whom you are contemplating business relations.

You know nothing but what the letters tell you, but do you know *everything* a letter can tell?

The kind of stationery a man employs is a powerful index to his character.

For example: Almost without exception the man who selects OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for his letter paper and office forms does so for reasons that would influence only a reliable man, a man proud of his business, jealous of its reputation, and seeking always a higher standard for all things associated with his business.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is not bought by accident. It is made "a little better than seems necessary," and stationery of this character has little appeal except to men who do their own work more carefully than ordinarily expected. Those who use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND want the best for themselves, which might indicate that they would expect you to want no less.

So, too, the printer who likes to use such paper as OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND will be found one who takes pride in doing his work "a little better than seems necessary"—one whom you would do well to trust.

*Send for Liberal Sample*

So that you may know OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND we will gladly send you some sample sheets showing examples of modern letterheadings. Better still, enclose 10 cents in stamps and we will mail you a liberal sample box of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND SEMI-BUSINESS STATIONERY—a form of paper and envelopes which every business man should have both in his office and at home, for there are many letters that should express a feeling impossible to secure from business stationery.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

*The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively*

Have you that get-up-and-do-it spirit?

If you have, this advertisement is addressed to you. If you haven't, you will waste your time reading it.

DURING the next six weeks we will distribute over $250,000.00 to our subscription representatives. Hundreds of thousands of subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post* will be sent us before Christmas. These represent gifts, renewals and new subscriptions. Each will net a handsome commission and salary credit to the person who secures it for us.

There are readers and readers-to-be in your town, in your own circle of acquaintances, who will send their subscriptions *through you*—if you speak to them about it. A share of this $250,000.00 logically belongs to you. Why not claim it?

You may make $10.00, $50.00, $100.00 and more before Christmas.

If you have the get-up-and-do-it spirit your reading this advertisement indicates, we'll hope to receive an early letter from you. We'll show you what you can do, and how you can do it.

Address your letter to

THE AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 165

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"If you will let me have a sheet of paper and an envelope," I said, "I'll settle right now the question of leaving this store. I'll stay here, Mr. Burlingame."

I went back to the Notions at the same salary and commission I had been receiving; but a month later I was transferred to the Misses' Suits at twelve dollars a week.

For some little time, I must confess, I was a burden on this department instead of an aid. My sales ran so extraordinarily low that I trembled for my position and was sorry I had left the Notions. For a month or more my sales did not average two hundred dollars a week. Yet the store paid me my salary right along—paid me, and at the same time taught me a branch of the business in which I might have opportunity for a larger income.

In stenography I had seldom or never seen this done. The girls I knew were never overpaid—at least, I can't remember any such instances now.

Pretty soon, however, I got into the knack of the thing. Of course every woman knows something about fabrics and garments; but I found that my knowledge had covered an astonishingly small range. Gradually, through the store's lectures and my own studies and daily absorptions, I learned the architecture of cloth, so to speak; the different weaves now meant something to me—as did the raw material, colors, facing, and all the subtle points that give a garment value and desirability. Whipcords, coverts, zebelines, cheviots, serges, and so on, stood out in their own individualities.

My development was along another line too—quite as important. I studied people and came to look back of their spoken words into the mystery that lay in their thoughts. Though I found the study of merchandise wonderfully fascinating, the analysis of customers was even more so. You know there are people to whom the saleswoman may talk volubly; there are others before whom she should remain almost silent. There are customers whom the clerk may advise; others to whom not even a suggestion should be given. I could dilate on this part of my work, but the subject is one I shall not attempt here. I am telling you, instead, the bigger and broader story of my rise as a merchandise woman.

It was not long before I could easily sell from four hundred to six hundred dollars' worth of goods a week, and earn—salary and commission—from sixteen to eighteen dollars. Before I had been in saleswork six months my minimum earnings were greater than my wages had ever been as a stenographer. My health improved and I no longer wanted to scream.

### *Promotion After Promotion*

At the end of a year I was made head of stock in the Misses' Suits, at twenty-two dollars a week and a commission of one per cent. This enabled me to earn from twenty-six to twenty-eight dollars. In another year Mr. Burlingame transferred me to the Ladies' Suits.

"I believe you are competent now to meet our best class of customers," he said; "you ought to earn easily more than thirty dollars a week. And, by the way," he added, calling me back as I was leaving his office, "I hear reports about you that have caused me some uneasiness."

I knew that I grew fiery red, for I understood what he meant.

"The report need cause you no immediate anxiety," I returned, and went out before he had a chance to say more. I heard him laugh good-naturedly as I shut the door back of me.

Since I am hiding my identity in this history and the identity of others as well, I can be frank with you up to that point. Our china and crockery buyer—call him Mr. Chamberlain, if you please—had asked me to marry him!

However, now that marriage was possible, I had lost my eagerness to rush into it. I did not know Mr. Chamberlain very well and I could not understand why he should want me. He was a big, fine-looking man—a widower with one child—and it was true that I admired him; but I was not ready to marry him. It seemed as if my merchandise career was promising too well to cut it short or interrupt it. Besides, Lucile's experience made me cautious.

Lucile, by the way, had given up stenography on my advice and was in the store with me. She was head of stock now in the candy department, at fifteen dollars a week, and Mr. Burlingame said she was in line for the assistant buyer's place. Mother had long since withdrawn all objection to having her daughters in merchandise work.

It was less than a year after my transfer to the Ladies' Suits when I was made assistant buyer of that department myself. On top of my salary of thirty-five dollars a week I received, on the last day of the year, a check for five hundred and forty-one dollars—my share of the department's profits!

As assistant buyer I kept close watch on stock, both as to quantity, variety and condition; I was in constant touch with the advertising man as to the details of the things to be exploited. I watched the markets and had immediate supervision of the saleswomen in my department. During the two years I was assistant buyer I am sure I fulfilled Mr. Burlingame's condition that a woman who expected to advance in this store must show mentality and intellectual activity. And then, in addition, I sold goods all the time—my sales running frequently from seven hundred to a thousand dollars a week.

You see I had to work—there never seemed any end to the work that crowded itself upon me continually! But it was not petty, grinding, soul-searing toil; I was no longer an automaton—no longer a girl who tended a self-feeding machine and whose salvation depended merely on keeping ahead of the product that poured along to her. It was big work I was doing now; it was brain-work that gave free play to my creative faculties and my constructive energies. More than that, it was essentially a woman's work, with nothing about it to detract from the true grace and womanliness of one's character.

### *Steady Progress Upward*

And then, as a most natural culmination to the sequence of events I have related, I became buyer of the Ladies' Suits. At first I received a salary of thirty-six hundred dollars. Today I get one hundred dollars a week. In addition I received a check for nineteen hundred dollars last year—my percentage on the increase of sales over the year preceding. I have made four trips to Europe.

Of course I have given you a typical experience in New York. Outside of the larger cities you must scale down the rewards—perhaps heavily. I have given you, however, a fair and representative instance of the possibilities that lie relatively in every village, town and city of the nation. Whether a girl becomes a buyer or merely remains a saleswoman, I say her wage-earning capacity is far greater in merchandising than in any other feminine occupation she can find. But—and mark this well—she must, except in rare instances, go into this work fortified with a groundwork of education. She must be considerably above the mediocre in inherent ability.

Why more girls of this class do not dedicate themselves to this field, instead of pursuing stenography, teaching, painting and other underpaid callings, has been a matter of some wonder to me since I entered it myself; but I suppose few girls really know any more about it than I did.

I am thirty-one years old and still unmarried. Six months ago Mr. Chamberlain took me to the theater, and on the way home in a taxicab he said to me:

"If you will marry me this fall we will make my next trip abroad our honeymoon. Why do you put me off year after year?"

"And why do you insist on marrying me?" I asked. "Certainly I have no beauty for you to admire!"

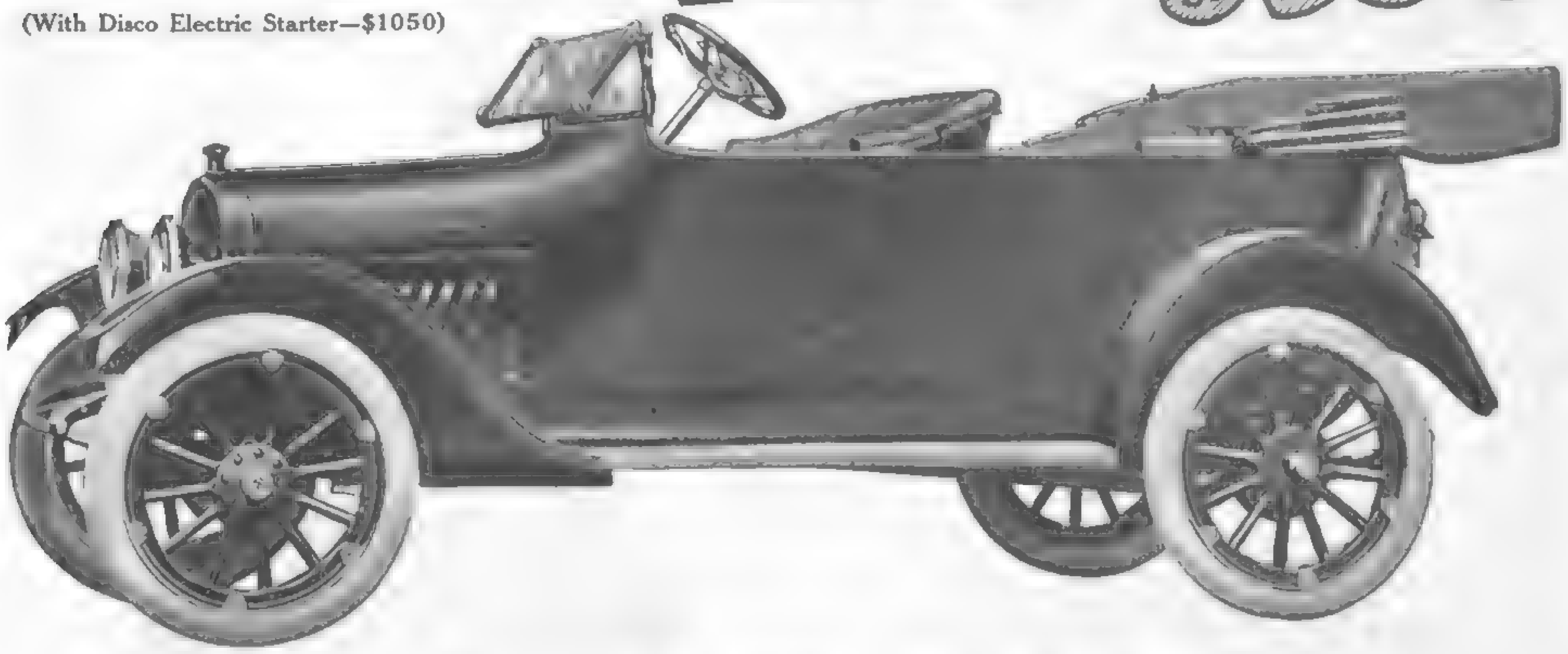
"I admire your character," he said, without attempting to equivocate as to my face. "I like you. I——"

I'll not tell you all the kind and pleasant things he said. If I had wished to make this a love story I might have told you of two other buyers in our store who, for singular and unfathomable reasons, have asked me to join them in a life partnership. I might have told you, too, of Lucile's second romance. She has recently married a five-thousand-dollar man of our organization.

I am not married, I say. I am not even in love. There are women buyers in New York who earn eight and ten thousand dollars a year—I want to be one of them! Still, Mr. Chamberlain is a man of whom I should be very proud as a husband. Perhaps—but no matter!

# The New KRIT $950

(With Disco Electric Starter—$1050)



**This is the beautiful new car that is creating such a big stir among motor buyers and dealers. For never before have such up-to-the-minute design, such perfect comfort and so many luxurious features been combined in a car of this price.**

## Five Years' Satisfaction

For years KRIT cars have been known as reliable, serviceable automobiles. KRIT cars sold five years ago are still running satisfactorily.

Records of 25,000, 50,000 and even 100,000 miles of use in owners' hands have demonstrated their mechanical soundness. We have hundreds of letters from owners who have driven 5,000 to 10,000 miles without touching a wrench to their car.

## The Height of Fashion

For 1914 we have retained all the strong mechanical points of previous models, and have gone the limit in making the new KRIT a car of utmost beauty and style.

In general lines, the new KRIT is strikingly similar to the 1914 models of well known cars selling from $2000 to $3500. High-priced-car-practice has been followed in the streamline leather-lined body; rounded radiator; tapered bonnet; new design fenders; the cork-linoleum-covered, nickel-bound floor boards and running boards; the gasoline tank in the dash; the fine electric lights; the dash control board and many other features of refinement.

## High-Priced-Car Features of the Low-Priced KRIT

**Streamline Body**
Rounded Radiator
**Tapered Bonnet**
Modern Fenders
Cork-linoleum-covered, nickel-bound floor and running boards
**Leather-lined Body**
Turkish Upholstery
**Left Drive; Left Control**
Driving Compartment, entered from either side
**Clear vision, double ventilating windshield**
Leather-covered instrument board
**Gasoline tank in dash—gravity feed, reserve supply tank**
**Unit Power Plant**
4-cyl. Motor, ample power
Stromberg Carburetor with adjustment on steering column
**Bosch Magneto**
Disco Electric Starter
Multiple Disc Clutch
Electric Lights
**Underslung Rear Springs**
Vanadium Steel Springs
Stewart Speedometer (flush type)
Long Wheel Base
**Demountable Rims**
Tire Carrier at Rear
**Guaranteed for a year**

## Why Pay a Higher Price?

The mechanical features of this remarkable KRIT read like a list of specifications for an up-to-date, high-priced car.

The ball-bearing motor follows the same basic design which we have used for four years. Advanced methods and improved materials have lightened our pistons and connecting rods without sacrificing strength. New design cam shafts give even greater quietness. Accurate balance and light weight in all moving parts eliminates vibration. No four-cylinder motor in the world runs more smoothly and quietly than ours.

Other mechanical parts—transmission, clutch, axles, springs, bearings—are of a standard design and quality proved by years of use on our cars and others of higher price.

## Why Pay For Weight?

Light weight, combined with utmost strength, is one of the biggest advantages of the KRIT. Upkeep cost and weight are inseparably bound together. The light-weight, high-powered KRIT is easy on tires, uses less gas, less oil. It will pull through roads and over hills that make higher-powered cars of heavier tonnage puff and blow.

And in the new KRIT, for the first time among light-weight low-priced cars, you get that most desirable quality of "class" coupled with utmost reliability. You can take a KRIT and start away on a long trip with the same confidence with which you could take any higher priced car.

The new KRIT gives you many features of high priced cars, combined with a chassis of time-tested mechanical excellence, and all at a low price.

It is certain that there won't be enough of these cars for everybody who wants one, but you'll stand a better chance if you send for catalog now and arrange with your dealer to place an order early.

## Send for Our "Text Book of Automobile Economy"

This book will give you facts which every motor car owner ought to know. It may save you hundreds of dollars—no matter what car you drive. It's free. Send for it today.

## *Dealers:* Greatest Sales Opportunity Since 1908

We believe the new KRIT presents a selling opportunity not equalled since 1908. History is repeating itself.

Five or six years ago manufacturers brought out $1500 cars with features previously found only on the highest priced automobiles. A tremendous business developed. Far-seeing dealers who appreciated what was happening, laid the foundations for comfortable fortunes.

Since then the industry has developed in two ways—prices going down for cars of the same quality, and prices going up as manufacturers added new features and improvements. Now the pendulum is swinging back. Thousands of automobile buyers want the "prices up" features, but at the "prices down" figures. The 1914 KRIT is the answer.

With this splendid new model, a well equipped manufacturing organization, and a vigorous, forward sales policy, the KRIT line offers to dealers quick sales and permanent business.

Write today for full information and dealers' proposition.

### Mail This Today

Send me "Text Book of Automobile Economy," and full information about 1914 KRIT cars.

Name,

Street,

City, State,

*If a dealer, please state cars you are handling and territory covered*

KRIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

# P. A. blazes the trail for the joy'us jimmy pipe

NOW that old line of talk about "I can't smoke a pipe" goes to the scrap heap. Because *you* and every other tender-tongued man *can* smoke a pipe *if it's filled with Prince Albert*—tobacco that wouldn't bite if it could, *but it can't!* The bite's cut out by a patented process!

## PRINCE ALBERT

***the national joy smoke***

is a revelation, men—a 33d degree wonder. *Won't* kick, *won't* scorch, *won't* parch! Such tobacco deliciousness you never tasted in your life, nor you never got a whiff of fragranter smoke. Some broad talk, all right, but you've got the privilege of calling the cards!

Couldn't hand you a "sleeper" more than once. You know *that* from experience with the "just-as-goods."

Well, you get the spirit of this wise say-so and blow yourself off. A tin of P. A. costs a dime Be game. Go to it like *all* pipe tobacco was as soft as the ooey down of little ducks. Forget you ever did collect a blistered tongue from those "hot-stuff" brands.

For P. A. will make you jimmy-pipe joy'us on the first fire up! It's built for that purpose. And that's enough to say! *You* do the rest!

***Buy P. A. anywhere, everywhere. In toppy red bags, 5c; in tidy red tins, 10c; and in handsome pound and half-pound humidors***

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

**Stays Hot All Night**

TEN YEARS' GUARANTEE with this hot water bottle. It will last for generations.

Stands erect, so can be filled with boiling water without scalding or burning hands. More than that, the

**M. H. P. Aluminum Hot Water Bottle**

*stays hot* 12 to 15 hours.

Handsome, polished aluminum, all one piece. Lightest weight metal bottle made. Especially adaptable for foot or back warmer, cannot flop down flat nor lose its shape when in use. Cotton felt bag for covering comes with it.

*For Sale by Druggists, Hardware Dealers and Department Stores*

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for descriptive folder, giving dealer's name. We will supply you direct upon receipt of price, $3.50.

Fanning Sales Co.
Dept. C, 131 Washington St.
Providence, R. I.

A Christmas gift which will not be forgotten, will furnish comforting warmth for a lifetime to a friend who likes warmth


# SHAKSPERE'S SEVEN AGES AND MINE

*Concluded from Page 11)*

The ringmaster mounted the springboard and addressed the audience with an important announcement. The deity on the runway, Signor La Rinaldo—or whatever his impressive name might be—with the permission of the assemblage, would now perform the death-defying and absolutely unparalleled feat of leaping over the backs of two elephants, one camel and seven horses, turning while in midair a double somersault and landing safely on his feet—if he had luck.

In the midst of a silence like the grave he turned to give the signal; and just then old Mrs. Slawson spoke to old Mrs. Bass. Like most deaf persons she spoke at the top of her own voice. It was a good, keen voice too.

"What did he say?" she asked.

Mrs. Bass gathered up the long, limber eartrumpet and applied her lips to it.

"He says" began Mrs. Bass, and stopped to take a deeper breath—"He says ——" Her voice rose to a shriek, and everybody in that circus tent—performers, musicians, crowd and all—heard it and were now looking at the two old ladies in black. "He says that the purty man up yonder on that plank is going to turn two summersets over all those critters down there in that ring!"

*Filled With an Immense Distrust of the Notions of His Parents and of the Adult World Generally*

The premier clown was sitting on the ringback. Instantly he was on his feet. He darted across the intervening space until he came to where the larger of the two elephants stood. He snatched up the elephant's long, dangling black trunk—indeed it did look scandalously like old Mrs. Slawson's eartrumpet—and, holding its wriggly tip to his mouth with both hands, he shrieked into it in an exact imitation of old Mrs. Bass' tones:

"He says—he says that the purty man up yonder on that plank ——"

That was enough! If he finished the sentence nobody heard it. Under that upward-gushing geyser of whooping, cackling, shriekful laughter from three thousand throats the tent rocked and swayed. Parties who were absolute strangers beat one another on the back. Strong men dropped from their seats with mellow plunks, like overripe plums, and rolled on the earth, gurgling helplessly.

And through it all the only two persons in all that crowd who did not share in the joke—old Mrs. Slawson and old Mrs. Bass—looked about them, wondering why the pretty man did not come on and turn his somersaults, and why everybody should be carrying on so at such a thrilling and exciting juncture.

It was the quickest thing—and the funniest—and, as I now realize, one of the cruelest things I ever saw! To this day I remember how that clown looked and how the elephant looked. And I envy that clown his readiness of wit, and the memory of it is worth money to me; but at the time I could not understand why, when we played circus in the back yard, my mother would not let us give an imitation of the clown mimicking old Mrs. Bass telling old Mrs. Slawson what was coming next.

Most of the things that grown persons do and think and say are non-understandable to small boys anyway. The whining schoolboy, with his satchel and his more or less shining face, creeping like a snail toward the schoolhouse, is filled with an immense though unspoken distrust of the notions of his parents and of the adult world generally. He realizes—if they do not—the absolute futility of burdening his young mind with bothersome matters of no consequence, such as the intricacies of the greatest common divisor, and that vicious, useless, deceitful thing, the past participle, when he knows his lifework is going to consist in walking across Niagara Falls in a pair of pink tights on a high wire in the summertime, and shooting Indians in the wintertime.

Of what use to a boy are fractions—improper fractions or the other sort either—when in his own mind he has definitely arranged to grow up to be a gallant fireman and wear a double-breasted flannel shirt, open at the throat, and chew fine-cut tobacco, and play old sledge, and have that delightful horse-smell on him, and at night go to sleep with his pants on, waiting for the alarm to come, and then slide down a brass pole into a pair of gum boots and go curving away on a gaudy hosecart to rescue lovely maidens from the devouring elements?

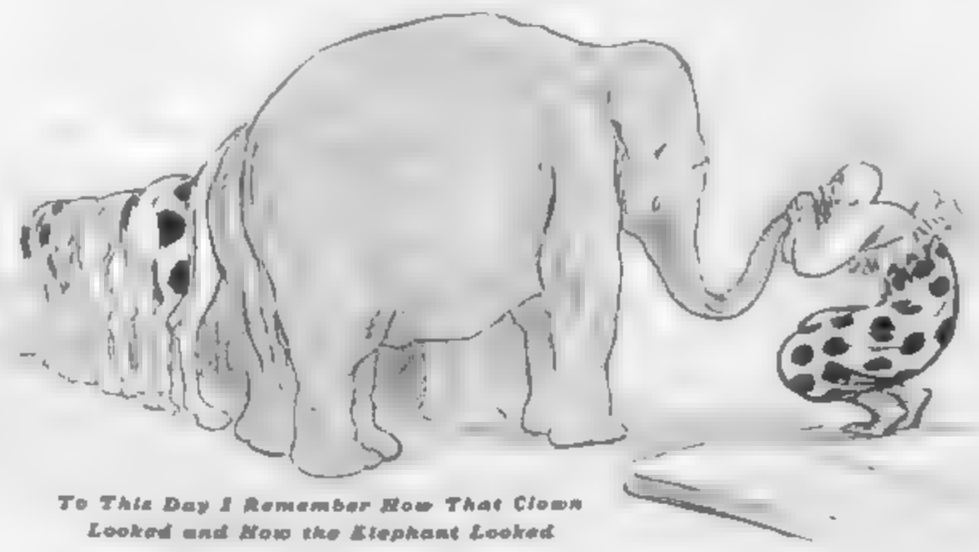
What have fractions and Easy Lessons in English History to do with such a career? They can never be a help; they can never be anything but a hindrance.

However, all regular boys, I think, had regular boys' ideals. All about them were horrible examples of the effects of always knowing your lessons, and always washing your neck and ears, and always wiping your feet before coming into the house, so as to avoid tracking mud on the carpet. The boy who did those things only qualified for the despised and horrid rôle known as Teacher's Pet; and when he grew up he was put in a bank or a store, or some other stuffy and unattractive place, and had to stay there the rest of his life.

Whereas, on the other hand, the boy who was careless in such details, and who spent his Saturdays practicing high dives in the sawdust pile down back of the planing mill, ran away from home, and after years came back again with a circus to the scenes of his childhood; and he wore fancy clothes now, and drove the bandwagon, and lived in the company of the elect of the earth.

Shakspere was wise. In considering man in the secondary or schoolboy stage of life he dismissed him in three brief lines, dealing with his outward aspect solely and not touching on the psychology of the subject.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of six articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The third will appear in an early issue.



*To This Day I Remember How That Clown Looked and How the Elephant Looked*

Vera Sweet is both a "peace"-maker and a "pace"-maker

She brings joy and happiness the very minute you take her out of your pocket. She sets a pace the "other fellow" has a hard time following.

*Vera Sweet*

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

with her winning freshness, her delicious purity and her luscious new flavors is "The box of Chocolates with a million friends."

"Deliciousness" only describes the first nibble—after *that* the rich, wonderful flavors beggar description. She wants Vera Sweet and it is the kind YOU want her to have.

At most good dealers. If not at yours, send $1 for a large assortment of Vera Sweet. At least write for "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." Sent on request.

A. M. RAMER CO.
Winona, Minn.

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Write us at once for particulars, and proof that we will aid you most to get most money for your invention.
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These dainty sugar wafers have that same purity and goodness that characterize all of the

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Ever tasted them? Let us send you our

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containing Clover Leaves and 13 other kinds of tempting goodies. Your name and address with 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing bring the box by return mail. Please give us your grocer's name, too.

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*Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits*
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Look for this Trade-Mark on every box

Boys like to build—to create—not simply play. Here is a wonderful new game that will completely fascinate them—hold them entranced by the hour—it takes them into the stirring realm of steel—the gigantic building operations of this great age

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Huyler's as a gift carries a message more clearly than words and as delicately as flowers. Preferences in flowers differ; a box of Huyler's is universally appreciated. Its gift is a subtle tribute to good taste.

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Bonbons Chocolates

Each piece of Huyler's is made as if our reputation depended on it alone. Chocolate-covered nuts and fruits, dainty bonbons and creams, little nuggets of flavor—Huyler's is the candy word that means deliciousness.

Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from Huyler's are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK
FRANK DeK. HUYLER, Pres.

*Ask for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Chocolate at your grocer's*



BETTER LIGHT THAN KEROSENE

Beats Electric or Gasoline

TEN DAYS FREE

SEND NO MONEY

Without sending a cent you can use this wonderful new invention, the Mantle Lamp, 10 days Free, then return at our expense if not delighted. Gives pure white incandescent light, burns over 50 hours on one gallon Kerosene (coal oil). No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Guaranteed. *We want one person in* [illegible] Write for 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER—agents wanted, special proposition, get ONE FREE. Make [illegible] and spare time. [illegible] 6 weeks. Exclusive territory given.

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50¢ "Practical Bungalows"

70 plans of artistic one and two story California homes; suited to any climate.

SPECIAL OFFER
3-50c Books—$1.25

230 plans, 300 pages, 600 illustrations, descriptions, photos, costs.

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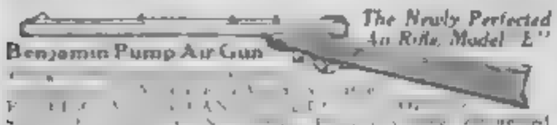
WONDERS NEVER CEASE

The Newly Perfected Air Rifle, Model "E"



Benjamin Pump Air Gun

[illegible] Force of shot [illegible] one-half inch pine [illegible] silent when discharged. Uses [illegible] fifteen cents. Gun is finely finished. Circular and information sent [illegible]

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 601 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



A GOOD POSITION

with UNCLE SAM is most desirable. Life positions. [illegible]

AMERICAN CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.


# BIRDS OF PARADISE LOST

(Continued from Page 15)

Linda hesitated one eighteenth of a second. Then—though she did not know it—she assumed the same do-or-die expression her father had worn when he sold his two pigs, goat and heirloom chest, and started for America. She took off her own hat, put on the other and turned to an adjacent mirror. She might be caught, reprimanded, fired, kicked down eight flights of stairs. She did not care. If the whole factory toppled in horror she would see for once how she looked in a hat that was a hat!

Linda was not vain. The steerage, Ellis Island, the necktie factory and the untrimmed-hat room proved poor incubators for peacocks. Eloise, as a friend, had informed her that yellowish-brown lashes were not proper with dark-brown eyes. Once Haggy had called her a dago. She did not know that his heckling was only a disguised form of admiration.

Brinckley's desire for her company she rated as merely a momentary philanthropy on that gentleman's part, of which he might weary at any moment. Her mother and father were too tired and too busy feeding their children to cosset their vanity. Nevertheless Linda gazed at the mirror with delighted approval.

There remained no doubt. Bird-of-paradise feathers had all and more of the beautifying effect that she had attributed to them. Linda approved so hard that her heart ached; and she had no inkling that the ache was as much for a bigger, better life as for headgear. Her heart warmed to Brinckley.

Once or twice in the past the bulging, clean-shaven, cream-white outline of his full cheeks had reminded her of the stale codfish steak that her father sometimes brought home. Now she repented her uncharitableness. And, of course, he had laughed at her skimpily trimmed hat. Why should he not when he saw and handled such as these every day? Linda's breast, not yet full-formed, heaved with emotion. Her eyes glowed.

"Hello!" said Brinckley, entering from the outside aisle. A smile flitted over his rather thick lips as he saw the big hat on her head. She blushed and hurriedly returned it to its pedestal.

"Do you want it?"—coming close to her. "You can have it."

The glow in her wide brown eyes deepened to flame. Then disappointment laid a blurring gloom over it. Over Linda's genuine innocence Haggy and Eloise had flung chunks of plastering wisdom.

"I couldn't take it"—soberly. "I couldn't wear it. The folks at home—Eloise—would wonder——"

"Oh, well, you needn't go"—Brinckley hastily amended the sentence; Linda, startled, had stepped away from him. "You needn't show it to them. Just wear it when you are out with me. You can leave it at the house of a friend of mine." He spoke casually—as though that were a common-sense solution.

Linda gravely considered this proposition. Her eyes went to the hat, then to the floor, as though she could look through it to the factory below, where Eloise even then was sending anxious glances alternately to the clock and to Linda's empty chair. Brinckley waited easily. He had waited longer for less desirable wearers of paradise feathers.

Linda looked again lingeringly at the hat. She frowned. When her eyes met Brinckley's there was less of innocence and more of understanding in them.

"Tonight—after work?" said Brinckley softly.

She half nodded.

"You're the wise boy, Gamble!" lovingly ejaculated Mr. Benjamin Lutz, youngest, crossest and baldest of the three Lutz brothers, as he pushed into the showroom a fat, black-mustached, loud-brown-checked gentleman, whose expression was glaring to insanity and whose hair filled the place with the aroma of bay rum. "Anyone that don't know what he wants comes right to Lutz Brothers'. Now you take six dozen of these strawcloth hoods; and if you don't sell 'em in two years I'll take 'em back. I ain't what you'd call a hard fellow. And, of course——"

"I'm telling you I don't want 'em!" shrieked Mr. Gamble, trying to squirm away from Benjamin Lutz' embracing arms. "I looked here yesterday—and last week—and the week before! I wouldn't take one-twenty-fourth of a dozen—not if you was to give a player-piano as a premium with each hat! I want——"

"Hello, Gamble!" Brinckley whirled away from Linda and smilingly advanced.

Linda shrank round a counter—and then, aghast, she remembered her own hat eight impassable feet away. Benjamin Lutz might scalp her—but she could not leave without it; and she could not get it.

"What do you want, Gamble?" began Brinckley suavely.

"I know what I want!" fiercely declared Mr. Gamble—"only I ain't seen it yet. I want a flashy, cheap hat that looks tasty and expensive—something that is sort of quiet and still sort of loud; not too big and not too little. I ain't hunting for bridal bonnets and I ain't after a funeral toque—something that'll suit a bleached blonde or a walnut-dyed brunette; something that fits everybody.

"And I should think"—aggrievedly—"that a wholesale house what calls itself an up-to-date wholesale house would hire some trimmers that could trim what up-to-date retailers want! What do you keep open for, anyway? Lord!" He jabbed a disgusted pudgy forefinger at an ornate mound of roses on the hat that Lutz held. "Any apprentice girl can shovel a bushel of roses on to a lid, and tie 'em tight with thread! What I'm looking for is a hat with an eighth of a yard of velvet quirked on so it looks like a yard; and—— Huh!"

Mr. Gamble's tirade gaggled into a satisfied grunt, his pudgy hands swooped out and upbore—Linda's own hat. Ecstatically he smoothed up the slim, perky bow.

"I knew I'd know it so soon as I seen it! This is it! I'll bet you can sell me this hat for"—astutely his wise old eyes estimated the braid, the narrow yellow velvet, the piping of white—"for, say, a dollar and seven cents, and make yourself a profit! Send me ten dozen this afternoon—and that don't mean next week! What combinations have you got? Olive and brown, I s'pose—black and white—navy and ciel—gridelin and green——"

Benjamin Lutz reached for the hat. He was rather puzzled. He had not seen it before. Probably it had been sent from the designing room only that morning.

"There's no ticket on it!" he snapped.

How dared an unticketed hat preen itself in the showroom? He turned to call a salesgirl.

Brinckley's suave smile suddenly faded. For a moment he had not recognized the hat. Little idiot! Linda came forward, her knees shaking, her lashes lowered.

"It's m-mine," she stammered.

"Ah!" beamed Mr. Gamble. "That's all the better. Now I know no one is ahead of me with it." He perked it aloft on a forefinger; then he set it on Linda's abashed head. "Fine!" Mr. Gamble rubbed his hands together joyfully. "Gimme fifteen dozen!"

"Yours?" questioned Benjamin Lutz. "And you?"

There was a concentration of calculation in his sharp old eyes. Brinckley saw it. And the expression that spread itself over Mr. Brinckley's clean-shaven, full-cheeked face was as ungladsome as a coat of tar smeared over a new tin roof. One polished tan foot went forward spasmodically, as though it would step between Linda and the words that Lutz was uttering; but it slumped back. Mr. Brinckley had a conviction that Benjamin's bald head was too old and too intelligently rounded to hold any sympathy for certain plans. Anyway Linda had almost nodded assent.

"Altogether too clever to be wasted in the untrimmed-hat factory," Lutz was declaring, half under his breath.

"I guess yes!" cried Gamble. "Say, I can use her——"

"Never mind," said Lutz firmly; "so can we." He picked up a telephone on an adjacent desk, and in some twenty-six words to the forewoman who was called a designer and went twice a year to "Yurrup" he cut the red tape and dissolved the two flights of stairs and years of toil that lay between Linda of the untrimmed hats and Linda in charge of a table of girls on the ninth floor. "Tell Miss Laroche how many assistants you need to get out the fifteen dozen this afternoon," he ordered as he moved away with Gamble. "And tomorrow get up some other designs."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*Lehn & Fink*

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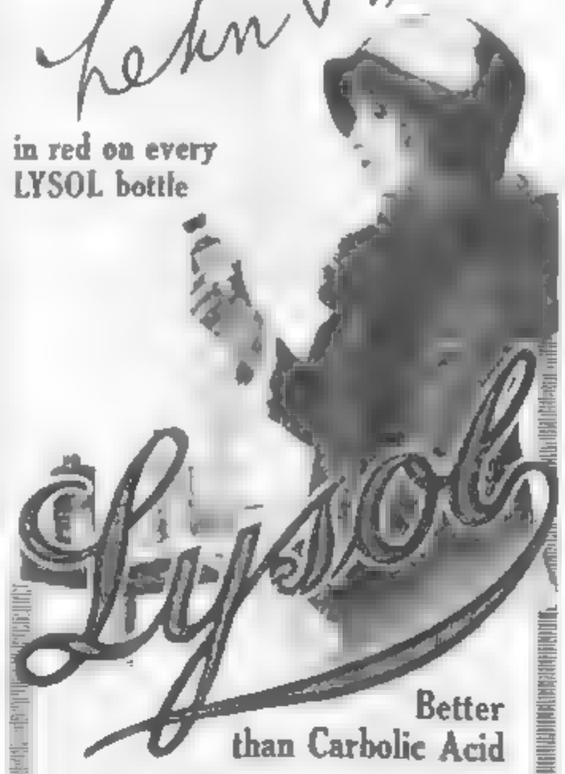

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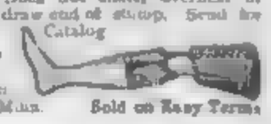

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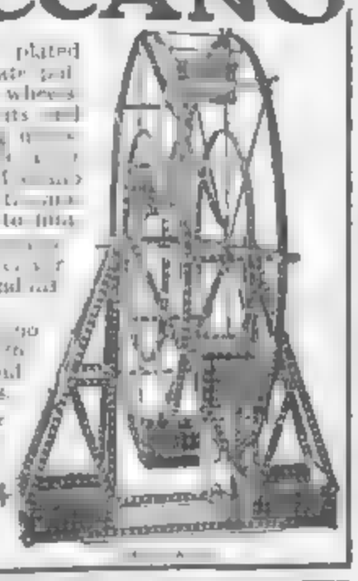

consists of bright plated steel strips, [illegible] gear wheels, pinions, pulleys, nuts and bolts, everything [illegible] any model [illegible] can be made and [illegible] model to [illegible] it to [illegible] your boy's Meccano [illegible] with [illegible] be made and [illegible] and [illegible] too.

There are 13 Meccano outfits—$1 to $75. For sale at Toy and Department Stores.

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PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Many [illegible] Write for free books, inventions wanted, prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 35 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.


Brinckley waited impatiently until the two broad backs were out of sight.

"Bully for you, little girl!" he said heartily. "Tonight we'll celebrate." His voice was assured, but uneasiness peered from his glance.

Linda looked at him with lovely, shining, unseeing eyes.

"Tonight?"—scornfully. "Oh, that's off!" She stepped away. Abstraction enwrapped her. "A pale pink band," she murmured happily, "and a smidgen of apple-green silk! I could twist ——"

"Off!" Brinckley echoed. "Don't you want those bird-of-paradise feathers?"—meaningly.

"Sure!" laughed Linda. "And I'll get 'em."

"Of course you will!"—eagerly. "I'll give 'em to you tonight."

Like hot sirup from a heat-cracked china bowl, liking, diffidence, dullness and sentiment dripped splutteringly from Linda's wide-open eyes; and with them went the last vestige of ignorance. She snapped two grubby fingers under Brinckley's nose.

"And when I get 'em," she informed him, "I'll buy 'em!"

"Yes—you will!" sneered Brinckley.

Linda shrugged her shoulders. Over her sparkling face came the same glow—though she did not know it—that had burned on her tired bearded father's when he lifted his countenance and looked clear across from Austria to America.

"At any rate," she grinned at him, "I won't be no old, wrinkled, faded Bird of Paradise Lost!"

## Clerks on Rollers

ROLLER SKATES for clerks who must go constantly back and forth in a big room is a new shop-efficiency idea.

A street railroad company in New Bedford, Massachusetts, has found the plan to be a really wonderful time-saver in its stockroom.

All kinds of stock, from little bolts to heavy pickaxes, are kept in steel boxes piled up tier above tier in a room one hundred and seventy feet long. Orders for stock come to the room to be filled, like an order for groceries from a housewife; and the clerks must hurry round and get the desired articles. Their duties thus require constant moving from one place to another all day long; so they were provided with roller skates.

The experiment proved to be successful both in saving time and in saving the energy of the men.

With practice, they became sure on their feet at the sharp turns.

Many of the boxes are so high that they can only be reached by ladders; so ladders on rollers are provided—one in front of each row.

The steps of the ladders are narrow and consequently the men soon learn to climb the ladders readily without removing their skates, for there is plenty of room between the toe rollers and the heel rollers for the step of the ladder to fit in under the clerk's shoe.

## Saving the Pilot

SUCH long flights are now being made in aeroplanes that many pilots have had to come down because they have reached the limit of their own endurance rather than the limit of endurance of the machine or the end of the fuel; so many of the new European models are being designed to lessen the strain on the pilot.

The most severe strain is on the pilot's arms when keeping the lateral or sidewise balance. Accordingly many designers are adding a pedal control for lateral balance in addition to the wheel or lever control. When a pilot's arms are tired he can rest them by maintaining the balance with his feet.

Meanwhile many designers are having more luck with their attempts at inherent stability, or machines that require little or no balancing.

The most prominent of these at present is the arrowhead-shaped, tailless biplane designed by a British army officer.

A French officer flying one of these models recently stood on his seat for several minutes waving his arms, at an altitude of several hundred feet. At another time, having trouble with the engine in the middle of a flight, he climbed back eight feet to the motor and tinkered with it while the biplane kept its own balance.

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**A growth based on sheer merit**

Nothing can induce a woman to buy a pattern except the belief that it is a good pattern.

## Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

are enjoying their tremendous popularity simply because they actually give the plain, explicit directions that are easily followed, because they show how inexpensively a really smart gown can be made, and because they are planned on the best-informed idea of fashion that exists today.

**Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, 629 W. 43rd St., New York**

*Get a copy of The Criterion of Fashion, the newest dress magazine, 5c.*



Thanksgiving

TASTE THE TASTE

## "M-m-m-m! *Great!*" Try This New Turkey Dressing

What's *in* it? Listen: Bread crumbs. English walnuts. Celery. Apples. And—Underwood Deviled Ham—the *Big Taste!*

***Little Red Devil Recipe No. 38***

Mix 3 cups stale bread crumbs, 1½ cups Underwood Deviled Ham. Stir in, one at a time, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped celery; 1 cup chopped [illegible], 1 teaspoon crushed marjoram leaves, salt and pepper to taste [illegible] out of all, 3 eggs. Mix thoroughly. This quantity is enough for a large turkey.

Or maybe you've a dressing recipe of your own that you're *wedded* to. Then just add Underwood Deviled Ham to it. You'll love it even better.

Why is Underwood Deviled Ham so delicious in sandwiches, dressings, omelets, salads, rarebits, etc.? Because—it's *real homelike boiled ham*, cooked *en casserole* to keep in the ham savor of salt-and-sugar-and-hickory-smoke, ground fine and mixed with the tantalizing Underwood Deviled Dressing of many mild spices. Not hot, just *mouth-watering*.

Order some from your grocer *now*. If he hasn't it, send his name and 15c for can to try. Economical. Makes 12 to 24 sandwiches. Or send grocer's name for Free Book of the Famous Little Red Devil Recipes.

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"Branded With The Devil But Fit For The Gods"

# Some Things You Should Know About the

"SIX" Studebaker

The new Studebaker "SIX", completely equipped, sells for $1575.

You should know that in all the world there is no "Six" of price as low.

You should know that large production has, in this instance, brought down the price of "Sixes", as it brought down the price of "Fours", years ago.

You should know that it is not only the "Six" of lowest price, but that it is one of the few *manufactured* "Sixes".

You should know that to find other "Sixes" which are also *manufactured*, you must pay prices which are far above this price.

You should know that manufactured accuracy is a quality you are entitled to insist upon in a "Six"; and that in this car *more than six thousand operations are Studebaker manufacturing operations.*

You should know that it is not a small "Six" or a stinted "Six" in any sense, but a large "Six" and a luxurious "Six", with seven-passenger capacity.

You should know that it is a "Six" electrically lighted and started by a system which has proven itself on thousands of other Studebaker cars.

You should know that this "SIX" is beautiful beyond any conception a printed page can convey; and that its appointments are such as have characterized in the past the "Sixes" of highest price.

Above all, you should bear in mind that it is a Studebaker "SIX", remarkable not so much for its price-mark, as for its trade-mark *and* its price-mark—not so much for its good looks, as for its good name *and* its good looks.

A Studebaker dealer is near you, ready to show you the Touring Car, the Landau Roadster at $1950 and the Sedan at $2250.

Go and see if we overstate the case, when we say that in the world of "Sixes" this Studebaker stands absolutely alone.

*Send for descriptive literature*

Canadian Office
Walkerville, Ontario
*Prices in Canada*
"SIX" Touring Car, $1975
"SIX" Landau Roadster, $2550
"SIX" Sedan, $2950

## Studebaker, Detroit, Mich.

"BUY IT BECAUSE IT'S A STUDEBAKER"

"FOUR" Touring Car, $1050
"FOUR" Landau Roadster, $1200
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Full o' Life

that's the garter for you—fresh rubber, silky webs, patterned to the leg—the garter that wears best. It's a

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On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on [illegible] If unsatisfactory return it, and [illegible] our deposit. This ensures you a free [illegible] Illustrated catalog giving prices, terms [illegible]

E. T. BURROWES CO., 805 Center Street, Portland, Me


## WOODROWSBY LEGENDS

*(Concluded from Page 17)*

By treacherous lyin'
The faith that's undyin'
In the old-fashioned platform of William J. Bryan!"

But, e'en as this moan through the grotto doth float,
Who is this comes in a neat motor boat?
High is his forehead and long is his coat.
He's the vaudeville air
Such as lecturers wear
Who have charmed many tents by their genius of throat.
A Free Silver almoner
Hisses: "The Commoner!"
Straight to the grotto great Jennings doth mote,
Where he kneels at the bootsie
Of Gold Standard tootsie
And hands her his proxy, disguised in a note
To Congressman Glass.
A ripple doth pass
Through the ranks of Insurgents like zephyr through grass.
Congressman Wingo
Snarls: "Death to the gringo!
Our Prophet, turned hoary,
Has switched to a Tory—
The wolves of the Senate have captured his goat!
It's all over now but to put it to vote."

And as cute little mermaids, with happy good will,
Were handing out ballots to vote on the bill,
Sir William the Bryan, not giving a hang,
To the Gold Standard Lorelei ardently sang:
"Pretty little dove, you!
Tut-tut-tut!
You made me love you.
Didn't want to do it—
I didn't want to do it—
But——"

*IV*

After this scene on the Lorelei's shore
The Ghost of Free Silver went haunting no more.
Some say he still walks amid moanings and chills
In a Treasury vault, where Confederate bills
Are ground into pulp.
With a hideous gulp,
Some say he was popped in the grinder's grim spout—
If so, he's still there, for he's never come out.

But as to the Lorelei: Poets aver
That a senator took quite a fancy to her;
And now in his office—his name is suppressed—
She sits as stenographer, prettily dressed.
She interviews callers, 'twixt ticking and inking,
And wheedles 'em round to the senator's thinking—
Not by song any more, but in verbiage choice
And a sweetly Spencerian business voice.
She's changed her name, too, and has grown a bit scoldy;
And the clerks and the office force call her just Goldie!

## Watch Them Grow

BIG aeroplanes are the striking development of this year in aeronautics—six-passenger, eight-passenger and even ten-passenger machines having made successful flights. Many theorists have recently declared that there are physical limits to the size of successful aeroplanes, and that these limits have nearly been reached; but on the practical side the development continues.

One Russian aviator has made long flights with a machine having a wing span of more than one hundred feet. The latest model in Wright machines, in contrast, has a span of only thirty-eight feet; and the span of the high-speed French machines is much less. The Russian aëroplane carries ten passengers, all seated comfortably in an inclosed car. Four hundred horsepower is used to turn four propellers.

A tandem biplane recently tried out on the Seine in France, adapted to rise from the water, weighs more than three tons loaded, and is driven by engines developing four hundred horsepower. The two sets of wings have a span of eighty-two feet each. Machines are now being constructed to carry twelve and fourteen passengers.

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GIRARD Cigars

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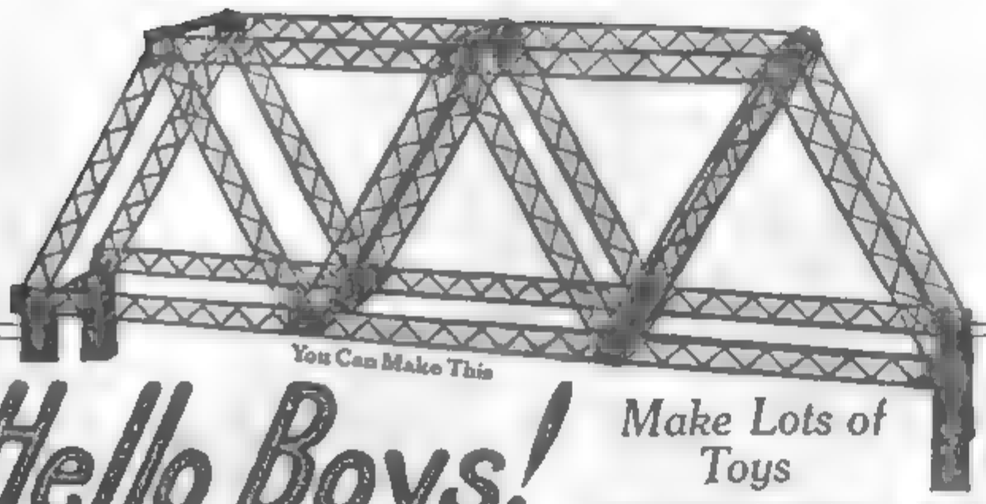

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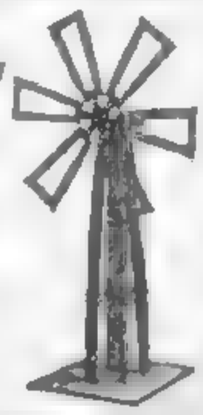
That's why I made the MYSTO ERECTOR with square steel girders just like you see in railroad bridges and tall New York Buildings like the "Woolworth." It's great fun, and it also gives you a practical engineering training and develops your mechanical skill. Be sure to buy

## The Mysto ERECTOR

**(The Toy that Resembles Structural Steel)**

*Hurry and Write for my Free Book*



It has 20% more parts than other model builders; you can work quicker, make stronger, stiffer models. They look just like men's work. How you'll enjoy it! Dealers sell the Mysto Erector; $1 and up. Ask your dealer to show it to you. Write today for my Free 24-page booklet full of pictures. Give name of your toy dealer.

*DEALERS—Write us for our extra liberal selling proposition*

Make Real Steel Buildings, Run Elevators with the Mysto Motor

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*Puzzles—Magic Tricks—Send for Catalog of hundreds; easy and hard*

—blouse distinction which lends manly appearance—an exclusive line of materials and patterns—practical features of waist adjustment—economy of effort and length of service—scientifically correct measurement—an instantaneous fit for any boy—

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LOOK for the LOOP

(PAT. FEB. 3, 1911)

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Ask to see Range 3200

SOLD BY RETAILERS NEARLY EVERYWHERE

K&E Blouse Makers

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Upon request—an interesting book by Edna K. Wooley Simply say—"Send me—Getting Together."


# The Reorganization of the Republican Party

(Concluded from Page 4)

of which would come straight from the mass of the people, and would be chosen for the purpose of dealing with this matter, and this matter alone. It is true that the special convention would be assembled upon the old basis, but no one who understands the Republican temper in these days will doubt that in such a convention, free from the entanglements and combinations which presidential ambitions always create, the decision would be practically unanimous in favor of substantial equality of representation in future conventions, of accepting the results of primary laws, and of providing some more acceptable plan for the settlement of disputes between contesting delegates in those states without primary laws.

A word with reference to what has been done in the movement and the discussion will come to an end. Very soon after the election of 1912 the writer was asked by an enterprising newspaper reporter what should be done in order to reunite the Republican party and make it strong and successful. In answer to this inquiry he proposed substantially the reforms elaborated in this article. The Republicans of his own state became interested in the suggestion, and well-nigh all of them, in one form or another, through resolutions, letters, and the like, approved it. It came to the attention of the men who controlled the convention of 1912, and a great many of them endorsed it.

In the early part of 1913 a conference of fifty or sixty of the men who had become known throughout the country as Progressive Republicans, representing many states, was held in Chicago and unanimously issued a statement which set forth in some detail the reasons for holding a national convention as soon as practicable to consider the subject. Upon the authority of the conference its chairman appointed a committee of seven, consisting of Governor H. S. Hadley, of Missouri, Senators Cummins, of Iowa, Crawford, of South Dakota, and Jones, of Washington, and Representatives Anderson, of Minnesota, Crampton, of Michigan, and Rogers, of Massachusetts, to present the views of the conference to a meeting of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee held in the city of Washington in the latter part of May.

The committee of the conference submitted to the executive committee, in writing, a communication covering the whole field of the controversy. The executive committee adopted a resolution instructing the chairman to call a meeting of the full Republican National Committee within sixty days after the adjournment of the extraordinary session of Congress.

A few weeks ago the New York Republican state convention was held, and with the issue directly joined, it adopted a resolution for the special national convention to readjust the basis of representation in national conventions, and to deal with the powers of the National Committee in cases of contesting delegates. A little later the chairman of the National Committee issued a call for a meeting of the full committee on December sixteenth of this year, and thus the matter stands at this time.

Those of us who have been deeply interested in promoting the movement have been making everywhere the best campaign we could, in speech and in writing, and the effort will go forward with unabated vigor. The proposal has been sometimes derided by the unthinking; sometimes maligned by the reactionary; sometimes misunderstood by the progressive; but whether the opposition comes from the thoughtless, the determined or the mistaken, the movement will make its way to complete victory.

## Insinuations

THE proprietors of a new bathing beach near Indianapolis sent Vice-President Marshall, then governor of Indiana, a complimentary season ticket to the beach.

Through some mischance a second complimentary ticket was sent to the governor. Whereupon Mr. Marshall wrote this letter:

"*Gentlemen:* I accepted your first pass as a courtesy. I look on this second one as a suggestion. If I get another I shall consider it a positive insult."

Do you realize the dress-value of a modish Florsheim style? There is a shape to suit your taste and needs, with one hundred cents' worth of satisfaction for every dollar invested.

There is a Florsheim dealer ready to serve you—if unable to locate him—write us.

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*Style Book FREE upon request*

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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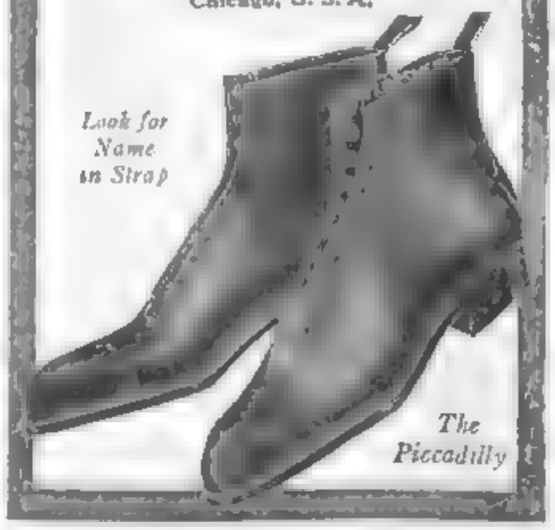

STYLE can't be affixed to a garment, like a postage-stamp to a letter. Style springs from *quality of fabric*, joined to brains, pains and high aims.

Marinette
The Aristocrat of Knitted Coats for Men Women and Children

is *style-supreme*, because quality is the *be-all* and *end-all* of these Knitted Coats, from material to making.

*Pure worsted*—knitted to shape—full-fashioned—soft and elastic—hand-finished—everlastingly shape-keeping.

Four hundred separate styles for Men, Women and Children retailing from $3 to $15 at all best shops. Silk Coats, $20 to $75. Send a postcard for the name of a dealer near you and for our fascinating Book "S."

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**100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS $6.25**

Latest style, highest quality hand copper-plate engraving, inside and outside envelopes. Delivery charges prepaid. Engraved ... 25 visiting cards $1.00. Samples free.
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*Sold only in* UNITED CIGAR STORES *all over the U. S., or by mail at same price, postage prepaid.*

**PALMA de CUBA**

**The "800-Store-Price" of this real 10 ct. Cigar is 4-for-25 cts. Box of 25, $1.50**

When there was only one UNITED CIGAR STORE it sold the Palma de Cuba brand as an unequaled value. This was twelve years ago.

**Now there are over 800 UNITED CIGAR STORES in 179 cities; and the Palma de Cuba is still a "bright particular star" in the cigar stock.**

No other one cigar has helped so much to spread UNITED Cigar Stores all over the country.

The Media Perfecto size Palma de Cuba is *the ideal shape* — the price $1.50 a box of 25 in UNITED CIGAR STORES, or 4-for-25 cts.

Nothing to match it elsewhere at 10c. (Exclusively *imported* tobacco — Havana filler and Porto Rican wrapper.) Sales of three million Palma de Cubas a month cut the cost to you almost in two.

Money refunded if the cigars are not satisfactory. *The smoker decides.*

If not within reach of a UNITED CIGAR STORE send mail order with remittance to UNITED CIGAR STORES, (M. O. S.) Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

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WRITING THE PHOTOPLAY
A practical course of twenty lessons in the art ... Arthur Leeds, Editor
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STUDENTS ... our latest big novelty. Sple... Free Catalog, sample card ... Write — COLLSON NOVELTY CO., 1235 MADISON, CHICAGO

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We want to hear from you. Thousands of boys all over the country are making lots of money selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* after school hours and on Saturdays. You can do the same thing. Besides the profits, we're giving thousands of the sort of premiums that a boy wants. If you want to try it send us a line.

*Sales Division, Box 166*
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania


# The Forehanded Man

## By Will Payne

HERE is the story of a successful industry that kept out of Wall Street and had nothing to do with high finance and made a great deal of sure money for many small investors.

Some forty years ago B. F. Lyon decided to build a book-paper mill at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Nobody had ever made paper in that region before; and there was no particular reason for making it there more than at any other point in the Middle West, except that an abundant supply of pure soft water was available.

It took about eighty thousand dollars of capital to set the infant industry on its pegs as a one-machine mill, trimming fifty-four inches. The capital was subscribed by patriotic and venturesome local business men, mainly in small lots.

Astute Andrew Carnegie once declared very positively that "Pioneering doesn't pay!" And it is a fact that nearly all infant industries must go through teething and measles at least. The Kalamazoo bantling was no exception. It accumulated liabilities more rapidly than assets.

A leading banker of that day, with a high reputation for sagacity, sold his stock at fifty cents on the dollar, and other subscribers were about as much discouraged; but at length they were painfully discovering how to make paper in the little mill. They had engaged S. A. Gibson, a thorough master mechanic and millwright from Massachusetts; Noah Bryant, who had worked in an English mill when a boy; and George Bardeen, a capable bookkeeper.

These men took over the management of the small enterprise and it began to find itself. Pretty soon they added another fifty-four-inch machine — and conservative citizens shook their heads over such recklessness; but with two machines running the mill began paying dividends, and for many years its average return to stockholders was over forty per cent a year.

Obviously there was money in the book-paper business in Kalamazoo. The profits were partly due to success in tapping a new source of supply of raw material.

### *Later Offshoots*

Book paper, roughly speaking, means everything from the coarse spruce-pulp product, on which daily newspapers are printed, to fine bond paper. It is the material used for almost all books and periodicals. In short, consumption increases with the increase of a nation's reading.

To get an idea of what that means, remember that the output of printing and publishing establishments in the United States was valued at a little under four hundred million dollars in 1899, and at nearly seven hundred and fifty millions in 1909; say, eighty per cent increase in ten years!

Formerly the raw material of book paper was rags; but not even the most rabid socialist could see rags enough in the United States to feed an industry that grew so rapidly. Of course pulp is now used along with other materials; but in the early days of the Kalamazoo venture waste paper began to be used to a considerable extent as a raw material for book paper. Messrs. Gibson and Bardeen and their associates did much to improve the process of remanufacturing waste paper.

In 1887 Messrs. Bardeen and Bryant, with three others, retired from the original mill and set up an independent concern, raising the capital by local subscription. The new concern started with one machine, presently adding another out of accumulated earnings; then a third, and finally a fourth. Besides paying for these extensions out of profits it paid dividends ranging from twenty to sixty per cent a year.

In 1896 Mr. Bryant branched out again — with Charles B. Hays and several others who had fairly grown up either in the original mill or in the offspring of 1887. They organized a company with a capital of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and began with a one-machine mill. From that modest beginning this company has grown, mostly from the accumulations of its own profits, to a concern with five mills, containing ten paper machines and thirty coating machines, capitalized at three and a half million dollars.

Now all you need is a sharp knife

The cook has done *her* share The bird is done to perfection. Now it's up to *you!*

And it's something to be thankful for if the knife is sharp. A good edge on the carver and the task is easy. What you need is a

**PIKE INDIA KANTBREAK KNIFE SHARPENER**

This handy device gives a keen knife edge the first time you try. It's much quicker than an old-fashioned steel. That's because it's made from the world famous abrasive, Pike India — finest and fastest sharpening substance there is. Dropping won't break this sharpener it's rubber mounted and reinforced by a steel rod. Handsomely finished too. It looks well on the table.

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You need this "Pike Kantbreak" for carving — the women folks need it for kitchen and paring knives. It's only one of the handy, inexpensive articles which Pike makes for home sharpening. Costs but 50c. Look for the name "Pike Kantbreak" on handle — no other has rubber mountings. Be sure to "Pick a Pike."

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**Shaving Stick, Powder, Cream**

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| Dental Cream | Talc Powder |
| Shaving Cream | Dental Cream |
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After Shaving Use Williams' Talc Powder

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Outdoors and indoors—from thick-soled boots for downpours to thin-soled pumps for waxed floors, each Regal style is designed with a specific use in mind. Read below—

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Made of tough, Russet Oil Grain Leather—heavy, double, winter-weight sole—low arch and solid leather, flange heels for comfortable striding—broad toe that doesn't crowd or cramp—combination back stay and pull strap—"blind" eyelets—lined throughout with wear-resisting Brown Duck. A stalwart Blucher Boot such as Englishmen dote on for rough weather tramping.

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LOG CABIN SYRUP

Log Cabin Syrup adds a zest to your breakfast that makes the whole day better. On your custards, puddings, grape fruit, muffins, etc., it's a delicious treat with any meal.

Get a pint can at your grocer's today. You will know it by the Log Cabin Can.

If he hasn't it, send me his name and 25 cents, and I'll send you by prepaid Parcel Post a full measure pint can and our Free Recipe Book telling how to make lots of good maple dishes.

Address me, Jack Towle, care

Towle Maple Products Co.,

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For a long time it paid regular dividends of five per cent a month. About seven years ago it declared a stock dividend of five hundred and fifty per cent, each holder of one share receiving five and a half new shares gratis. This stock dividend represented accumulated earnings that had been put back into the plant. And, after cutting that large melon, the stock sold at three times its face value. Three years ago accumulated profits were distributed in the form of a stock dividend of one hundred per cent, every stockholder getting one new share gratis for each old share.

Suppose you had put one thousand dollars into this concern at the beginning. For many years you would have received five per cent a month—or six hundred dollars a year—in cash dividends; and now, without any additional investment of capital on your part, you would hold stock of the face value of thirteen thousand dollars, which is worth in the market more than twenty thousand dollars. That is a real investment!

At present there are a dozen book-paper concerns in the Kalamazoo district. Every one of them, like the two mentioned above, has grown out of the original mill started by B. F. Lyon. In every case a few ambitious employees of an old mill have got together and started a new mill, so that a single family tree will show the descent of all the mills from the parent establishment.

Now these ambitious employees may have had comparatively little capital of their own; but they had experience and a record of efficiency—they knew how to make paper. And Kalamazoo, with its experience of profitable paper-stock investments, was ready to back them with the necessary capital. This has given rise to an unusual investment situation. Probably quite eighty per cent of the capital stock of the book-paper mills in the district is held at home, and a great part of it in relatively small amounts, scattered in hundreds of hands.

Charles B. Hays, who began as a bookkeeper in the original mill more than twenty years ago, and who has had a prominent hand in organizing three or four of its offspring, says:

"No small group owns a majority of the stock of any of these companies. It is very rare for one man to hold as much as ten per cent; in fact it is a rare thing for the combined holdings of the board of directors to equal one-half of the outstanding stock. I can recall literally hundreds of instances within my own knowledge where a small investment in paper stock has made a man quite well-to-do. Of course larger investors have grown rich."

### How Profits Piled Up

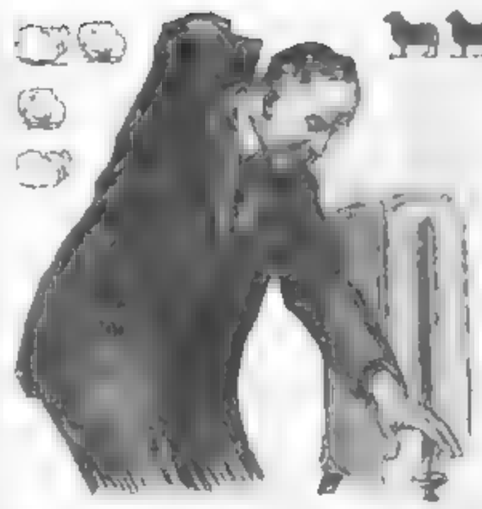
"Not a great many years ago, for example, a young clerk borrowed two hundred dollars on his personal credit and bought stock of the par value of five hundred dollars, borrowing the other three hundred of the purchase price at the bank by putting the stock up as collateral. It was not a great while before that stock was paying ten per cent a month in cash dividends. Then there was a stock dividend. Without any additional investment of capital on his part that clerk's stock is worth seventy-five hundred dollars today.

"I know a forehanded farmer who began buying paper stock in a small way as an investment for spare cash. He liked it so well that finally he put all the money he could raise into paper stocks. Now his yearly income from those stocks nearly equals his original investment.

"These mills, you see, have built themselves up to their present proportions out of accumulated profits. They all started with comparatively small capital—a one-machine mill, representing a hundred and twenty-five thousand or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was the usual thing. As profits accumulated, another machine would be added; then presently there would be a stock dividend, representing the accrued earnings that had been put back into the plant. So you will find one mill whose stock, at present prices, represents over twenty thousand dollars for each thousand originally invested; another that shows fifteen for one; others that show five or six for one, and so on.

"There have been no insiders and outsiders. Every subscriber has come in on exact equality with every other. The companies have not been milked by extravagant salaries and have played no favorites."

Of course the days of five per cent a month and a big stock dividend every few

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you'll realize what it means to enjoy the COMFORT of softest COTTON *with* the WARMTH of finest WOOL.

Bitter winds won't chill you, steam-heat won't torture you. For [illegible]

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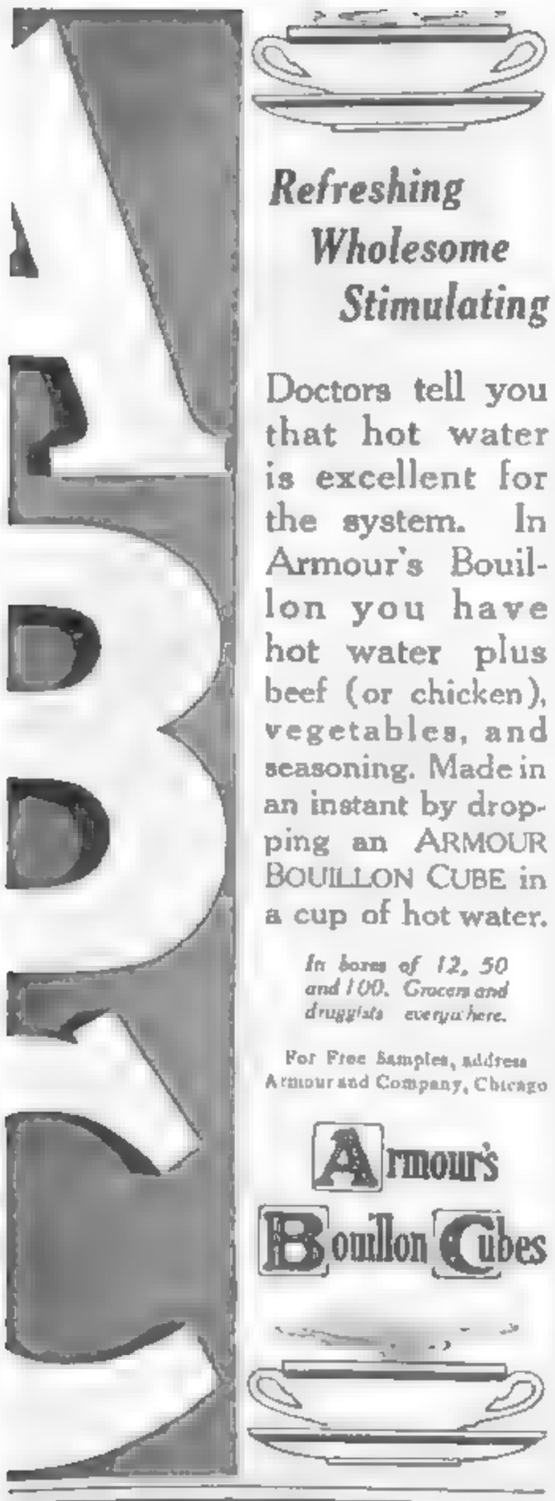

*Refreshing*
*Wholesome*
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Doctors tell you that hot water is excellent for the system. In Armour's Bouillon you have hot water plus beef (or chicken), vegetables, and seasoning. Made in an instant by dropping an ARMOUR BOUILLON CUBE in a cup of hot water.

*In boxes of 12, 50 and 100. Grocers and druggists everywhere.*

For Free Samples, address Armour and Company, Chicago

Armour's Bouillon Cubes


years are past. For one thing it takes a much larger investment to start a mill now than it did twenty years ago. Not only has the cost of buildings and machinery advanced very much but more efficient machines are necessary.

Hence to build a first-class one-machine mill from the ground up would probably take nearly four hundred thousand dollars at present. And there is now a manufacturing capacity quite equal to the consumptive demand. In short the industry has reached a stable standardized condition, and the investor can expect only a fair manufacturing profit.

Naturally paper stocks are a standard form of investment round Kalamazoo and there is always a good market. There is very little speculation as that term is ordinarily used in connection with stocks. Almost always the purchaser buys for actual investment, expecting to hold the shares indefinitely; but, with the stocks so widely scattered, there is always somebody who wants to sell for one reason or another, and there is always somebody who wants to buy.

The stocks are bought and sold through two or three brokers and by personal dickering; and, because of their ready marketability, the banks have always loaned freely on them up to two-thirds or more of the market price.

Following the original fashion set by Mr. Lyon in raising capital for his parent mill the par value of the shares is ten dollars. Holdings of only twenty, thirty or fifty shares will be found, but the ordinary unit is a hundred shares, of a par value of one thousand dollars. A thrifty celery grower, or a forehanded clerk, or a merchant, lawyer, or doctor, has a hundred shares in a paper company that he wishes to dispose of; he calls on a broker and names the price at which he will sell. If it is as good a price as that for which anybody else will sell the same stock the broker will find a purchaser. So the market is made.

### *The Wall Street Method*

It is an interesting fact that for many years these paper stocks at Kalamazoo have very closely followed—on a broad curve—the course of prices on the New York Stock Exchange. A leading paper stock, for example, which sold at eighteen and a half or nineteen dollars a share a year ago now sells round sixteen and a half. The reason of course is that the same broad conditions govern investment in both places. If money is tight over a long period in New York it will also be tight in Kalamazoo, and, with tight money, there will be more sellers than buyers everywhere.

The dozen or more concerns in the district are all—nominally at least—in active competition with one another as well as with mills in other districts. None of them publishes statements of earnings and conditions, though some rather meager information is issued to stockholders annually.

This absence of official information might be a handicap to investors under most circumstances; but Kalamazoo has sort of grown up with the book-paper business. Trade news circulates more or less by word of mouth and investors rely on past profitable experience.

Before trust prosecutions became so much the fashion, several attempts were made to combine these book-paper mills into a single concern on the good old New Jersey plan. You know what would have happened in that case. A little ocean of water would have been injected into the capitalization; the promoters would have raked off a couple of million dollars as compensation for their valuable services; and the investor could have taken his choice between the preferred stock, which could never pay more than a strictly limited dividend, and the common stock, which had very little tangible value behind it and was mostly a mere set of loaded dice.

That is the standard plan of Wall Street promoting—to take a good, flourishing industry and turn it into a double-barreled trap for the investor. If he chooses the preferred barrel he cannot get what the money invested in the industry actually earns, but only a strictly limited dividend. If he chooses the common barrel he takes a lively chance of getting no return at all. And for this dubious service the promoter charges an enormous fee.

Kalamazoo shows one instance in which ordinary investors have gone into a flourishing industry right on the ground floor. It is rare enough to be worth recording.

THE question of a coat can be settled with the greatest satisfaction and economy to yourself, by selecting one of the many beautiful models made of

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These superb garments will enjoy a tremendous vogue during the coming season. In style they embody the best thought of European designers adapted to the needs of the American woman. Furthermore, in Salt's Arabian Lamb you have a positive guarantee of quality and durability—the pile being *absolutely fast*.

Reject imitations said to be "the same as Salt's" or "just like Salt's." They are inferior and certain to bring disappointment. For your protection, every garment made of the genuine bears the Salt's silk woven label shown here.

They possess all the richness, beauty and warmth of natural black Persian Lamb—and in appearance an expert can hardly perceive the difference

*Insist upon seeing this label*

GENUINE SALTEX-FUR ARABIAN LAMB

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Ask your dealer to show you his line of garments made of Salt's Arabian Lamb. Be sure to see the new [illegible] and get a sample of the material and name of dealer who can supply just what you desire.

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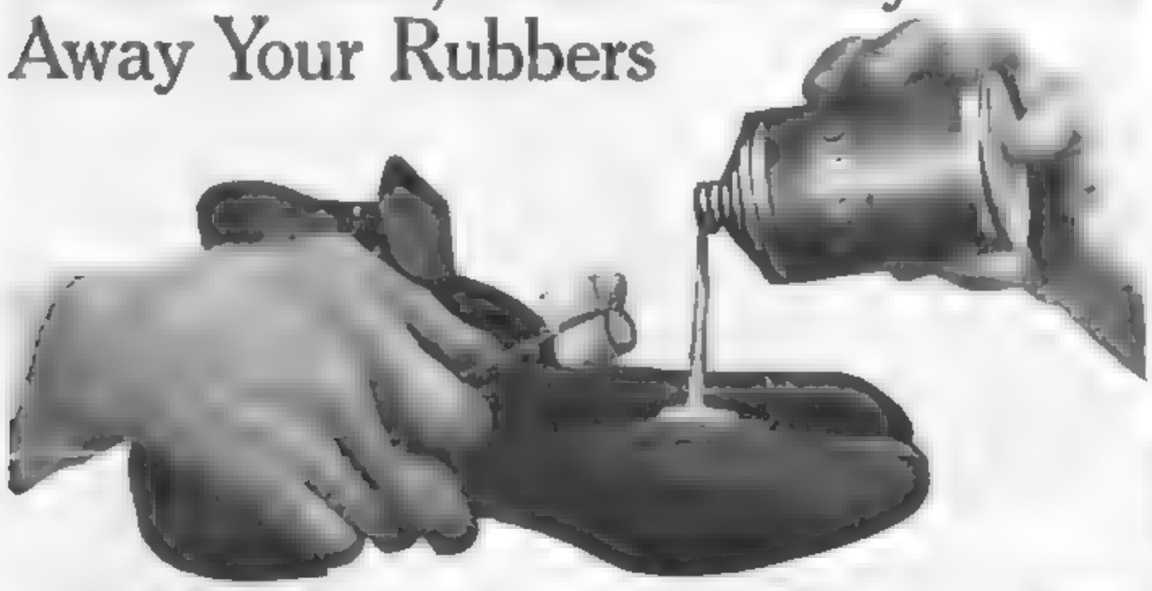

One thorough application of Dri-Foot will keep your shoes waterproof for the season.

## DRI-FOOT

**Waterproofing**

soaks into the leather, keeps it soft and pliable under all conditions, and makes it wear much longer. The shoes are never greasy nor sticky, it does not change the appearance, and you can polish them as easily as untreated shoes.

"Dri-Footed" shoes are ready for any weather. Forget rubbers. They're a nuisance anyway and are usually forgotten when wanted most. Dri-Foot doesn't "draw" the feet, doesn't add a "ton" to each foot like rubbers on a warm day.

### Good for Black or Tan

Get a can of Dri-Foot from your shoe man and prove what we say. If he hasn't it, send us his name and

*25c for a full size can. 35c in Canada*

—enough to keep your shoes waterproof for a whole season.

**It's Easy to Apply Dri-Foot**
Just pour some on your shoes, spread evenly with a dauber, allow to dry over night and rub off the surplus in the morning

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Merely moisten a cheese cloth with it and dust piano, furniture, woodwork, hardwood floors and gilt, lacquered and enameled finishes.

In the one simple dusting operation all dust, dirt, stains, mars and that ugly, bluish or smoky film disappears—the rich beauty of the original finish instantly reappears.

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Be sure you get the yellow carton with the distinctive tilted name, LIQUID VENEER.

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# Out-of-Doors

## Your Gun—How to Handle It

THE development of the sport of trap shooting at targets has kept us Americans in the front rank of users of the shotgun in spite of the gradual disappearance of our opportunities for field shooting. In the old days of general abundance of wild game the average man in this country could learn to shoot in the field. In the Old World skill with the shotgun has long been an accomplishment belonging to relatively few—and those of the privileged classes.

Today our lessening game supply has deprived us of much of the popular enjoyment of field sports once so general; so that though today more Americans own shotguns than ever before, and though they are better trapshots than the world ever saw before, still we have lost standing as a race of good wingshots, odd as that paradox may sound.

Trap shooting at targets seems rather mechanical to the man following his own gun and dog. It perfects the skill of any user of the shotgun; and it has become so general in America that our better amateur trapshots have no difficulty in accounting for the best of any other nation. In Europe the sport of trap shooting is not made a business as it is here. Targets thrown from towers, from behind hedges and streams, at unexpected times and angles, are there thought to afford better practice for the shotgun than the systematic target grinding of the average American tournament.

However, what shall the American boy do who wishes to learn the oldtime gentleman's accomplishment of wing shooting in the field? Of course this is something he ought to know, as he should know how to swim, skate, ride, to sail a boat, and to do many other things in the way of manly accomplishment. Of course the best thing for him would be to take regular instruction on the gun as he would on any other instrument, though few American parents take the trouble to ground their sons so carefully in the use of weapons. The average boy picks up his own education with the shotgun—hit or miss.

### *Education in Careful Handling*

Carelessness is part of the average boy, and careless habits formed early in life are apt to persist. Go to any trapshoot and watch the careless way in which many grownups use their guns. Of course they are not allowed to have loaded guns except on the firing line, and they are obliged to follow strict rules there; but often you will be horrified to see even a skillful shooter standing with a hand over the muzzle of his gun; leaning on it; allowing it to point at his person or at the person of some one else. And always the answer to any protest will be: "Why, it is not loaded!" The same carelessness is noticeable in many men when shooting in the field.

Indeed, one cannot be too careful in choosing his company in the field. Certainly we need education of our young shooters before they should be allowed to use a weapon so dangerous to themselves and others as is the shotgun.

In England the youth quite often is sent to a professional gun tutor; but in this country that functionary is not yet generally known—though in time it will be as customary to send a boy to a shooting school as it is now to send him to a riding school or a grammar school. Moreover this part of a boy's education ought not to be so much education as discipline in the severest sense of the word.

No man—even one who has had the most careful tuition in his youth—has ever shot all his life without knowing of some shotgun accident or being party to one, on the one side or the other. Neither is there any weapon so dangerous as the shotgun at short range. To drive home this fact into a careless boy's mind is something that cannot be done by a few gentle words. It takes discipline—the same discipline that makes the soldier.

The writer has a friend who is going through life minus his left hand. Cause—the hand rested on a gun muzzle as he stood on a log. Last year a leading lawyer, an acquaintance of the writer's, had his head blown off by a companion. Cause—two guns in a duckboat. The writer once saw


# KING AIR RIFLES

## He Has the King Habit

IT'S a good habit to get—learn to shoot with the right King for your age and size and you'll get the habit of out-of-door sport, good marksmanship, self control, and prompt action

And all without the danger of a powder gun.

Write for free booklet "The Story of the Air-Rifle." It tells how the first air rifle was invented in our factory, how [illegible] about the different models that [illegible] Action Repeaters at $2.50 down to King Pop-Guns at 25 cents for the youngsters.

Sold by Sporting Goods, Hardware and Toy Stores. Always look for the name King on side-plate or barrel. If not sold in your town, send us the money and we'll ship direct from factory

THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE CO.
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Office: 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Phil B. Bekeart Company, Managers.



# $5.00 For 8 Hours' Work

WE want to make arrangements with several hundred men and women who can give about eight hours a week during the next six weeks to looking after renewals and forwarding new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. If you can do this in your own locality, we will pay you liberally both commission and salary. Write at once.

*Agency Division, Box 164*
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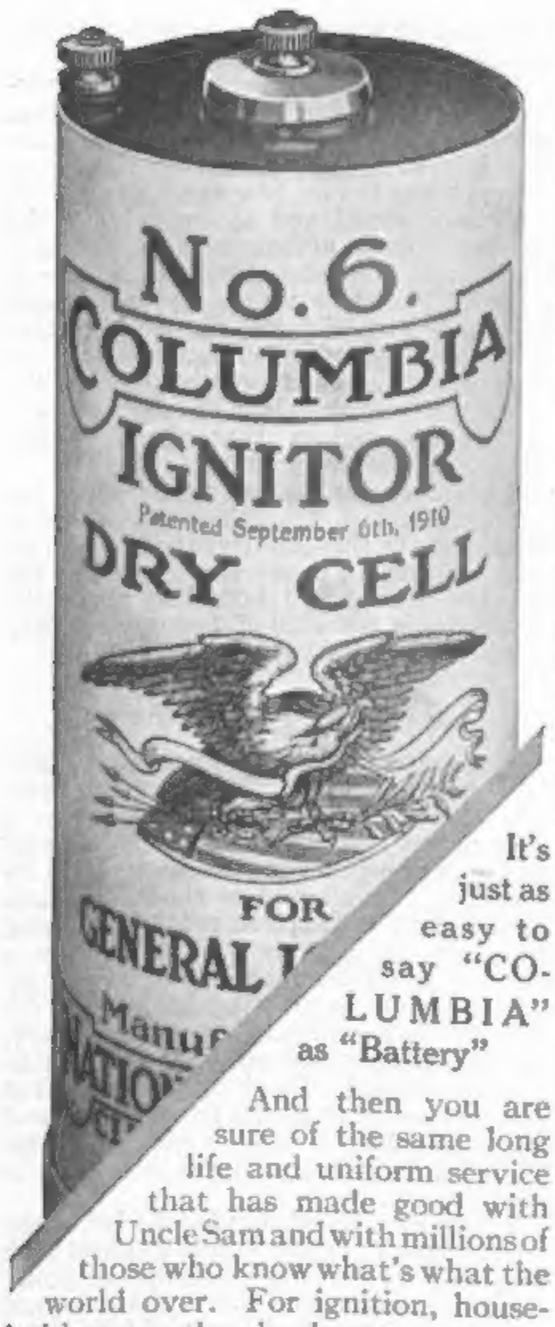
Philadelphia




It's just as easy to say "COLUMBIA" as "Battery"

And then you are sure of the same long life and uniform service that has made good with Uncle Sam and with millions of those who know what's what the world over. For ignition, household or any other dry-battery purpose.

Convenient Fahnestock spring-clip connections at no extra charge

**National Carbon Co.**

Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.

*Nine factories in United States and Canada*



# She Wants Help in the Kitchen!

## Give It to Her This Christmas We Will Add a $2.25 Present

A seamless, *aluminum-lined Caloric* with the steam valve attachment that *roasts meats, bakes cake, bread and pastry*, as well as steams, stews and boils, will save all the disagreeable part of cooking and *make it easy*.

*Cooks without watching.* When food is ready for the Caloric she is through. Nothing more to do until you are ready to eat it.

*Cooks breakfast overnight* and dinner while she sews, shops or visits. *Saves* the *hours* now spent standing over the kitchen stove, bending every few minutes to look into a red-hot oven.

The Caloric makes everything better and increases nutritive value. A big economy, too. Cuts fuel cost to a fraction and prevents waste in food.

To take care of our enormous Christmas trade and celebrate the Christmas season, we have instituted our famous

## Christmas Crated Caloric and Our Special Christmas Gift

Every woman who is lucky enough to get a Caloric on Christmas will receive it in a white-wrapped, green-crated package tied with "jolly Holly red" that makes a great showing under the Christmas tree.

She will also receive a *valuable gift from us*, one that would cost $2.25 if you bought it for her, something that she needs and wants.

*Write us* and we will send you the name of the dealer who can show you this free *Caloric gift*. Then go and call on him, or let your wife go. There is *only one* in your city. Nine out of ten dealers will disappoint you. The only way to insure receiving it and also seeing the real, *seamless, aluminum-lined Caloric Fireless Cook Stove, Roaster* and *Baker* with the *exclusive patented steam valve attachment* is to visit this one dealer. Better learn his name at once by writing us today. (21)

THE CALORIC COMPANY, Dept. 38, JANESVILLE, WIS.

The Caloric Fireless Cook Stove, Roaster and Baker


a young man who had an arm amputated because of a gunshot wound. He died. Cause—dragging a gun under a fence, muzzle toward himself. A dozen other accidents of like sort come to mind, so serious that it causes one's blood to run cold to see mere boys, unattended and untrained, running round—perhaps several with one gun between them, and all wrangling as to who shall shoot it next.

The time to teach a boy to shoot is right at the beginning. That is the time to teach carefulness in handling firearms, and also good form and etiquette.

Of course the first lesson should be as to the extreme danger of the gun. The teacher, whether a parent or some one else, should tell the boy all the horrible stories of accidents he can think of. Take him out in the open and blow a hole through a board with the shotgun; then ask the boy how he would like to have that kind of hole blown through himself or through his playmate!

Keep this up until the boy is entirely serious and respectful in his attitude toward the weapon he is to use. Do not let him touch the gun by himself for some time. Explain to him that it is to be used only to kill something. Teach him that at all other times the gun must be empty—empty in the house or tent; empty in the wagon; empty in the boat—all the time and not part of the time, when not on the actual firing line.

Explain broadly the mechanism of the gun to the boy, and show him the safety device on a hammerless gun; but teach him that no safety device makes a gun perfectly safe. It is not safe even when empty. It is never safe so long as it points toward himself or toward any one else. This habit of belief will establish the habit of unconscious carefulness in the carrying of the shotgun.

A boy can first begin to handle a gun in the house, of course entirely empty, until he becomes familiar with the handling and feel of it; but he should not at first be allowed alone with the gun. At all times he should be taught to respect a gun as something more than a gun; to regard it as a weapon and not as a toy—and hence as a part of himself. It was one of the worst of discourtesies in the early Western days even to touch another man's six-shooter, and many men never allowed even a friend's hand on their own revolvers.

### *Lessons With an Empty Gun*

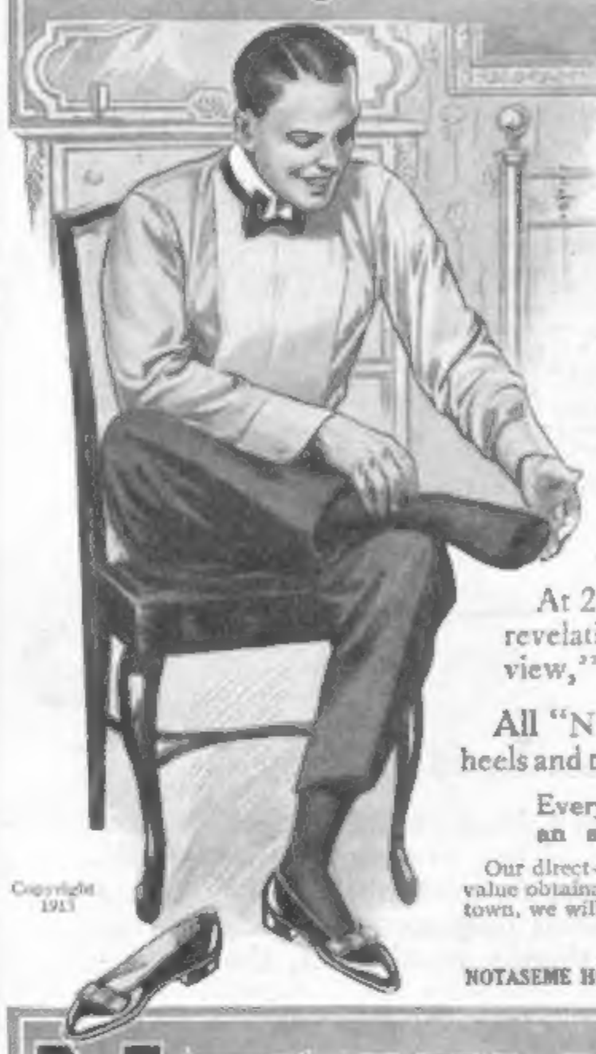
Most fathers give the boy a single-barrel gun to begin with. That is not a good practice, especially in this day when so many light double guns can be had. It is best to get a double-barrel gun, bored rather open—not choke-bored for trap shooting—and near the standard gauge. A sixteen is small enough for a boy to learn to use. There are fine small-gauge guns made today, but they handicap one who is just learning the art of shooting. You can get a twelve-gauge, American-made gun today as low as six and three-fourths pounds in weight. If the boy is not big enough to handle that weight he is hardly old enough to shoot.

Also a year or so of delay will make him better able to stand the recoil of a gun. He should be started in with light loads, however, so that he may not get the habit of flinching. An ounce of shot will do and, say, two and a half drams of powder. The pupil will be more encouraged if he has some record of hitting something; so in the first lessons it is quite as well to use number eight rather than number six shot.

Some parents begin by throwing up bottles for the young marksman to shoot at. The bottle has a parabola that makes a difficult object to hit, and its flight does not resemble that of a bird. It is much better to begin shooting at a stationary target until the boy has been drilled in the rudiments of good form in handling a gun. Moreover as great care should be taken in fitting the boy's gunstock as the father takes with his own. Some men experiment with gunstocks all their lives, but think anything is good enough for the beginner. The opposite is true. The boy should be taken to an expert salesman or gunsmith and fitted with his gun as accurately as a man is fitted.

There ought to be some weeks, months or seasons, however, expended on the boy before he is allowed to shoot at all. Let him carry his gun empty for a time, even walking afield with his parent or others. If he is found pointing his gun at himself or any one else, even when the gun is


# "They're Simply Great!"



EVERY careful dresser appreciates the aristocratic appearance of "Notaseme" Perfect-Process Hosiery.

At 50c, there's "Notaseme" *pure silk* hosiery. *Pure* means that the silk has not been "loaded" with chemicals which would make it deteriorate rapidly. "Notaseme" is a *long-lived* hose.

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All "Notaseme" hosiery has *cable-twist* 4-ply heels and toes, 3-ply soles and high-spliced heels.

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Our direct-to-retailer method of selling insures you the best value obtainable. If there is no "Notaseme" dealer in your town, we will supply you direct.

*Write for "Notaseme" style book.*

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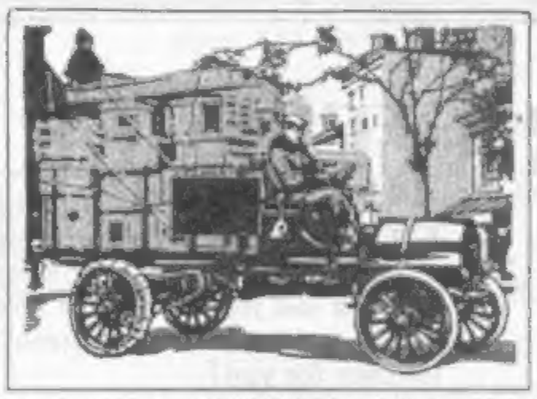
SILK-LISLE 25¢ PURE SILK 50¢





*The United Gas Improvement Co. of Philadelphia bought its first Chase Truck in June 1913. A month later they ordered nine more. Since then they have given two more orders.*

# Be a "Hard Buyer"

GO as far as "hard buyers" go to determine what truck to buy. Get at the *net*, as all "hard buyers" do. For they won't risk their own judgment on mere mechanical "whys" or clever demonstration tests.

A New York "hard buyer" has said: "Many business men are running trucks exactly as I will run mine. I must find out how their trucks stand hard work and abuse."

"Hard buyers" find out from Owners' Experience. For Owners' Experience is dependable evidence to buy on. It's the safe way. It is the only way we sell Chase Trucks.

Chase dealers will furnish you with the Owners' Experience you require. Or you can write us for the kind of experience that helped 3126 Chase owners to decide upon a profitable truck to buy.

***Chase Prices Appeal to "Hard Buyers"***

Only one reason for this. Chase Trucks at Chase Prices give them their money's worth.

CHASE MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

The complete line of Chase Trucks ranges from 500-pound delivery cars at $500 to 4000-pound trucks at $2200.

*How could you run your business without the U. S. Mail or the Telephone? Chase Owners will tell you "Like the mail and phone—Chase Trucks."*

# CLOTHCRAFT

This is a drawing from life

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The artist's picture of this Clothcraft coat shows how it would look on you. To help you realize this, we give a photograph of the same coat, on the same man. When you try on a Clothcraft suit you'll see in the mirror this same style, fit and dressy appearance.

A photograph of the same model

## Dress Well on Less Money

BEING well-dressed doesn't imply extravagance, if you wear Clothcraft Clothes. They are correct (prove it at any Clothcraft Store) in style, fit and fabric. They retain their shape till worn out, needing only an occasional pressing. They wear long and well, thanks to all-wool, thoroughly-shrunk fabrics.

Clothcraft is the one guaranteed all-wool line you can buy at $10 to $25.

Many men are surprised by the high quality of this medium-priced, ready-for-service line. Beautiful fabrics and high-grade workmanship are added to style, fit and durability. Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring—the efficient manufacturing methods evolved by 67 years of clothes-making—makes this possible.

These things can't be more definitely shown to you in an advertisement. *But you can prove them for yourself* at any Clothcraft Store simply by trying on a coat or suit.

Write us for an introduction to a Clothcraft Store. We'll also send the new Style Book and tell you about *No. 4130 Blue Serge Special*—the best all-round suit we can make at $18.50.

**THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY**

*Founded 1846. Oldest Makers of Men's Clothes in America*

**620 St. Clair Ave. N. W., Cleveland, Sixth City**



# STRICTLY FRESH

SOMETIMES, you know, you do breakfast off an egg that is really strictly fresh—one that was laid yesterday. Do you realize what it means to get this strictly fresh egg from farm to town for you?

We know a man who has his two thousand hens educated to lay before four o'clock in the afternoon—so he can send the product four hundred miles by fast express to the city before daybreak.

This man gets Premium Prices for Eggs, and you'll agree they are due him after reading his story in next week's issue of

*The* COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

He is one of the fellows who are doing things in the agricultural world.

There's another persistent chap who is making the Northwest wake up and plant corn in spite of itself.

He is Smith—Agricultural Evangelist, and you're sure to like him when you meet him next week.

In fact, you're sure to like all of the two dozen articles in next week's issue of "the weekly that is different."

## THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

*Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. $1.50 a Year by Mail.*

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia


empty, take it away from him and do not let him have it for a week. Do not mince matters, but be stern about it—letting him learn that it is discipline and not persuasion with which he has to do, because he is beginning to learn to use a dangerous weapon.

If he is detected crawling through a fence and pulling the gun toward him muzzle first, take it away from him and send him home in disgrace. Teach him to "break" his gun, loaded or empty, when he is standing near others or crossing a fence. If he forgets this take his gun away from him. He will soon get the right habit.

When you are absolutely sure the boy has learned—and learned permanently—the first great lesson of the shotgun—that it is not a fault but a crime to jeopardize his own life or that of another—you may begin to let the boy shoot with you; never alone. Get a good, clear range where you will not be disturbed and go out alone with the boy. Tack up a big sheet of paper, with a big bull's-eye on it, at a distance of twenty-five or thirty yards.

Let the first practice be with the empty gun. Have the boy bring up the gun promptly, with both eyes wide open, and try to cover the bull's-eye with the one motion, so that the muzzle will point at the bull's-eye just as the stock strikes the shoulder. He should lean slightly and easily forward—not hunched over, with left hand well out; and the gun should always be brought up with the barrels level—not tilted to one side.

Let him snap the hammers, preferably on empty shells. Keep this up for some time. Don't let the boy poke or potter, but let him be impressed with the necessity of covering his object with the first impulse of the gun against the shoulder. He must not be allowed time to poke round and aim, but must learn the value of the prompt and smooth pitching up of the gun.

Next let the student stand with his eyes fixed on the bull's-eye; then close the eyes—both of them—and pitch up the gun, trying to cover the bull's-eye as before. When he has taken aim thus blindfolded, so to speak, let him keep the gun in the position where it was pitched up, and then open his eyes and sight down the barrels, so that he can see how close his aim has been. Considerable practice at this is good, either for a boy or a man; and it will disclose whether the gunstock fits or not.

### *Theory and Practice*

It will not hurt to let off a load of powder once or twice, with no shot—mixing a few of these in with the boy's shells in the gun, so that he will not know when to expect them. He must not flinch and he must learn to pitch the gun smoothly. If at any time in this work the pupil becomes excited and careless take the gun away from him for a week. Have no foolishness about it and be as stern as you like—even more stern than you like perhaps. It is discipline and not sport the boy is learning now.

When you think your pupil has mastered these elemental things—and he cannot do that in his first season—you may begin with loaded cartridges, practicing on the sheet of paper and with loads that will not jar the tender shoulder of the pupil. If his gun fits him, and if it be not bored too close, he will be apt to hit his target considerably even with both eyes shut. Then let him begin with both eyes open—not closing the left eye, but shooting with head fairly high and both eyes on the target—always remembering to take an easy, uncramped, graceful position in handling his piece. Then let him trace out for himself where the center of the load hits, realizing that the center ought to land on the bull's-eye. But teach him that speed and promptness of aim and fire are at this time more important for him than hitting the bull's-eye.

He is now learning good form and good habits in the actual use of the gun. Accuracy will come from greater practice. By the time your son is ten or twelve years of age he may, if you like, be very well grounded in these simple fundamentals that have so much to do with his field style later on.

Relatively few American boys have even this much training in the art of wing shooting. They pick it up by themselves, after a time learning enough so that they may begin to shoot at the traps, where their education with the shotgun is finished, without much reference as to their actual education in the art of field shooting—in which courtesy, etiquette, good style and form and carefulness are as important as actual skill in killing things.

In some shooting schools there are moving targets—sheet-iron rabbits or other animals—which run along a wire; and the boy is next taught to shoot at these, it being shown to him how necessary it is to hold well ahead and to swing with the moving object, always without stopping the gun in the least when the trigger is pulled. The thing we are trying to teach him is the mental focus, the concentration of purpose, under which he throws up the gun promptly, shooting it off quickly the instant he knows he is in the right place—almost unconscious that there is any trigger on the gun at all.

These moving targets are excellent for a beginner; but, since they are not often obtainable in this country, the boy can do very well at tin cans—not thrown in the air, but rolling and bounding along the ground at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the shooter.

### *The First Day Afield*

The next thing after the useful tin can is the cottontail rabbit. Then there are certain slow-flying birds that will do for a little practice. No boy should be allowed to break the game laws, however, and he should not be allowed to shoot songbirds at any time. When you catch him doing that take his gun away from him for a month. In all this shooting the boy is very apt to have most prominently in mind the desire to kill something, to hit his object; he will be disposed to poke and aim, and so to shoot behind. Teach him that speed of aim and accuracy of aim go together; and above all teach him that he cannot stop his gun when he pulls the trigger and expect to hit anything.

It will be a proud day for the boy, very likely, when you allow him to go afield with you for your first hunt together—a proud day for you as well. This ought to be not earlier than his second season of familiarity with the gun. It is best to have not more than yourself and the boy when you go out in the field. You must teach him now the etiquette of the gun as precisely and severely as you have taught him the etiquette of table manners.

He will now have advanced beyond the merely disciplinary part of his education, in which you have been drill sergeant only, and not parent. Speak to him kindly now; let him understand that he is not out merely for a lark, but for a part of his education. Teach him, if you can, the value of skill with weapons as a gentlemanly accomplishment; and let him learn, if he can, that, though in using weapons he will kill something, the mere wish to kill something is by no means the only motive or purpose of the gentleman or the sportsman.

By this time the boy will be anxious to learn the correct way of handling his gun. See that you are a good example for him, and let him go out only with yourself or some one who is a good example. If he is walking beside you teach him to carry his gun over the crook of his arm, pointing the other way. If he puts the gun on his shoulder teach him never to swing it as he turns so that it will point toward any one. If he is behind you in going through brush be sure that he carries his gun with the muzzle back. If he is ahead of you see that he carries his gun muzzle forward.

Train him especially in getting over fences. Teach him always to set his gun on the safety or to let down the hammers, and put it through the fence ahead of himself, later climbing the fence at one side of the gun and never pulling the gun through the fence toward himself.

Of course, when the young shooter finds himself in average company he will meet many men who have never been trained as carefully as himself. In that case he should not cease in his own proper habits; but he need not be ostentatious in his own gun-drill, whatever others are.

Simplicity and courtesy are as useful here as anywhere in life. Any man or any boy, however, is entirely within his rights in reprimanding any person who points a gun at him accidentally or with intent, or in jest. This is no jest! No one should point a gun except with the intent to kill with it—and to kill at once. It is not a discourtesy, but worse than that, to be careless in the handling of a gun. The boy will see many men standing about leaning on their guns, with their hands over the muzzles. He need not chide a man for this, but he need not do so himself.

# Hupmobile

## *Now Europe claims half of all the cars we can build for 1914*

WHEN we designed the Hupmobile we made it essentially an American car, for use under American conditions.

But Europe thinks the American Hupmobile such a good car, and so well suited to European requirements, that it now demands one half of the coming year's output of 1914 cars.

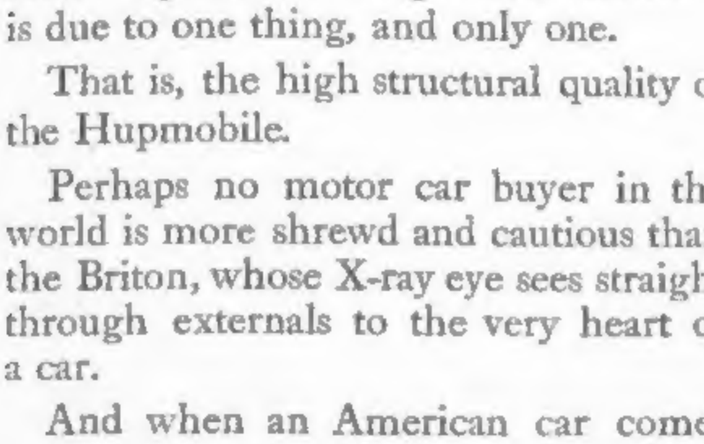
Can you imagine a tribute higher than this; or a more positive confirmation of our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world?

This foreign recognition—so closely following national recognition at home—is due to one thing, and only one.

That is, the high structural quality of the Hupmobile.

Perhaps no motor car buyer in the world is more shrewd and cautious than the Briton, whose X-ray eye sees straight through externals to the very heart of a car.

And when an American car comes under his scrutiny, his native shrewdness and caution are increased a hundred-fold—for his idea of American manufacturing methods is quantity often at the expense of quality.

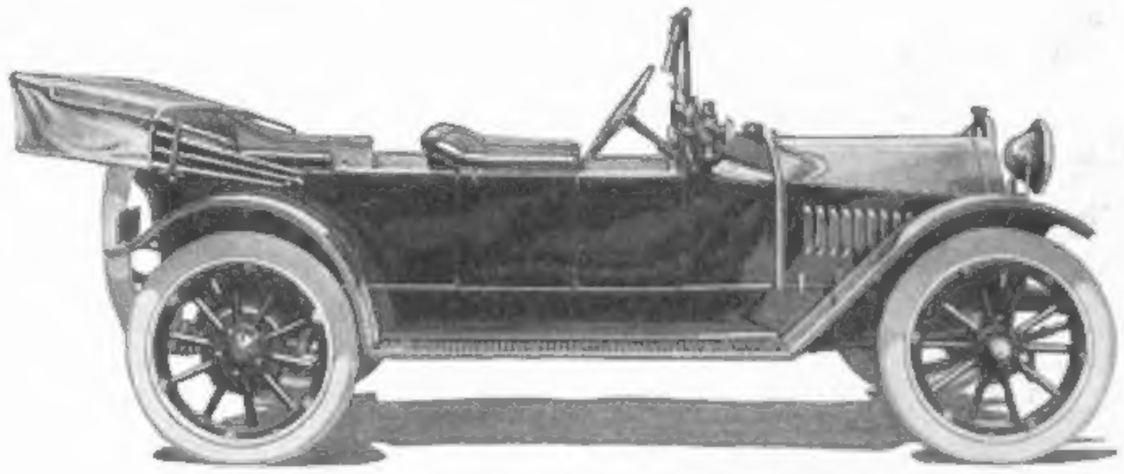


*The Hupmobile is the car of the British family, too.*

How thoroughly the British and continental buyers approve Hupmobile methods is evidenced by the unprecedented foreign demand for 1914 Hupmobiles.

The foreign buyer recognizes the Hupmobile small-bore, long-stroke motor, with cylinders en-bloc and valves enclosed, as design of the highest class.

He approves of the simple system of circulating the oil, through the hollowed crankshaft; and the three crankshaft bearings, because he knows them to be the best engineering practice.



**"32" Touring Car or Roadster, $1050**

**F. O. B. Detroit, with complete equipment. In Canada F. O. B. Windsor, $1230.**

Touring Car or Roadster, with Westinghouse two-unit electric generator and starter; electric lights, oversize tires, demountable rims, extra rim and carrier, $1200 F. O. B. Detroit. In Canada F. O. B. Windsor, $1380.

*Shrewd buyers like these South African types prefer the Hupmobile.*

The full-floating rear axle—a type rarely found in cars of this class—is an agreeable surprise; and he is pleased with the multiple disc clutch in oil and the unit power plant.

He sees at once the value, from the standpoint of safety, of the three-unit electrical system, which makes lighting, starting and ignition each independent of the other electrical functions.

So he pays $200 to $400 more for his Hupmobile than you are required to pay because the Hupmobile's many features of highest class construction lead him to join in our belief that it *is* the best car of its class in the world.

Likewise buyers of Hupmobiles in South Africa, Australasia and New Zealand, where the prejudice against American products is even stronger.

How highly the Hupmobile is held in South Africa, for instance, is shown by our dealer's experience.

At the beginning of the last year he contracted for 24 cars. By the end of the year he had placed 450 Hupmobiles in the Colonies.

And in the Philippines—thousands of miles from home—the Hupmobile is as truly the car of the American family as here.

There are more Hupmobiles in the Islands than any other single make, American or European. Our records show that many American officials and Army officers stationed in the Philippines buy the Hupmobile by preference.

Thus the belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world is actually becoming world-wide.

First it permeated every department of the factory; then spread to our dealer organization, which knows no competition.

*The keen American in the Philippines—he, too, is loyal to the Hupmobile.*

Next it embraced the United States, and now it rolls on to practically every country where automobiles are used.

**HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY**
**1229 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**

# MAZDA

## The meaning of "MAZDA"

*"Not the name of a thing,*
*but the mark of a service"*

THE name "Mazda" not only is borne by the sturdy electric lamp, wrought out after years of study and experiment, but has a larger meaning of equal or even deeper significance to every user of electric light.

This larger meaning of "Mazda" is indicated by the Service centered in the great Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, which are *carrying forward* the work that made possible the "Mazda" lamp of today by systematic search and investigation in the foremost centers of electrical development on both sides of the Atlantic—to make the triumph of the "Mazda" lamp a progressive triumph.

This "Mazda" Service is continuous, and involves the regular and systematic communicating to the Works of the General Electric Company and of its licensees the results of the investigations and experiments of the Research Laboratories in such a manner as to facilitate their practical application in the production of incandescent lamps of the standard of quality and efficiency which is the characteristic of the "Mazda" product.

Today the "Mazda" lamp, with its strong, drawn wire filament, gives *three times as much light* as the old style carbon lamps in common use. Whatever new advantages may be added to this lamp it will always be known as "Mazda."

So that the name "Mazda" will continue to mean the master light—so that when you buy an electric lamp that bears the name "Mazda," whether you buy it today, or tomorrow, or next month, or at any future time, you will be buying a metal filament lamp embodying every feature of efficiency and every feature of economy that has been or may be discovered, thought out, or worked out by the ablest lamp experts in the world.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY